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A LIFE-LONG STORY.







"Nor till each withering plant be drest
Ask who the dressers chance to be."

CHAP. VI.

A LIFE-LONG STORY:

OR,

Am I my Sister's Keeper?

FACTS AND PHASES FOR THE TIMES.

DEDICATED TO THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

"WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

"AND HE CRIED, 'A LION IN THE WAY, MY LORD.'

"WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

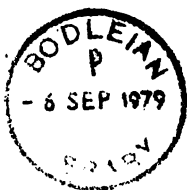
"AND THE WATCHMAN SAID, 'THE MORNING COMETH AND ALSO THE NIGHT; IF YE
ENQUIRE, ENQUIRE YE. RETURN, COME.'

"BUT I SAID, 'I WILL WEEP BITTERLY, BECAUSE OF THE SPOILING OF THE DAUGHTER
OF MY PEOPLE.'"

LONDON:

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO., STATIONERS' HALL COURT.

1859.



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ERRATA.

<i>Page.</i>	<i>Line.</i>	
11	36	for <i>woman</i> read <i>womanly</i> .
22	19	„ <i>Living</i> s read <i>Living</i> smore.
35	35	„ <i>ventures</i> read <i>ventured</i> .
40	24	„ 'tis read <i>it is</i> .
43	27	„ <i>unbelieving</i> read <i>unfeeling</i> .
56	7	„ <i>when</i> read <i>and</i> .
60	10	„ <i>light</i> read <i>little</i> .
112	24	„ <i>concentration</i> read <i>consentation</i> .
113	11	„ <i>O</i> read <i>Or</i> .
120	35	„ <i>dress</i> read <i>dress and but</i> .
120	36	„ <i>sew</i> read <i>few</i> .
126	15	„ <i>volocity</i> read <i>velocity</i> .
148	32	„ <i>the has</i> read <i>he thus</i> .
163	25	„ <i>opens which</i> read <i>opens on which</i> .
167	41	„ <i>eye a</i> read <i>eye for a</i> .
235	21	„ omit the word " <i>being</i> ."
269	6	for <i>husband</i> read <i>husbands</i> .
286	15	„ <i>course</i> read <i>coarse</i> .
322	13	„ <i>see</i> read <i>seem</i> .
333	11	„ <i>o</i> read <i>to</i> .
363	10	„ <i>matter</i> read <i>matters</i> .
364	last line	„ omit " <i>to seem</i> ."
371	18	„ <i>Ah</i> read <i>Oh</i> .
379	19	„ <i>initiative</i> read <i>imitative</i> .
381	37	„ <i>pith</i> read <i>pitch</i> .
411	26	for <i>freezes</i> read <i>or when it freezes</i> .
430	18	„ <i>synonomous</i> read <i>synonymous</i> .
431	2	„ <i>That keeps</i> read <i>keeping</i> .
431	29	„ <i>woman</i> read <i>women</i> .
435	26	„ <i>fatigue take up</i> read <i>fatigue she would take up</i> .
436	16	„ <i>Mary</i> read <i>May</i> .
442	4	„ <i>belief</i> read <i>sentiment</i> .
446	1	„ <i>heart</i> read <i>heart's</i> .



A LIFE-LONG STORY.

CHAPTER I.

Mother.

"Hark! the whispering angels say,
Sister spirit, come away."

SLOWLY the lids of the "world's great eye" lifted their glory-fringe, and earth broke into joyous reviviscence as the lingering night-shadows fled away.

Majestic and dazzling the regal orb arose, smiling on the giant clouds till they glowed as messengers of fire, winging their way over ocean and mountain peak, over forest and glen: he kissed away the tear trembling at the young flower's heart, and it raised its gladsome head, forgetful of the long "night of weeping" that had followed since its gentle breast pillowed his last faint quivering ray.

Creation welcomed the Day King's return, and with myriad voices peanned a holocaust of praise to its Author; but these outgoings of nature's joy were all unheeded by one who was soon to exchange the alternating lights of time for that fair city where they need no sun to shine in it, for "*there is no night there.*"

"My darling!" whispered a sad, soft voice, and the speaker bent her wasted cheek close to the flushed brow of a young girl at her side, passing her thin hand lingeringly over its polished surface, as if loth to break her short repose,—*"my child! it is*

time to rise;" and as the tones fell on the quick ear of the startled sleeper she sprung from her pillow, anxiously asking,

"What? my own mother! *What?*"

"Nothing! nothing, my May!" soothingly replied the same sad voice. "Don't look so frightened! I was afraid you would over-sleep yourself, and be late at work; perhaps scolded, too, and so I woke you. There—there!—you are not frightened now, darling!" earessingly continued the mother, as she kissed the white cheek of her child.

"I am not frightened, now I hear your voice again, dear mother," replied the fair girl. "I was dreaming—Oh, such a sad dream!" and she pressed her hand on her lids, as if still striving to shut out its imagery.

"You must not suffer a *dream* to distress you, my dear child," gently remarked the mother. "You were over-fatigued last night, and your sleep has been troubled and broken, but you will soon forget it all in the glad daylight. Draw back the curtain," she continued, "and let us look once more together on the bright and blessed sunshine."

With an unsteady hand May drew aside the blind, shading the small apartment which presented nothing to pamper the eye of taste and luxury save scrupulous cleanliness, and a few flowers whose odour had been a ministering angel in that weary night-watch, and into its midst streamed rays of golden glory, throwing their arrow-like beams on the lowly couch of the speaker, upon whose features, still beautiful in the lingering light of youth, "passing away" was but too plainly written.

Gazing eagerly on the joyous outer world, as if feeling it was her "last long look," the fading mother sighed deeply; then turning to the wistful watcher at her side, said with unutterable tenderness, "My own darling child, may the orphan's God watch over your young life when I ——" She stopped suddenly, as if dreading to quench the hope-ray in the anxious eye resting on her, leaving unfinished the words trembling on her lips,—"*am gone.*"

Interpreting but too truly that mournful pause, the poor girl nestled her graceful head closer to her mother's breast, and, looking imploringly into her face, exclaimed in broken accents, "Dear, dear mother! you look better this morning, indeed you do! Oh, do not give way to sad anticipations, for our sakes! Your voice is stronger, too! I am sure you will get well, now the long dark

days are gone, and the warm Spring come." Then, twining her arms with a leal and loving clasp around the faded form beside her, as if that frail hold could ward off the blow uplifted to crush, and leave her alone in the hard world that had dealt so wolfishly with the precious one to whose breast she clung, May wept convulsively.

"*'Let not your heart be troubled,'*" softly whispered the fading mother, "can you not trust me in the loving hands that were torn and cut with the piercing nails for *me*, my child? Will not all be well while we listen to the faithful Promiser, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee?'"

"I know it! I know it, mother, dear," was the submissive reply; but how can I let you go? Who will care for us, and love us, and comfort us, when you are gone? Oh! if God——" Tears stifled her utterance, and the alone response to their moving eloquence was a thin finger pointing to the page of a well-worn Bible, on which was traced with a quenchless love-ray,—"*as one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort thee.*"

Then came a hush of spirit, broken only by the half-crushed sob wrung from a child-heart quailing beneath its bending weight of sorrow; the subdued listener bowed meekly over the sacred Volume, and when next her head was raised, both brow and lip spoke of repose on the "Rock of Ages;" and as she met the eye of her mother, all full of solemn trust, she felt they had both rested under the mercy-droppings of the Cross, and that bitter as the parting would be to *her*, that chastened spirit was more meet for a home with "the just made perfect," than for this sin-stained earth.

Having gathered strength, the waning mother continued,—
"God bless and abundantly reward you, my child, for all you have been to me—a cup full of comfort; and He will, oh! *yes*, He will!—I have proved the faithfulness of His promises;—and I thank Him for bringing you to the foot of the Cross before the dark days came. Take all your griefs and wants to Jesus, my darling; He was 'a man of sorrows,' and bends a pitying ear to the orphan's cry."

"I do, mother, I do!" sobbed May, straining her mother closer and closer.

"Yes, I know you do, darling; and that thought softens the pang of ——"

"Oh, don't! please don't say *that*, dear mother! I

cannot, cannot bear to hear you talk of leaving us," entreated May.

"But, my child, I am sure you will suffer me to say a few more words, now that I feel I have strength enough left. I may not be able to converse with you when you return from your work to night. When I am gone, do not mourn as 'those who have no hope.' It is but for a short time that we shall be parted: we shall meet again, it may be very soon. Yes," she continued, with kindling eye and in a firmer voice, "we shall all meet where there is no more weariness, nor pain, nor crying, for '*God will wipe all tears from all faces.*' Oh, my tender child!" and she past her hand lovingly over the rich wavy hair curtaining the moistened eye fixed on her, "we shall *all* meet again soon." Then, pointing upward, she seemed like an embodied inspiration as she solemnly added, "*and there shall be no more death.*" Write as soon as you can to your uncle; he may be kind to you when I am gone; I hope so: I never injured him, nor did your precious father." She paused a moment; then continued, in a firmer tone, "You must be poor little Edward's mother now—a very young mother," and she smiled faintly, "but he will not be a great care—he is a gentle, loving boy. 'God will temper the wind to my shorn lambs.'"

May spoke not, but the heaving of her young breast told of the spirit-storm within.

Again the mother broke the silence, "I have been a sad trouble to you, my May—a very helpless child;" and once more the wan smile played momentarily over her features, lighting them with a mournful beauty, like the fitful radiance of a broken moon-ray on a statue. "But I"—

"Darling, darling mother!" interrupted May, "don't say so! It was sweeter to work for *you*, than to dream of glad homes, where happy children never worked; and if you get well, and I am sure God will not take you away from us yet, I will work harder than ever. Oh! mother, dear, try, try for our sakes to get well, we cannot live without you!"

"My times are in His hands!" was the softly whispered response; "can you not trust me there my child? you have often, when kneeling at my side, prayed 'Thy will be done,' and now, will you not, for poor little Edward's and my sake, strive to . . ."

And I heard a voice out of heaven saying unto me, behold the taber-

nacle of God is with men, and He will dwell among them; and they shall be His people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God.'—'And God shall wipe away all tears from all faces; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are past away.'"

These snatches from that sorrow's lullaby for the world-weary through all ages, the twenty-first of Revelations, were uttered in a clear, rich, child-voice, and fell on the hearts of the listeners like some wandering strain caught from the soft peace anthem of the golden city, borne earthward by one of its bright spirits on a mercy mission; and never did they distil deeper comfort. They were the last her boy had read to his mother ere he sought his floor-made bed beside her restless couch; and that mysterious agency which faithfully resuscitates long departed realities, arraying them vividly before the soul's eye, had stamped them on the fly-leaf of his memory; and when for awhile the material lay in the embrace of "death's lesser mystery," the quenchless spirit embodied itself in "the blessed speech of heaven."

A look full of peace came over the mother's face, a light reflected from the glory-land shone within her eye, and when next she spoke her voice had lost its heart-quiver: she had already drank of the "river whose streams make glad the city of God," and been refreshed. She had already eaten of the "*tree whose leaves are for the healing of the nations,*" and been strengthened for

"The last weariness—the final strife."

And while this mysterious "lighting up before death," this fitful gleam in life's flickering lamp thrilled poor May's heart with renewed hope, *she* felt that her next waking up would be "where the inhabitants shall no more say I am sick." . . .

. "And now, I must leave you, my own mother, or I shall be late; oh! how I wish we closed at seven, then I could sit all the evening at your side and work. Will you promise me," looking fondly and anxiously into her mother's face, "not to do any embroidery to-day? I am sure I shall have plenty of time to finish it before Mrs. Smith requires it; and now that you are really better, you *will* take care of yourself, won't you, dear mother, for our sakes?" Then she once more

clung to that faithful breast, and bade farewell in loving kisses on the cheek that would have deceived a less sanguine beholder, —it wore a flush so mockingly life-like, just as the moss on the stem of some lonely forest flower, grows richer and brighter as decay is busy at its heart.

Slowly the graceful form uplifts itself from the mother's yearning love-clasp, and with looks of wistful, mournful tenderness, they part, never to meet in the wide world again—child to her daily toil: mother, to her home on high.

WHAT UNTO shall be likened that one fragment of pristine perfection, untrailed by the serpent Sin—a mother's love?

It is the unsetting sun of the social system, whose beams evolve in gracious harmony all the affections that make heaven-like the atmosphere of the human heart.

It is an unchangeable priesthood, whose oracles are written on the fleshly tables of the heart with a pen of petrified light.

It is the dominion of a queen, on which the sun never sets.

What can separate from a mother's love? Shall deformity, or disease? Shall waywardness or rebellion? Shall guilt or despair? Nay, in all these things it is "more than conqueror:" it has tracked the wanderer, with tears and prayers, through all the dark, joyless paths of crime to the scaffold's foot, where Justice, with stern, unweeping eye, stands clamouring for blood; and when all the world has forsaken, "save HE who died for him, and *she* who gave him birth," that mother-love flashes out a blessed ray of moral beauty, at once redeeming and glorifying humanity.

And WHAT UNTO shall we liken a mother's influence?

The broad eye of Time closes weary over the problem, and opens in ETERNITY!

CHAPTER II.

The Respectable Poor and their on dit.

"That which is wanted to hold together the bursting bands of the different classes of this country, is not kindness but sympathy."—JUDGE TALFOURD.

"GOOD mornin'! Mrs. Carter, I thought as how I would jest run in and ask for your poor lady before I begins washin'" exclaimed kind-hearted neighbour Greenham, ominously folding her arms in an unmistakeable gossip fashion.

"But poorly, but poorly I be sorry to say; she don't mend much, poor thing," responded the interrogated.

"I met the young lady jest now, as I was a fetchin' some water; and when I as't her how her mother was, she looked so sweet, and smiled so as she thanked me for enquirin', that anybody may see that she's a *real* lady, and got none of them redickless hairs as people a little above their fellow-creturs gives theirselves now-a-days; so thinks I to myself as soon as I have took Tom his breakfast, I'll step in and ask Mrs. Carter about 'em," continued Mrs. Greenham.

"You be quite right; Miss Courtenaye is a very sweet young lady," replied her friend, "and as good as good can be; she deserves a better fate of it than she's got, poor thing; workin' and slavin' all day, and often all night too for that matter as she do, ill or well; but there, no wonder she's such a s'perior young lady, brought up by a mother like her's!"

"Dear me; how much I do feel for 'em!" remarked the kind Greenham.

"I never in all my born days saw such a patient cretur as Mrs. Courtenaye; there she sits, day after day teaching her dear little boy his edication, and sowin', and sowin' that nasty 'broidery as they calls it, with her long white fingers; I declare

it makes my blood boil to think as how she's got rich relations as won't help her!" exclaimed Mrs. Carter, much moved.

"Dear, mercy me!" remarked Mrs. Greenham (who, poor soul, seemed deplorably ignorant of the natural history of rich relations)! "have they got friends well off, and won't they help 'em?"

"Not they!" jerked out Mrs. Carter.

"But don't they never come to see 'em?" enquired her neighbour.

"To be sure not; when people's down in the world their friends never goes down to see 'em, depend upon that," emphasised Mrs. Carter. "It says in the Proverbs as how a friend is the med'cine of life; and a precious bitter med'cine too, some folks finds it, or I be much mistook!"

"Well, all I can say is they ought to be ashamed o' theirselves, that they had," indignantly responded neighbour Greenham; "they be worse than the eathens; but, dear a mercy me! don't never the clergyman nor his wife, nor any ladies come to visit your poor sick lady?"

"Not a bit of it; and one good thing is she don't want any of their talk—she could teach them, and give yer 'Christian ladies,' as they calls theirselves, a few hints how to live, ay, and how to *die* too. She's a good deal too good for this unfeeling world."

This response on the part of our worthy acquaintance, Mrs. Carter, was highly suggestive, both in tone and substance, that some over-strained chord in her memory had been touched and vibrated harshly; though all was unnoticed by her more simple neighbour, who went on, unconsciously—

"Well, dear a mercy me! To be sure it do seem strange as how nobody seems to care for 'em, when they been used to better days. P'raps," and Mrs. Greenham lowered her voice to suspicion pitch, "P'raps, Mrs. Carter, they be ————" but as she met the eye of that worthy woman, there was something in its expression that prevented her giving vent to the ideas she whispered 'p'raps,' possibly was intended to pioneer; and she merely asked in a confiding tone, "Be you quite shore that they be what they seems to be? There is a good deal of imposterin' about!"

"Quite sure!" said Mrs. Carter laconically; looking brimful of knowledge she evidently had no intention of making public through the medium of her less well-informed friend; who by no

means daunted by the curt and suggestive reply to her question, all confidential as it was, continued,—

“Be shore, I do say ’tis most unnatural of her friends and relations. I’m so sorry to see that good young cretur all winds and weathers, early and late, comin’ and goin’—it makes my heart hacke for ’em. Be shore, it must be terrible times with ’em, with pervisions and everything so dear. As I was a sayin’ to Tom this mornin’, I recollects when we could always get a bit of meat for the poor children on Sundays ; but now, we never sees a bit or morsel, from one week’s end to another. Why even bacon’s a hawful price. I hears ’tis more than a shillin’ a pound !”*

“They be indeed shockin’ times, as you say,” corroborated friend Carter. “What a price they got tea and sugar up to! and mercy goodness, what stuff they do sell for tea! I declare if it aint jest like hold leaves dried in the sun, and rolled and sold to we poor for shoo-schong! And how they keeps the bread† up too! God gives us good ’arvests, and the millers or the government, be shore, I hardly know which, gives us dear bread ; everybody said as how the Roosian war made food so hawful scarce, but now the war be over things don’t seem a bit better. We don’t seem to have got much by it ; for my part I can’t think what the world’s a comin’ to. Some folks with so much money they don’t know what to do with it, and ’tothers of the same flesh and blood dyin’ of starvation.”

“Tis very dreadful to think of,” chimed in friend Greenham.

“Dreadful enough! I tell ye what missus,” rejoined Carter, in a hyper-radicalish sort of tone ; “nobody upon earth, parsons and all, shall never make me believe, even if they was to swear to it, that God ever intended things to be as they be. Why the very robbers and murderers in the jails be better fed and cared for than the poor ; as if people could help their poverty, and everybody wouldn’t be rich if they could. No, no!” she went on with increasing energy in utterance, “I never will believe it, if all the bishops in England was to swear to it!”

“No more wouldent I,” hammered in Mrs. Greenham; and the flippancy with which these benighted women talked of the “reverend fathers,” clearly showed that they had imbibed no wholesome fear of the same ; much less the spirit of that tolerant decree

* A fact when this was written, in the early part of 1857.

† Bread was eighteen and twenty pence per eight pound loaf.

of the Council of Constance, "If any one presume to say that a bishop may have his failings let him be accursed."

"Do you think that your poor lady up stairs gets enough to eat?" asked Greenham, after a due pause.

"Yes," answered Carter, "I think she gets food enough, for she's the littlest eater I ever saw in all my born days. Miss Courtenaye takes good care of that. If it would'n't do yer heart good to see the dear young thing coax her to eat—sometimes a little bit of fresh fruit that she's got cheap, by goin' in the mornin', as soon as its light, up to some gardens somebody told her about, or p'raps a bit of cake she's bought on her way from work; but I do really believe that poor Mrs. Courtenaye often says she can't eat, or has had enough, that her boy may have some, and not be stinted, as he's a growin' fast and wants plenty of food, for he isn't over strong neither; how can he be, poor child!"

"What a beautiful young feller he is," remarked Greenham. "He looks jest of all the world like a young lord! He walks so upright, and his face is ecksactly like a old picture of St. John when he was a little boy, grandmother had hung up over her mantel-shelf. I *did* love to stand and look at that picture. It made me think of angels, and a place where there couldn't be no sin."

"Do you think, then," inquired Mrs. Carter, with something between a sneer and a smile of contempt, "that all lords walks upright, and looks like angels, and lives in places where there aint no sin?"

"I baint quite so hignorant as that comes to," snapped out Greenham. "I knows well enough there be a good many bad lords, as don't pay their debts, and drinks, and tells lies, and gambols away their money, and that baint no example to we poor people; but I knows there be a good many real good uns too, Mrs. Carter, and ladies beside, so you needn't think me so redickless as that!"

"Be shore I never meant to hurt yer feelings, neighbour Greenham," soothingly replied her friend. "I have learnt of my poor sick lodger not to be so terrible put out whenever anybody contradicted me, so don't be upset."

"I baint upset, bless yer soul," said Mrs. Greenham, with a good-humoured smile coming over her flushed cheek; "but, as I was a sayin' jest now—let me see, whereabouts was I?"

O! I recollects—I was goin' to ast ye if you thinks your poor sick lady will ever get well again?"

"She'll never leave this house till she's carried out," gravely answered Mrs. Carter, "depend upon that; there's no mistakin' the look of consumption; for though 'tis so deceitful that even when they as loves 'em best be cheating themselves that they be gettin' better, death walks in at the door without rappin'. No, no! there's no mistakin' *that* look. She won't never get well—her very face says 'I shan't be long here;' and I thinks poor Miss Courtenage was a thinkin' so too, this mornin', for she was a sobbin' fit to break her heart."

"Poor young thing!" sighed the kind neighbour, in a tone of real feeling; "I pities her with all my soul; and if I can be any use, night or day, in settin' up with her mother, I'll come and welcome; so send for me at any time, as she may go on lingering a good while, for decline is dyin' by inches; and as you said jest now, there is always a somethin' partickler in the looks of it. I recollects as if 'twas but yesterday, when first our young sister Susan came up from the country, she was as plump and rosy-like a girl as ever you set eyes upon; but after she had been pent up a few weeks in them dreadful stiflin' millindary rooms—work, work, work, day and night, she got jest the look you was a speakin' about; and then she got so terrible weak, we was forced to take her to Dr. Smith, and he said he wasn't no stranger to these kinds of cases. He had plenty of them, when the season was over, hundreds of poor dyin' dressmakers' cases.* He was very kind, and spoke very feelin'ly about these shockin' goin's on, but he couldn't do nothin' for her; she got weaker and weaker, one day *better*, and the next *worse*, 'till at last she died so suddenly that poor old mother couldn't get here in time to see her alive. She was the fav'rite of us all, bein' the youngest; but I shan't never forget how mother took on. She laid her grey hairs down upon the dead face of poor little Sue, a-moanin' fit to break her heart, because they had 'work'd her pet lamb to death,' as she us't to call her."

Real tears filled her woman eye; and while she hastily wiped

* Sir James Clarke, physician to Her Majesty, says, "The mode of life of these poor girls (dressmakers) is such as no constitution could long bear. A mode of life more completely calculated to destroy human health could scarcely be contrived. I have long been most anxious to rescue these unfortunate girls from the slavery to which they are subjected. — LORD R. GROSVENOR.

them away with the corner of her apron, as if ashamed of displaying feeling in her station of life, Mrs. Carter took up the strain, rushing into the space of opportunity, eager to produce another out of the one thousand* parallelisms whose cry goes up to God's bright throne out of the great heart of *Christian* England. "Poor thing! poor child! 'tis very hawful to think of. Her case was very much like that of pretty Mary Gale's, as us't to live next door to we when we lived in Paddin'ton. She was as fine a gal as ever the sun shined upon when first she went to work at the dressmakin' bis'ness at the West End, but she soon fell off, and got a nasty pain in her side, sittin' stitchin', stitchin', for eighteen hours together; sometimes all night, and Sundays too;† and then she couldn't take a long breath, and was forced to get advice from the doctor; and he told her the foul air‡ was a 'killin' her outright, without the shameful late hours as they had to work, and that it was 'another poor dressmaker's case.'§ That's jest the *very* words he said, and he told her she must 'lay by;' but she couldn't do that, she was forced to work, for the tencepence a day that she earnt was all she had to keep her little crippled sister; and she didn't like to put her into the Union, 'cause she read of the bad manner in which they treats 'em there; and as she was the *only* one left out of nine, they didn't like bein' separated. Poor hearts! they were so fond of one another. Well, as I was a sayin', they had been workin' *three whole days*

* It is terrible to reflect that, according to the testimony of Dr. Lankester, a thousand lives are annually consumed by it in London alone; while ten times that number are rendered miserable for the remainder of their existence, through the disease which it engenders.—BISHOP OF OXFORD.

† In the best-regulated places the hours vary from eighteen to twenty; in some, however, they are altogether unlimited; the hands work in many instances the whole of the night, having four, three, or, in some instances, only two hours' sleep. 'Work,' says one witness, 'was carried on till ten and eleven on Sunday morning, and frequently the whole of Sunday.'—THE EARL OF SHAFTSBURY.

‡ I think this whole subject might come under the consideration of the Metropolis Management Act, and as we have sanitary inspectors to see to the ventilation and cleanliness of public buildings, I do not see why those officers might not have their power extended to enter rooms where human beings are no less confined and exposed to noxious atmospheres.—DR. LANKESTER.

§ The nature of the suffering is such that an experienced eye can detect the case in a moment—you can tell at once that it is a dressmaker's case.—DR. HAMILTON ROE.

*and nights** shut up close in a work-room as smelt fearful of gas† and lots of fevered breaths, that at last she got so bad she fainted‡ away five times runnin', and as they had a power of dresses to make for a flower-show, they made 'em work, able or not; so they gave her some coffee, as they *called* it,§ but it didn't revive her; it got up into her head and made her so wild she didn't know where she was, or what she was adoin'. She got worse, and told 'em that they were 'killin' her soul and body with fire, 'and that she would go out into the green fields and lay down and die,' and wouldn't stay *there* to be murdered, that she wouldn't.' So, as they don't care for the poor things when they can't get no more work out of 'em, they let her go in a pourin' rain at twelve o'clock at night, and she was so 'wildered-like she lost her way, and didn't get home to her room till two in the mornin', and when they took her to the hospital the doctor said she was a 'dyin' cretur' as soon as he set eyes on her; and 'twas true enough, for she only lived two days, and died screamin' out for some cold water to be put on her head, it was all a fire ||

"Dear mercy me, can it ever be *true*? It seems too shocking to think about!" exclaimed Mrs. Greenham, with a look of horror."

"*True* enough!" replied Mrs. Carter; "they says there be

* One witness stated that she had worked without going to bed from four o'clock on Thursday till half-past ten on Sunday. The meal-hours are very short, and the meals are taken in haste.—THE EARL OF SHAPTESBURY.

† Nothing, perhaps, has been better established than the fact that sedentary occupations, that want of exercise, and that exposure to impure air and the deadly influence of carbonic acid gas, are the cause of those tremendous diseases which carry off a third of those who die in our population annually.—DR. LANKESTER.

‡ Not a night passes but some of these poor sufferers faint at their toil; and nothing can prove more strongly the cruelty of the system than the fact given in evidence before the Committee of the House of Lords, that though this fainting is of a most deadly kind, it is yet so common and the haste so great, that the poor girls are often left to recover as best they may.

§ We commenced work as usual at eight o'clock, and went on till between four and five on the following morning. It was near five when we went to our bedrooms. At midnight we had a cup of coffee brought us. I am sure there was something improper put into it to keep us awake, as when we went to bed none of us could sleep.—From "*A Dressmaker's Case*," by J. LILWALL, ESQ.

|| The multitudes, of both sexes, subjected to this miserable and destruc-

thousands and thousands of these helpless young creturs served like it in the grand millinery and dressmakin' houses, where there's a heap of work to be done for the great folks for their balls and theatres, and hoperas. For my part, I am shore I can't think how ever ladies can wear their beautiful gownds and things from such places, while the poor girls have fainted away and dropped over them, workin' their lives out as they does. I should think they smelt of *death*! Wherever can their feelidins' be?"

"P'raps the great ladies don't know about it," suggested Mrs. Greenham; "sure, *sure* they wouldn't allow such things if they did. However can they go to church and say their prayers in gownds made by dyin' fingers?"

Simple-hearted Mrs. Greenham!

"Not know it! not *know* it!" scornfully ejaculated friend Carter. "They can't help knowin' it. Isn't these goins' on in everybody's mouth? My husband told me that George Meeks told him as how he was at Hexeter Hall the other night, and it was cramm'd full of people, and he heard a great lord cry shame upon 'em for wearin' gownds spotted with their sisters' blood."*

"Bless me! did he tho'? Of course, then, 'tis all true," exclaimed Mrs. Greenham.

"And," added Carter, "George Meeks said as how the new Bishop of London was there too, and talked a good deal about the sin of people as does such wicked things; and that he spoke most feelingly of the poor. They seems to think that he's one of the right sort, something like a bishop ought to be, if he goes on as he's begun, and 'tis to be hoped he *will*, for 'tis time somebody looked into these shameful goins' on; and it seems to me

tive thralldom in and about London alone has been estimated at upwards of 150,000! The labour they have to sustain has been described as exceeding in intensity that of any class of workers to be found among any other people on the face of the globe.—*12th Report of the Early Closing Association.*

* Some who, for the sake of being gaily dressed in the fashion, in silks and satins, and all kinds of finery—if, I say, there be some who for such reasons will consent to this suffering, I can only tell you that with your dress you are wearin' out human creatures' lives! There are blood spots there. That poor young woman, whose weakness should have secured your affection and sympathy, bled for it. The great God will make inquisition one day, and if it be found then that thou hast been indifferent to the sufferings of thy sister, thou shalt not be held guiltless then.—*LORD SHAPTESBURY.*

that 'tis proper work, for the bishops as got such a power of money, and helps to make all the laws for the poor."

"P'raps these great ladies got no time to think about these things, as 'tis only poor peoples' sufferings," suggested Mrs. Greenham, who evidently had a good deal of the milk of human kindness in her veins.

"Perhaps not—more's the pity, as they must find time to die!" jerked out the demonstrative Mrs. Carter.

"Don't it seem very strange to you," asked Mrs. Greenham, "that all them wise lords as everybody knows goes to make the laws for the queen, can't make laws to purtect these poor things that be too weak to purtect themselves?"*

"I quite agrees with you," replied Carter, "what be laws for but to purtect the weak against the strong? and if them old laws won't do it, the sooner they makes some that can the better; things can't go on much longer as they be. I couldn't help thinkin' to myself the other day, when I read out of a piece of the *Times* that was sent round the butter Johnny bought jest below, about one of the magistrates in the City puttin' a cruel feller into prison with hard labour, for illtreating a poor donkey as couldn't take his own part, that it seem'd as if hanimals was of more consequence than dressmakers, as the law purtects them!"†

"Served the cruel wretch right!" fiercely burst in Mrs. Greenham; "I can't abear to see dumb creturs as can't speak, or poor children illtreated, do you know;" and she again lowered her tone to confidence-key: Mariar Salter told me ———"

"Cruel! cruel! do you call it," very unceremoniously interrupted Mrs. Carter—who, true woman as she was had a little amiable weakness for a gossip, and when she could get a listener, as in the present instance, to her somewhat extravagant ideas, was apt to overstep the Rubicon of good manners, which were evidently not taught for an extra penny a week at the university she took her degrees at, and, something like other masters at debate when contending with the feebler, she was not scrupulous in cutting short an oration whenever she wanted to perpetrate one

* The power, and jurisdiction of Parliament is so transcendent, and absolute, that it cannot be confined, either for causes or persons, within bounds. . . . It can, in short, do anything that is not naturally impossible.—SIR E. COKE.

† The public good is in nothing more essentially interested than in the protection of every individual's private rights, as modelled by the municipal law.—*Blackstone's Commentaries*.

herself,—“cruel do you call it? I say ’tis brutal, and the sooner all these things be looked into the better. People, and ladies too calling themselves Christians, encouragin’ such dreadful murders; for ’tis nothin’ else; why the very blacks would teach ’em better, as never saw a Bible! It makes my flesh creep to think of all their grandness and luxuries, while their fellow-creturs be dyin’ in thousands a slavin’ for ’em. I was told t’other day, that not content with blindin’* and killin’ the poor young women, the missuses of them great millinary houses where the haristockrasy (Mrs. Carter had not much idea of the euphony of sound) as they be called, haves their fine things made, hires poor little children for a few pence a week to thread all the needles, ’cause the ’prentices shouldn’t be hindered, and when they gets tired and sleepy, being past their bedtimes at night, they be so tired that they falls off their stools down upon the floor, and then they gets green tea and coffee give to ’em, to rouse ’em up.”

“Worser and worser still!” ejaculated Mrs. Greenham, simultaneously elevating her eyes, hands, and voice; “I can’t hardly believe it. Be shore, be shore it can’t be true. Be you quite certain, Mrs. Carter?”

“I don’t know no more than I was told,” replied Mrs. Carter; and she looked an embodiment of the words of Scott,—

“I don’t know how the truth may be,
I tell the tale as ’twas told to me.”

“Dear a mercy me!” suddenly exclaimed her auditor, “if there aint ten o’clock; I had no idear ’twas so late. I really must bid you good mornin’ Mrs. Carter, and I wish your poor dear lady better with all my art.”

* Dr. Hodgkin fully confirms this testimony; and Mr. Dalrymple, of the Ophthalmic Hospital, makes statements of a most painful character. He says that all forms of ocular disease are produced, from simple irritation to complete blindness. Others give more minute details, showing that by continuous work of a fine and minute character, carried on during so many hours of the night by lamp and candlelight, vision is in many cases totally destroyed. Mr. F. Tyrrell, of the Ophthalmic Hospital, relates a case which came under his notice. It was that of a delicate young woman of about seventeen, who had been apprenticed in a dressmaking establishment, and who through excessive work had entirely lost her sight. Dr. Donovan says of some of these persons, that their health and strength are gone, and many of them die of consumption. Dr. Shaw and Dr. Johnson declare that these women become unhealthy themselves and transmit disease to their offspring. Another medical gentleman states that no men would work so long with so little rest.

When this model gossip reached home she found that the fire had followed her example, and "gone out"; her two little boys, with their shoes pulled off, were paddling about in an artificial lake which they had improvised for the occasion out of the bowl used by their untidy mother for "washing up the breakfast things," which had no business whatever to have been left on the table; and trifling as these things are in themselves—like the feather, showing which way the wind blows—they suggest to a reflective mind that this worthy woman, really kind-hearted and well-meaning too as she was, had much better have been at home looking after her own affairs than commenting on those of her superiors, and censuring conduct and character she evidently did not, and could not understand.

And now, impatient reader, unlike Mrs. Carter, who it appears belonged to "well-informed circles," but was fully determined to keep her knowledge to herself, we will together unroll the scroll containing the history of her "poor lady," as she called Mrs. Courtenaye, and though may be it has been blotted and dimmed with tears, for few are the life-pages bearing not *their* mournful impress, it is but an every-day tale.

"He who knows most of heart, knows most of sorrow."

CHAPTER III.

Something about Orthodoxy.

"Religion is not a form, or a creed, or an ecclesiastical system, but a life."

"WHAT a charming spot!" involuntarily broke from the passer-by, as the eye rested on an elegant mansion, with its bright velvety lawn crowning a slightly elevated site in the neighbourhood of the populous and wealthy town of D——.

"Yes, it is a 'charming spot!' What noble *parterres* of flowers! How harmoniously those choice shrubs are grouped! I wonder who lives there?"

Well, then, wonderer, your curiosity shall be gratified; that "charming spot" is the residence of Dr. Grenville, of whom we have somewhat to say that may interest you; for though "not the rose, he has dwelt with it."

Dr. Grenville, then—a rich retired physician, who, with one son and daughter, and in possession of a great deal of friendship, extracted from a wide circle who enjoyed his society and "capital dinners,"—passed a sort of care-for-nothing, easy-going life, centring all the light and delight radiating from these various *foci* on himself, as the sun of his social system, from whence he deluded himself into the fond idea they both emanated.

In his way he might have passed for a model, too, that excellent doctor, so proper, so unimpeachable, so serenely he moved in the best circles of the above-named fashionable town: he was a world in himself, and a world to himself; a superior planet whirling in its own orbit, and on its own axis; but, as there are spots in the sun, so, alas! a spot darkened this great orb, and it needed not the aid of the Rosse, or any other telescope,

to discover its nature. In a word, Dr. Grenville's visible defect was SELFISHNESS.

"The old story!" did you exclaim, reader? Perhaps so; but the doctor had been badly brought up. To continue—there was a certain polish of manner, an easy self-confidence about him, not often met with in the disciples of the Abernethy school to which he belonged, that had stood him in need, may be in the place of professional skill; which latter had been principally and successfully directed to nervous disorders among patients of the higher classes, one of whom, a lady of "considerable rank," left him a legacy of ten thousand pounds.

People did say—but rumour is scarcely an authority—that the young physician cured her ladyship's body, but incurably wounded her heart; and as she was not allowed to bestow her hand with it, she out of revenge left him her fortune. Be that true or false, he was still an especial favourite with the confiding sex; and though at the time he comes out to figure before our readers, "drest in a little brief authority," his register obstinately affirmed that he was sixty, he refused positively to own to more than "somewhere about fifty" (the "lords" have little tender weaknesses on the score of age sometimes), an assertion which gained credence through his tall, handsome, Saxon appearance; and with so few gray hairs on his finely-shaped head, it really required no great stretch of charity to believe the register at fault. With such manifold recommendations, including his enviable house and fortune, it will be no matter of surprise that many gentle spinsters, certain middle-aged young ladies of his *localité*, unduly anxious to bind their unappropriated hearts in the rosy chains of wedlock, evinced none of the reluctance to take upon themselves the tremendous responsibility felt, or feigned, by the warlike girl-queen of Sweden, who gravely assured her ministers that in her opinion "it required more courage to get married than to fight a battle." Indeed, they often deplored, almost within the doctor's hearing, "what a pity Dr. Grenville never married again!" "What a delightful fireside companion he must be!" One, who always spoke in expletives, pronounced it a "physiological phenomenon!" Another, in hysterics of sympathy for the *genus*, voted it a "decided loss to society!" while a third candidate for connubial honours, *coûte qui coûte*, feminine delicacy included, having run through the Indian market unappropriated, and returned duly impressed with the startling

fact that she had "no time to lose," by looking "unutterable things" endeavoured to convince her meditated victim that she had the finest eyes in the world; and, failing in this, she had recourse to an indefatigable display of her dainty hands, proudly boasting to him and her other equally *au fait* friends, that "long fingers were kings' gifts:" she then tried to conquer with a little German, a good deal of French, and a dash of Hindostanee; but the steady man of the good old times thought "one tongue enough for any woman," and was not over careful in hiding his sagacious views. Still, presuming on the stereotyped smile with which the doctor ever greeted her girlish simplicity in getting up an impromptu flirtation with him, and being (by accident) always near him, to be taken to dinner or supper, or anywhere else, as the case might be, she absolutely went so far as to send him, in right earnest, too, a four-leaved shamrock, which he had once jokingly declared he should look upon as "an offer of marriage from either of his charming lady friends who should send it."

Fancy, dear reader, the waves of be-setting and be-flattering, and be-praising and be-speaking any man, however vain, must be deluged with, ere his instinctive respect for the female character could be drowned in such a flood of impudence! However, no doubt the doctor had some cogent reason for not resigning his single blessedness; he probably preferred being his own master once again, for he had twice taken up the gauntlet, ere most men think themselves old enough or wise enough to marry once in these deferring days. *Twice*, we repeat, had he taken up the hazardous gauntlet. His first wife—though not his first love, self was that—had been the petted and spoiled child of a weak, vapoury mother, and she gave her hand and fortune to the captivating young Esculapian in a *delirium tremens* of gratitude for the consummate skill he had displayed in the treatment of a "most obstinate case of disorganization of the nervous system," superinduced on an originally supine character by inordinate self-indulgence, want of healthy exercise, and by trashy reading; which derangement developed itself in vague and almost crazy forebodings of misfortunes and trials that never happened, and in sickly fancies of diseases undiscovered in any pharmacopœia yet invented. So successfully had "the very clever young man" managed to treat these intangible disorders of his future wife that she could scarcely bear him out of her sight, and at length, to the utmost surprise of her numerous acquaintances, the following

announcement duly initiated them, not only into the fact itself, but also into the lineal and collateral respectability of the family, which is so often dragged in to cover personal want of it :—

"Married, on Saturday last, by the very Reverend the Dean of Livingsmore, uncle to the bride, assisted by the Reverend George Henry Wait, rector of Plurality, cousin of the bride, and by the Reverend W. W. S. Mist, curate of Plurality, second cousin of the bridegroom, Edward Charles Augustus Grenville, Esq., M.R.C.S., and M.D., to Ellen Sinclair, only daughter of the late Fitzwilliam Sinclair, Esq., H. M. Consul of Nagerpoof and Sarah, his wife, niece to Rear-Admiral Maccooley, and great great granddaughter to Sir Winslow Winstanley, of Winstay Hall, in the county of Dunnowhere. The interesting bride is the last remaining descendant of the illustrious house of Winstanley, collaterally connected with the Stuarts and Plantagenets."

The offspring of this union was a son, who for eight years his weak mother—treading in the macadamised path of children-spoiling "to the third and fourth generation"—managed to indulge to the most frightful extent. "Every living soul was put out jest to humour Master Johnny, if he did but set up a-crying!" as his nurse pathetically declared; and she moreover "verily believed missus would have the top brick of the chimbley pulled down, if he only put hisself into a passion." And truly poor Betty was not far wide of the truth in her estimate of "missus's" discipline. Every domestic arrangement had to yield in passive obedience to the whims and caprices of this infant Nero, "when he took it into his head to set up a-crying," for, with the precocious instinct of childhood—and few, especially mothers, consider *how* precocious that is—he soon discovered where his strength lay, and, like a small Samson, used it accordingly. Among other performances, called "Master Johnny's pranks," he insisted on desecrating the costly dining-room carpet, by feeding on it to the death an unfortunate little beast intended to be considered a dog, which would have passed in its grotesque obesity for a prize guinea-pig at any of our yearly displays of fat-in-misery, for rolls of fat curtained the apertures where eyes ought to have been. Mem.—There was no society then for preventing cruelty to animals.

When the unfortunate boy was about ten years of age his mother died, and as he had long outgrown his father's authority, or rather as he never had exercised any over him, he was sent to a grammar school as a preparatory step to a higher educational

course, his poor mother having prophesied that this offspring of the "last of the Winstanley's" would make a figure in the world some day. While there he distinguished himself by uncompromising tyranny over his hapless juniors, being the most relentless birds'-nester and robber in that small republic; and by overreaching and "doing" the elder boys in a cunning display of adroitness and sharpness while bargaining for the exchange of knives, fishing gear, and other school merchandise, which bade fair promise of realizing the maternal prognostication; till at length, in an unbridled fit of passion, attempting to strike one of the masters for holding him up in well-deserved execration before the assembled forms—having been caught in the act of crucifying a poor frog for his amusement,—he was expelled, covered with disgrace.

No teaching powerful enough to efface from the boy's soul the tracing of the weak mother hand!

No discipline of man's invention could counteract the evil lessons learnt at the mother-side; hence he grew up selfish, dissipated, godless, and at the age of eighteen, much against the wishes of his great uncle the Very Rev. the Dean of Livings, who intended him to "go into the Church," the doctor articulated his son to an eminent London firm, in the vain hope that when he had "sown his wild oats" he would become an honourable and useful member of the legal profession. But no! the man was a continuation of the boy. Alas! for this sowing tares, and expecting a harvest of wheat.

Alas! for mothers, who with weak hand—

"Plant the vilest weeds, and fondly trust
To gather rarest fruits."

"What more is required to elevate the character of our youth?" demanded Napoleon of Madame Campan. "MOTHERS!" was the all-inclusive response.

"When Christian schools were first introduced into India," says a celebrated missionary, "an old chief seized with delight the opportunity of sending the boys of his territory to be instructed, but after fair trial he did not find the improvement he expected; he then determined to send all the girls," and in the lapse of years found this "beginning at the right end."

About eight months after the loss of his wife, for whom he mourned by rule, regulated by the band on his orthodox hat (miners, wide-awakes, and "shocking bad hats" not being in

vogue then), the wealthy doctor entered a second time into the marriage speculation with a very charming, sensible woman, whom everybody said he loved most sincerely, and therefore it must be true ; but his happiness was of short duration, for at the end of a year she died, leaving him an infant of hours, and a large fortune to compensate his loss.

Of this wee creature, who in due time he had baptized by the household name of Mary, he became passionately fond, and though this was natural enough, ill-natured people declared he only doated upon her because she was the "very picture of himself," everybody exclaiming "what a lovely child!" hence her pet name with him was "little Papa;" and poor "little Papa" bade fair to be as much spoilt in her way as his boy was in his, till once upon a time, when three summers had nearly brightened upon the golden head of the child, dandling her on his knee after dinner as his custom was, he refused to allow her to eat some fruit, fearing it would hurt her, which so much offended the self-will and dignity of "little Papa," that ere the doctor could be aware of her intention she seized the costly dish on which it lay, and with a flushed cheek dashed it on the ground without even deigning to look towards him, moving across the room, to escape, with the air of a miniature Juno!

This impromptu specimen of the early education of his little demonstrative pronoun, gave the elder papa a gentle hint that he was in imminent danger of having a second—neither revised nor corrected—edition of Master Johnny's voluminous works on crockery demolition and furniture destruction, of which he entertained a most vivid shrinking remembrance, having, greatly to his disgust, broken in upon the smooth current of his love for ease and self-indulgence. He therefore wisely determined to place his daughter entirely under the management of a lady in his own house, upon whose judicious care he could confidently repose; and who for several years fulfilled her duty in the most exemplary way towards the child, which the latter bountifully repaid.

At the age of nine, Mary lost her estimable friend by marriage; after which event she was placed at a fashionable establishment in the neighbourhood of London, where, happily, she never forgot the excellent lessons of her early instructress. Here, then, we will leave her awhile, and return to the doctor; and if we say rather more of him than may be deemed necessary, the why and wherefore will be found in the effects of which his shallow ideas were the cause.

With all his placid, easy-going life at the time he is introduced, the elder papa had some peculiarities that he clung to, and when roused to action could defend with a pertinacity rarely found in people of his stagnant temperament. If there was one thing on earth he hated more than hard claret and homœopathy, it was the name of an evangelical or dissenter, for he considered them synonymous; and in the same proportion he idolized the "good old times and sound orthodoxy."

In the matter of the "healing art" may be he entertained some grave doubts as to the wisdom of the ancient practice, when, duly presuming on a diploma "licensed to kill," he would bleed unfortunate patients to death's door at the very moment when the "blood, which is the life thereof," was most needed; when, if they were weak, he drugged them weaker; if requiring nourishment he kept them on "slops;" if, in short, that depopulating system which modern science and skill have so nearly exploded—patients driven "express" from "irritation to inflammation, and from inflammation to mortification." But *malgré* his doubts, and the entire banishment of the fatal lancet on all occasions by the "quack system," as he sneeringly called the common sense one, he hated and abused it just as virulently, because it savoured of "progression" and "new-fangled notions"—two of his especial bugbears.

Of his sound orthodoxy he had no misgiving whatever, the practical part of which consisted in going to church every Sunday morning, driving in the afternoon, sleeping complacently after his seven o'clock dinner, "taking the sacrament" with mechanical regularity four times a year, and subscribing one guinea annually towards the charities of the said church, which included repairs and cleaning. These were the bounds of his orthodox horizon, the sacrifices with which he was well pleased, the "deeds" entitling him to an "inheritance incorruptible;" and he no more doubted their flawlessness than the old man doubted his claim to heaven, who on being inquired of by his pastor as to the safety of his anchorage, replied, "why, sir, haven't I always stuck to my church, and voted for the Blues!"

True it is that now and then, overruled by the love he bore his daughter, he would wander out of the limits of this circle by consenting to accompany her to the evening service, where her favourite curate, the Rev. Stuart Chantwell preached. Yet, as he "considered the sermon of very little consequence"—and no wonder when such word-shops had superseded the old trumpet preachers whom God enthroned and

honoured—it would be no easy matter to decide whether he considered he had paid his child or his church the greatest compliment by going there. One thing is certain, the demure-looking curate could arrogate not the minutest fraction of the amiable concession to himself, for the doctor invariably—and we blush to record the fact that he was imitated by dozens in this practice—settled himself into a dozing attitude, after he had nodded over the text which his daughter dutifully presented to him, but which he never read, his looks implying “I do not doubt it.”

Then as to his theoretical orthodoxy, or rather his stern hatred of any and everything that did not dovetail with his contracted religious views. He hated, with pious fervour, the name of an evangelical, a prayer-meeting, or a city missionary; thought preaching in the open air ought to be put down with the same iron hand as chartism and poaching; viewed every attempt to ameliorate the bodily and spiritual miseries of the poor as “fanatical” and “Quixotic,” generally winding up the playful argument into the meshes of which his daughter entangled him, with the ready clencher, “there was none of this nonsense when I was a boy, and we got on well enough! I can’t think, for my part, what good all this praying, and preaching, and education is to come to, unless to make the poor think themselves wiser and better men than their superiors!” with which *finale* he usually concluded the synopsis of his brilliant theory, showing as much satisfaction as if he had solved the greatest moral problem now puzzling profound thinkers, or had liberated the mental Laocoon from its struggles in the coils of the monster Python prejudice.

It was whispered among the doctor’s friends of the “fast” school that a long time elapsed before he could sufficiently etherialize the murky atmosphere of his pericranium to enable him to see “what good it would do, all this steam and nonsense ruining the country,” and thereby nerve himself to trust his precious personal responsibility in a railway carriage. That it was years after the introduction of lucifers before he would either use or allow them to displace the time-honoured flint and steel in his household; they even went so far as to declare that when the probability of balloon travelling was mooted in his presence he turned pale and absolutely declared that all these discoveries in which homœopathy and electricity figured conspicuously “were signs that the world was coming to an end,” and that nothing should ever induce him to countenance in any way such a catas-

trophe. But, however apocryphal these stories may be, he confessed, and gloried in the confession, that he had "never taken the *Times* into his hands since the day it advocated the repeal of the corn laws"—his Magna Charta of agriculture—a change he looked upon in the light of a second deluge, or a liberal government, both and all equally destructive of social order and respectability.

"Ah!" exclaims the reader, "evidently the good doctor had not gone with the times." Just so; and while he would have shrunk from the ridicule he would have encountered, had he made his appearance in public appavelled in the fashion of the last century, he seemed in enviable ignorance that the furniture of his brain was of the most obsolete antiquated description, deluding himself into the belief that—

"He had forgotten more than most men ever knew."

Poor self-satisfied man! Little did he dream that that very brain of his might have foreshadowed the charity child's definition of chaos, to wit:—

Government Inspector: "Little girl, what is chaos?"

Little Girl (with a profound curtsy): "A large lump of nothin' and no whar to put it, please sir!"

CHAPTER IV.

The Orthodoxy of Education.

“Round her she made an atmosphere of life;
The very air seemed brighter for her eyes,
They were so soft, so beautiful, so rife
With all we can imagine of the skies.”

THE Beautiful ever seems to claim our ready affection, and never more than when it comes in the outline of the wondrous human form; yet when we say Mary was beautiful! how shall we embody that heart-stirring word? How meet the taste of our fair reader, when “every eye makes its own beauty,” and that undefinable sensation and appreciation of it will wander over the entire region of one mind, and leave another unthrilled?

However, as we are not attempting an essay, but simply writing a story, let us proceed, ever remembering that “the high standard of the beautiful is set in reason’s forum.” Thus, with regard to grown-up “little Papa,” probably it was not the dreamy softness of her dark hazel eye, curtained by its deeply-fringed lid, the polished loftiness of her brow, the delicacy of her slightly-aquiline nose, the rich crimson of her well-cut lip, or the clearness of her somewhat pale complexion,—for possibly no feature, singly, would have borne the rigid test and “cant of criticism;” still when the eye rested on her, the *heart* went with it; and, whether attired in light evening costume, displaying the rounded grace of her elegant figure, or, in simple morning robe, the gazer felt she produced all the *effect* of beauty—that involuntary and indescribable heart-homage one renders to it, without consulting critic or connoisseur; and it fell as naturally from the lip, “how beautiful she is!” as to exclaim “what a lovely morning!” in the bright Spring-time, when the heart exuberates, full of rapturous life. Then, too, Mary had a pleasant aptness in always doing

the best thing at the best time, and saying the proper thing in the proper place; with an intuitive ease she fascinated at first, and won afterwards by the gentle sweetness and consideration for the feelings or peculiarities of others she invariably evinced. Some people would have called her irresistible way of going straight to the heart, *tact*; and what society would do without that *vade mecum* of words, is an inquiry not unworthy the columns of *Notes and Queries*, so all-expressive, so comprehensive is it. And yet, applied to this fair girl, it was not *the* term; there was so much reality about her, such transparent singleness and simplicity of purpose permeating her character, that however *outré* the idea may be, *tact*, applied to her, would not have been the right term in the right place. And yet, with all this single-heartedness there was also a depth and earnestness of nature rendering the idea paramount in her mind almost an absolutism for the time, which promised success in whatever she undertook, and challenged confidence in her mental strength; thus, if to these many-varied and brilliant advantages we superadd the fact that she was considered rich, will it be surprising that she had numerous offers and numberless friends?—not a few of the latter being among the poor, the aged, and the miserable, who ever found in “that sweet young lady, Miss Grenville,” a kind and sympathising friend. Hours of loneliness did she beguile in listening to the oft-told tales of their griefs and wrongs; and no trifling portion of her liberal allowance of pocket-money found its way into their huts in charity’s ever-unmistakeable shape—the necessities of life.

It might have been from hearing the subject frequently discussed at her father’s dinner-parties, of the “strange goings on among the saints in the town,” the force of her school education, or, still more probably, from hereditary prejudices which will inhere, generation after generation, that Mary entertained some notions amounting almost to that relic of the fire and stake-bigotry; and yet it is too harsh a term to apply to one so large, so loving-hearted. Perhaps it will be nearer the truth to say, that unlike her respected father, who believed salvation was only to be found in “*his* church,” and who would have refused it from any other, she had a confused, intangible sort of idea that the best kind of salvation was treasured up there, and accordingly, looked upon the teaching of any other section as extremely low and vulgar, fit only for the fanatic and ignorant of the lowest

orders. Still she loved kindness and consistency wherever and in whomsoever she met with it, and whether the recipient of her ever-upwelling charity and sympathy attended church or chapel, it was of no consequence to *her*,—enough that they were poor and sorrowful. True, her impulsiveness often brought regret on discovering the frequent impositions on her bounty by artful recipients, and often did she yearn for a mother's tender guidance and counsel; yet in this very impulsiveness there was a beauty—an unconventional gracefulness recalling to the beholder the untrammelled luxuriance and elegant freedom of the wild-briar or honeysuckle, in the tangled haunts and careless rambles of roving youth.

There were moments, too, when a feeling of sadness, that inseparable companion of deep hearts, crept over her, awakening vague, dim longings for a higher existence; and though by the *many*, this innermost soul-yearning would have been "pooh-poohed!" as "folly!" "ridiculous!" "nonsense!" with which one so gifted and favoured had nought to do, to the *few* it awoke a kindred echo.

Whence cometh this plaintive sadness wandering through the depths of feeling?—why this strata of melancholy underlying the heart's surface, even though the outer life be tremulous with creature bliss?

Surely it is a spirit whisper, reminding the soul of its pilgrim state, when, like a young eaglet, with eye fixed on the sun, it yet quivers on newly-fledged wing nearer earth than heaven!—that whisper to which the heart listens, hushed and solemn, as it interprets, "this is not my rest."

Ah! earth has no resting place for the immortal soul! What if "we take the wings of morning, and fly to the uttermost parts of the sea," or mount up 'mid the glory of the impassive stars; what if we drink deep at the springs whence knowledge bubbles and bursts forth in bewildering streams, or deck the brow with roses, and glide down the untroubled tide of pleasure; even as day-light dies on the hill top, so one by one shall our joys depart, and the cry of the unsatisfied soul will be "THIS IS NOT MY REST."

The first grief that cast its gloom over Mary's lifepath, was the early death of one of the sweetest beings that ever trod this sin-stained earth. Tenderly attached to her sweet friend she

scarcely left her side, even after the ransomed spirit had gone its glory-way, and long was it ere her voice lost its tremor, or her eye again flashed out its old glad look.

For a season this event awoke strange thoughts and fears—dim foreshadowings of the untried future; as the young life of her friend ebbed away on her bosom, murmuring the name of *Jesus*, a solemn, unearthly feeling pervaded her entire being, as if that murmur came from within the veil, and some subtle filament, mysteriously connecting her with the spirit-world was drawing her resistlessly away from the things and ties of time.

A long, death-like faint followed the “golden sunset” of her darling friend, and though (like the confused imagery of a broken dream) nothing tangible rested on her memory, save that the loved was gone.

“Gone! oh! so far, eye may not track her thither,
Nor strong wings follow, where her flight may be.”

“Many suns arose and set, ere the lonesome girl “smiled as she was wont to smile,” or opened her sealed heart to enshrine another in its sacred depths.

Dear reader, bear with us! It is one thing to sentimentalize over the vanity and brevity of life after reviewing long series of causes and effects, tracing events from their origin to their close; comparing means with ends; discovering the weakness of man's mightiest schemes; detecting the mirage by which they are deluded, and thence deducing the stern fact that neither boundless wealth nor despotic power can confer happiness. But it is another thing to stand mute with anguish by the death-bed, and watch the dreaded film gather over the sinking eye that ever wore love's light for us: to watch the midnight shadow darken the brow and lip whose smile was more precious than “much fine gold;” to hear the voice grow faint, and fainter still, as the spirit passes from time's receding shores, whose music was sweeter far than Æolian murmurs; to hang over the quivering breath, dreading yet praying that the strife may cease; then to know the breast whereon we laid our head in joy and sorrow is cold,—cold, that never was chill to us before, oh! it is indeed another thing! No philosophy teaches like a death-bed: no act so solemn as the act to die. We look on the ruins of life and beauty left us by the great Destroyer; Death seems to have the victory, and the heart is wrecked, when over its troubled billows waft the

Saviour's blessed accents, "*weep not! thy darling is not dead, but sleepeth.*"

"That cheek shall wear a fairer hue,
When risen from the yielding sod;
Those eyes shall speak more soft, more true,
Love, in the paradise of God."

To her father Mary was dutiful and affectionate, attending with cheerful alacrity to his lightest wish, and ever submitting to his sometimes arbitrary requirements with a yielding obedience which left him in full-blown enjoyment of that self-love and ease he so highly valued; and though there was little or no sympathy between them on any subject, this never troubled him. He allowed her the free use of his purse, as much from a sense of well placed confidence, as from his dislike to be consulted or worried (which were both one to him) on any subject he could possibly evade. To Mary this utter want of oneness of feeling between them was a source of deep regret, and often when sighing for a kindred sympathy to enter into her plans and views, and to share her anxieties—anxieties she felt less for herself than for others—the cold indifferentism of his tone, or the good-humoured but heartless banter fell on her ardent spirit like a wind that freezes the mountain spring, and she sought refuge in those impassioned inner yearnings before alluded to. It was easy to read on her earnest face, with its varying light and shade, that the depth and tone of her feelings, the warmth and amplitude of her heart, and the strength and poetry of her intellect needed but the love-guiding hand and true heart to develop a character of no ordinary usefulness, in a sphere where her influence would be hallowed by the holy principles of the GREAT TEACHER.

The education she had imbibed at Mrs. Gregory's was of the highest calibre for maturing mind and body power, the former being expanded, as if by gas, to master every possible and impossible branch of ancient and modern learning, and the latter tortured and trained into all the multifarious ramifications, flexions, and genuflexions constituting the "poetry of motion," and the banishment of health with a skill and perseverance worthy a better cause. So celebrated had one of this lady's posture masters become for his unrivalled system of initiating young immortals into the important art of stepping into a carriage with ease and leaving it with grace, that in a fever of gratitude she found

no difficulty in raising contributions from his numerous admirers, to enable her to present him with a "superb silver tea and coffee service," after an annual display of their astonishing proficiency before an enraptured audience, when a dashing young *attaché* assured her, that during his lengthened residence in Athens, "'Pon his honaw, he nevaw saw a Gweek statue theaw that could be at all compawed to her chawming 'gawls!"

And these charming girls themselves exhibited a dignified self-denial under the severe penances inflicted on them, for the purpose of binding dame Nature within the bounds of madame Art, that would well nigh have matched the perseverance and insane devotedness of the celebrated Yogey, who measured the distance between Benares and Juggernaut with his body, alternately rising up and lying down.

Then, as to the intellectual; but we must pause and take a long breath, ere we rush through the elastic catalogue with its heterogeneous "lots of ancient and rare *vertu*, collected at vast expense and trouble by the proprietors."

And, in due order—according to Mrs. Gregory's advertisements,—that "profound attention is expended on their religious, moral, and intellectual improvements," let us "begin at the beginning," and inform our readers that these young ladies could converse fluently on the rival creeds of Fathers, Pagans, Bhuddists, Fire-worshippers, Brahmins, Mahomedans, or Jews, having the Koran, Vida, Talmud, etc., at their fingers' ends; and could argue with enthusiasm, bordering on distraction, as to which merited the forgiveness of sins for having invented the diapason, Guido Are-tine or the musical rocks on the shores of the Orinoco.

They could dispute on the antiquity of matter, backing Parmenides, Pythagoras, and Aristotle, in their views of its being eternal, against all modern philosophers, with Sir Isaac Newton at their head; laughing heartily at the Scythians, Phrygians, Chaldeans, Egyptians, Greeks, and Chinese, for claiming the highest antiquity in that which had no beginning!

For their astronomy they went back to Anaxagoras—ay, and far beyond him and the Chaldeans to boot; they could reckon with unerring precision the apogee and perigee of the first sun and moon that rose and set on the infant earth, calculate all kinds of planetary perihelions and occultations, predate all the lunar and solar rainbows yet to appear, enumerate with certainty not only the moment when the great comet would again be visible

in our hemisphere, but also the exact number of fixed stars that may be seen through its beard, trace the course of all the shooting-stars that ever shot, etc., etc., sifting the chaff from the wheat with marvellous *tact*.

They would speculate on the modern ideas as to whether the "celestial bodies had influenced the configuration of stones into fossil shells, or whether they were creatures that absolutely existed in a former period of the world's history," with a depth of acumen that would have entranced the author of "*Vestiges*."

They would throw off a masterly translation of the mysterious hieroglyphical cryptology on the resuscitated sarcophagi of Assyria or Egypt with a readiness that would have petrified Champillion and Rawlinson; and classify the data of the Zanthian, Nineveh, or any other marbles, with a *dilettanti* ease that would cause the accomplished Sir Charles Fellowes to hide his diminished head, or the indefatigable Layard to faint with astonishment!

They drank deep into the arcana of Thrasyllusian astrology, and with its marvels they associated omens, warnings, peeping crystals, magic mirrors, ruling planets, telling fortunes, to say nothing of ghost stories (oh, what a rare place for ghost stories was Mrs. Gregory's!) and miracles.

How they sighed to be like St. Fechin, who—Butler in his *Lives of the Saints* gravely tells us—was so holy that when he bathed in cold water it became boiling hot with the fervour of his piety!

How they envied the power of St. Goar, who "when in distress for want of a peg to hang his cape on, made use of a sunbeam" which remained stationary in the most gentlemanlike manner till the saint wanted his cloak again!

How intensely they anticipated a trip to "Schaffhausen to see the breath of St. Joseph, which Nicodemus had received into his glass!"

How they would talk over the "beautiful" and "fashionable" appearance the vender of indulgencies at Wirtemberg must have made, when walking about the streets selling his wares, with a feather plucked from the wing of the archangel Michael adorning his head.* They would have thought scorn of all the marabout or bird of paradise plumes in the world for their bonnets, could they but have obtained the like.

(It would be worthy the columns of *Notes and Queries* as to what a certain Father would say to the delicious credulity of these

* *Vide D'aubigné's Reformation.*

trusting girls. Sure, sure it would bring tears into his reverend eyes).

They could particularize with a Lydia Languish air the thirty points of beauty ascribed by her historian Nevizano, to the fair, but frail Trojan; and contend for the sculpture of Praxiteles *versus* Phydias, or the painting of Parrhasius to any school since invented, pre-Raphaelite included, dogmatizing no end on the "merits of the Byzantine style, the appreciation of the Venetian colour, the Flemish chiaro-oscuro and stuff." They could furnish a short but brilliant synopsis of the "early history of nations ere the pyramids frowned upon the Nile, or Italy and Greece had emerged from chaos," or trace the genealogy of the Caryatides, and the sitting colossi in the great rock temple of Ipsambul, or of the mysterious cromlechs in our own land with a clearness and depth of proof that would make the shrewdest member of the Archaeological Society blush.

In biography and chronology they were deeply versed; they could decide the question poor, puzzled, pains-taking Rollin could not, by proofs from mountains of research, that the data of the birth of Semiramis and Nitocris both belonged to the Abrahamic age.

Then, as to philosophy (all natural excluded), time would fail, if patience did not, to give even a short account of the teachings and doctrines they could enumerate and classify.

They were profound in phytology, asteology, petrology; in fact all the "ologies" in existence, including tautology—but, of course, not demonology, unless indeed they had dabbled precociously in table-turning and mesmerism, which the initiated tell us are both the same, and belong to that occult science.

They speculated in psychomancy and sciomancy.

They understood the use of the eudiometer, hygrometer, anemometer, and could measure the density of fluids or discover the specific gravity of solids to a hair's weight; grow delirious on the power of the lever and value of the angle; talk of isoperimetrical and cycloidal, of the possibility of squaring the circle, or making two parallel lines meet in the centre, with a certainty of success that would have "spifficated" Hipparchus and Euclid.

With chemistry, metaphysics, ballooning, and electricity made easy, they were *au fait*.

They had studied the sublime under Longinus, and delighted in Burke.

They had invented a kind of marinorama, showing the graduated depths or water strata in which big fish and little fish swim to avoid collision,—mem. an every day life lesson,—explaining in one view the exact thickness and size of the respective air bladders that extend or collapse as the case of sink or swim may require. Mem.—another every-day life lesson.

They knew, to a turn—but we have nearly run ourselves out of breath, and will wind up this scheme of education by complimenting it as quite an university course on a small scale, everything being, like the furniture of Plato's house, "for use and nothing for show." Hence it seemed an absolute necessity, growing out of such a masculine affair, that the tastes, dress, pursuits, etc., should partake of the same, influenced by the varied occupations of creation's lords,—some one thing, some another.

One "chawming gawl" would follow the hounds, take a five-barred gate, and go into hysterics of delight at being in at the death, and able to exhibit the reeking brush to out-distanced Tom and Jack, calling the feat "quite a plucky affair."

A second took to shooting and angling, declaring she could bring down a hundred brace with her "Manton," or hook it with small and great fly, "like a brick!"

A third patronised rowing, smoking, steering, and occasionally drinking, pronouncing it "loud," or "stunning nice;" and in their varied costumes of reefer or jockey jacket, wide-awake, miner, or "shocking bad hat," they would place the latter akimbo, thrust their hands into the pockets of the former, scarcely distinguishable from the aforementioned Tom and Jack, save that their own barefacedness presented an amusing contrast to the thick jungle of hair in which those of the "lords" were

"In sweet confusion lost."

If, indeed, mamma—with a vivid remembrance of sundry old-fashioned teachings imbibed from copy-slips, but quite an anachronism now-a-days, "Modesty highly adorns a woman," "Honour thy father and mother" "Remember to keep holy the Sabbath,"—ventures to hint gently she did not think certain habits quite correct, *she* "never did it when she was a girl," ostracism ensued at once, and poor dear mamma voted "a bore," "fearfully slow." Papa, too, fared little better; if he liked a quiet Sunday he was "muffy," "dummy," "slow," not to admire the "chawming continental fashion" improved on, namely, to the opera till twelve on Saturday night, home, undressing, talking over the

week's adventures and flirtations, weighing chances *pro* and *con* of success in the matrimonial "dead sets" they had perpetrated; scolding the poor weary Abigail for daring to be sleepy; storming because Madame Sellica had not sent home the dress ordered in the morning, which she promised 'faithfully' should be done, if she kept two young women on all night, that it might be sent home in time for exhibition at morning service or the drive, and so night deepens—day breaks—and behold, 'tis the Sabbath of God, whose after-hours are frittered away like its opening moments—no thought of heaven or hell!

But nearly all the mammas and papas had forgotten, if they ever knew anything about these *outré*, antiquated, anachronised ideas. They, too, went with the times, and there was no *Punch* then; perhaps, if there had been, his pungent reproof might have been lost. Startling idea! a community of fashionists PUNCH-hardened! Mammas, whose ages had exceeded that allotted by the Royal Philosopher, adopted the pre-bloomer costume, coming out in character, padded and puffed, and hooped to the dimensions required by the Gorgon Fashion; and though "Time had woven almond-blossoms 'mid the hair," and had otherwise dealt most ungraciously in stealing lustre both from eye and lip, on the antiquated pyramid was worn the "wide-awake," or "miner;" and *malgré* the shouts of impertinent street urchins,—“who's yer hatter?”—“who's yer cooper?”—the ancient juveniles deluded themselves into the belief that they had quaffed from the fountain of perennial youth, and, like the slow pupil of Apelles, who, failing to make his Helen young and beautiful, determined to make her fine, each one came out in morning full dress, or evening *un-dress*, faster than “fast.”

Ancient papas, patriarchs of the fourth generation, vied in fashionable folly with that “sad dog, Tom,” “that wild fellah, Jack,” or “that scamp, Dick,” till the foolish old boy could scarce be distinguished from the knowing young ones.

“But,” interrupts some querulous reader, “what good will all this knowledge be to those young girls? I never learnt so much, and I have done well enough. It seems to me that their education began at the wrong end; they might have been storing more useful everyday knowledge, and have left the acquisition of the hyper-ultra till they left school.”

Excuse us: not left “school,”—left Mrs. Gregory's.

Undoubtedly your idea will be echoed by many mothers who will never read this little book, and who have uttered the useless wish that they had never heard of Mrs. Gregory's, or any other fashionable establishment similarly conducted; and, admitting that the requirements of one age are no criterion for those of another, assuredly all systems of education should be valued for their *practical* bearing on this important and mysterious human life, considered as a brief—often how brief—passage to eternity; therefore, any knowledge acquired at the expense of self-knowledge, had better not be acquired at all.

These pliant beings, in whom the outer soul and the material were stretched to their utmost capacity—these creatures who were to become actors in a sphere where their influence is so unlimited and inconceivable, that the nineteenth century with all its progress in social enlightenment catches but faint outlines of its extent, 'mid all the high pressure put on, cramming for their numberless masters, the teachings of *the Master* who "*spake as never man spake*" were wholly slighted, and they knew nothing of that grand old book, the Bible; the volume that has raised woman from slavery and moral degradation to the position assigned her by her Creator, a helpmeet and equal for man, and which has been so aptly defined by the Caffres as the "shield of woman."

THE BOOK of which Father Newman declares, "all there has been about man of softness and gentleness; of purity, of penitence, and good, speak to him for ever out of its pages."

THE BOOK from which "the most notorious infidel France ever produced was one day found teaching his child morality, alleging that he knew no code of ethics so perfect as that one contained in its pages; thus, while scoffing at its pretensions to a Divine revelation, admitting its humanizing effects when considered as a manual of civilization."

"THIS BOOK, Star of Eternity!"

"The only star
By which the bark of man could navigate
The sea of life, and gain the coast of bliss
Securely!"

THIS BOOK, on every line

"Marked with the seal of high Divinity;
On every page bedewed with drops of love divine;
This lamp that from the everlasting throne
Mercy took down, and stands, beseeching man
With tears and earnest sighs to hear, believe, and live,"

found no place in the teachings of Mrs. Gregory; "no time to read the Bible," being the answer to one anxious mother who enquired whether it was to be made the foundation whereon the goodly superstructure was to be reared which she entrusted to that lady's advertisement.

The Greeks (who with all their seductive philosophy believed their great goddess Diana was best pleased when a thousand innocent female children were sacrificed as an oblation to her) taught their offspring by heart the poems of Hesiod, because of their moral tendency. Oh, wise heathens! oh, wiser christians, who reject the great life lessons of the Bible, though an eternity of joy or woe hinges thereon!

Not but that these young creatures certainly did imbibe a portion of heartless theology called "religious instruction," the salient of which impressed them with pious self-gratulation that they "were not as others," but were born within the pale of a compassionate mother who made them "heirs of the kingdom" before they were responsible for their actions, thereby shielding them from the agonizing "to enter in," so solemnly enjoined by the GREAT TEACHER, and for which religious instruction not to be found in the Bible, they waited anxiously every Wednesday evening in full dress as it came through the junior curate of Saint Bennett's; but of the highest wisdom, before which all other pales, to know themselves as lost sinners, and to be led by the sweet constraint of a dying Saviour's love to the foot of His cross as the one heart-refuge amid life's temptations and trials, and griefs—to seek shelter in this ark and prove it all its marvellous type was to the rescued patriarch when landed on the summit of Ararat it stood "a magnificent monument of mercy between the weeping heavens, the mausoleum earth, and a waiting hell," formed no part of it; and though during Mary's probation at this first-rate establishment, two or three little weary victims were tortured out of existence by mental pressure, whither their spirits went to dwell "nobody knew and nobody cared," sufficient that the young ladies put on mourning (oh significant phrase!) and Mrs. Gregory had hysterics, but still "no time" could be found for reading the Bible; "no time" for training the affections, sympathies, and passions by its holy precepts: "no time" in short for heart education; that which was to determine their destiny in eternity was altogether unknown; and just as good seed had been early sown by the mother's side, it was left to be choked with weeds or strangled with meretricious flowers.

Mark the flashing eye, the rising colour, and envious look, as that pale girl receives the coveted prize in this hot race of intellect. Look at that forbidding scowl falling on the orphan child of Want, standing with mute appeal near Mrs. Gregory's carriage, waiting to convey its argosy to the opera, where eyes will passionately weep, and bosoms sentimentally heave at the mock sorrow of some immoral yet favourite actress in scenic representations from which shocked Modesty should turn her offended brow, and purity shrink affrighted.

Observe the "stand-by-I-am-better-than-thou" jostle of those humbler looking girls who have accidentally encountered them at a bazaar, because they belong to an opprobrious chapel.

Listen to the clamour in that luxurious home because Miss Russell's dress has not arrived in time for her to prepare, without fatigue, or about two hours before she need do so for the county ball, though "she knows well enough," as her maid observes in the servants' hall, "that Miss Jenks, the dressmaker, has been up two whole nights with her dying mother, and Miss Russell's got plenty of time to spare."

Watch the frown on the fair brow, the pout on the lip, and the burst of indignation because Miss Alice's pony was lent, without her wishes being consulted, to her young step-brother Franky.

But, waiving the dispute respecting the absolute necessity of heart education as well as intellectual and physical, let us scan a few facts selected from a mass that would swell this octavo into a bulky book, and see how far the useful blended with the intellectual at Mrs. Gregory's.

One young lady who had been "finished in Paris," was utterly unable to sew on a button that had played truant from her brother's wrist, or even to hem a pocket handkerchief.

A second innocently demanded of the author, "whether very young children had any souls?"

A third could not enlighten her younger sister in her query, "what made the clouds full of rain?" or help her mamma to add up the "weekly accounts when the latter was suffering from an English headache."

A fourth, having studied "the sublime" till she found the step from it to the ridiculous shorter than even Napoleon dreamed, believing herself a walking epitome of taste, in charming defiance of its rules, had perched an extra-sized plaster cast of Samuel (conspicuous enough in its own violation of all rules of relative

proportion) on the top of a dumbwaiter in the newly-furnished dining-room of her indulgent father.

A fifth insisted on having seen the chair whereon Queen Elizabeth sat in Winchester Cathedral when married to Philip of Spain.

A sixth rushed shrieking out of the room, afraid of the blood that oozed from her wee brother's face when he fell and inflicted a wound on it ; while a seventh could not tell her cook how many quarts went to a gallon, or distinguish a leg of mutton from a sirloin of beef.

"Just such learned imbeciles as might have been expected from such a school—I mean, from such an education," exclaims our fastidious reader.

Undoubtedly, "a place for everything and everything in its place," according to the wise old adage. The useful is the ornamental part of woman's education, if our friend Mrs. Gregory would but think so, and they blend and harmonize beautifully. Music and poetry, with their healthy purifying influences, waiting on mamma as she teaches "lessons on common things" to Johnny, or places dolly's pinafore for his sister's fat little fingers to hem or "pucker," as she tells her stories of the Babe in the manger, the angels singing to the shepherds, or the dove and the ark.

'Tis high time, however, to return to the doctor, and perhaps it is but fair to explain the hint just now given relative to his somewhat "arbitrary requirements," which consisted in endeavouring to extort from Mary a promise never to accompany her favourite friend Mrs. Leslie to "hear that canting fellow Courtenaye," and that she would confine her charities "to the poor of her own church." (The doctor resorted to his morality for his religion, not to his religion for his morality). The reasons he assigned for these liberal requirements will be found in his own peculiarly lucid way of explaining them: "he "didn't want to hear any of the canting new-fangled humbug" his worthy son assured him the young preacher largely dealt in ; and that "the poor ought to go to their own clique to be clothed and fed."

To his first request Mary yielded, partly from habitual respect to his wishes, partly from the tinge of bigotry in her character ; but her woman's heart rebelled against the latter wish, and as her father seldom gave himself the trouble to inquire how she spent

her allowance, or if the poor were fed or not, she dispensed her bounty to the sick and needy with a sensitive regard to their feelings, for she firmly believed the poor had these uncomfortable appendages to their poverty, and with a liberal sense of their right of private judgment in the matter of worship, demonstrating that there was no bigotry in her heart, however it might have crept into her head.

CHAPTER V.

Mrs. Leslie and her Mission.

BISHOP.—“Moreover it is his (the priest’s) office where provision is so made, to search for the poor, sick, and impotent people of the parish, &c. Will you do this, gladly and willingly?”

PRIEST.—“I will do so, by the help of God.”—ORDINATION SERVICE.

“JULIA, I wish you would use your persuasive powers and induce your sweet friend Mary Grenville, to interest herself in the reformatations and improvements Courtenaye is labouring so untiringly to effect among us; undertakings of this kind never prosper to any great extent until the women throw their influence and energies into the scale; they have such persuasion and *tact*, and can make their way where we less skilful philanthropists fail,” remarked Henry Leslie, smiling affectionately on his charming little wife, who leant on his arm, as they walked homeward after the morning service.

“I will do all I can to persuade her, dear Henry, you may rest assured, for there is a loud call on all who have influence to exert it in the good cause. Johnstone told me just now that Smith had not closed his shop to-day, though he promised to do so; I think, perhaps, if my favourite were to ask him, and point out to him the good his example may do among the lesser trades-people, he would listen to *her*,” replied his wife.

“Why do you think so my love?” demanded Leslie.

“Because he thinks there is no one like ‘beautiful Miss Grenville,’ as he told my maid;” adding, “I shall never forget her kindness to my poor old mother when she fell down stairs in the spring and broke her arm,” was the answer.

"Well, by whatever means, I should rejoice to see all the energies of your friend directed to a wider channel," replied Leslie.

"Yes, few things would give me more pleasure than to see that noble-hearted girl in a sphere where her feelings and sympathies would not be cramped as they now are," replied Mrs. Leslie; "but you know how very prejudiced and narrow-minded her father is in his views on all subjects. I heard Fred tell Courtenaye the other day he refused to give his daughter some excellent antidote he keeps in the house prepared for spasms in the breath, which she wanted for poor widow Jenks, because she goes to the Wesleyan chapel; and insisted on her giving a bread and coal ticket to a well-known undeserving character, because he saw her one day at the communion of his church."*

"Impossible!" said Leslie, smiling. "Is he so bad as that? I fear, then, for the success of your persuasions, wifery; but I am sure if she could but get his leave to accompany you sometimes and hear Courtenaye plead the cause of right and true with that magnificent voice of his, a sense of her own responsibility, with all the various capabilities she could command, would induce her at least to try and influence the doctor to a more extended usefulness, when her own would follow as a matter of course."

"Depend on it, Henry, it would be no very easy undertaking to erect a battering-ram strong enough to beat down that iron wall of bigotry; but I will not fail to use all the influence I have over my favourite. It makes me sad to see any one possessed of such ample means for doing good as the doctor has, so unbelieving and indifferent to the wants and the condition of the souls and bodies of his fellow-creatures. What an incalculable amount of good he may be the means of effecting, if only at the cost of one of his sumptuous dinner parties given to the funds of the City Mission."

"Yes, but depend, my love, he will never benefit that best of good causes, and your pet charity to boot," said Leslie, smiling affectionately, "while his friend Anstruther and his curate are so inveterately opposed to it; and while I am not surprised that a man of his character should cling to his prejudices like a Welshman to his pedigree, I must confess I feel somewhat so that the rector never evinces the slightest sympathy or interest in a cause which has been so signally blessed to the

* A fact.

spiritual and moral elevation of thousands of our fellow-creatures, who but for the timely visits of those ministers of mercy, the City Missionaries, would have 'lived without God' and 'died without hope.' "

"Strange, indeed," warmly responded his generous-hearted wife, "and evinces a miserable narrowness of soul that refuses to rejoice in a sinner saved, by whatever instrumentality. I wonder whether the men who act with such guilty unconcern in the matter of salvation ever reflect on those solemn vows they made when at their ordination they declared themselves 'inwardly moved to serve God for the promotion of his glory ;' how can they promote "God's glory" but by seeking to save the lost, for whom He agonized and died. Oh !" she continued, with flushed cheek and tearful eye, "if these ministers of the religion founded by the meek and self-denying Jesus could but have stood, as I did last night, by the dying bed of poor Martha Williams, and listened to her expressions of gratitude to Courtenaye for telling her of the Friend of lost sinners, and sending the City Missionary to her, they would understand better than they do the meaning of 'serving God for the promotion of His glory.' Her last words were, 'God bless you for pointing a guilty soul to the blood which cleanseth from all sin ;' and then she went to sleep like a tired child on its mother's breast."

Leslie pressed the arm of his gentle wife, and, for some moments, neither spoke. When, at length, he broke the eloquent hush, there was a subdued cadence in his voice that showed how deeply his manly heart sympathised in the emotion and efforts of his companion in her self-imposed mercy mission to the outcasts of her sex, in a small but God-blessed sphere of which she was the centre.

"*Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me,*" whispered her husband.

"I often wonder," resumed Mrs. Leslie, "what opinion would be entertained of any man, much less a minister of the gospel, who could stand coldly aloof and watch the straining efforts of some humane hearted passer-by to rescue a drowning fellow being, refusing to lend a helping hand because doubtful of his creed, or not sure he worshipped at the same sanctuary as himself. Surely every one would shun such cruel indifference ; and yet because this mission was the offspring of some blessed, though heterodox, follower of his Master, these men 'pass by on the

other side,' with an unconcerned 'am I my brother's keeper? look, but too plainly evincing little of the spirit of the first city Missionary, who laid his glory by to seek and save the lost!'

"I agree with you, dearest," answered Leslie, "it is indeed at once sad and surprising to see men professing the gospel wasting precious time in wrangling about obsolete superstitions, and neglecting the great end for which a christian ministry was instituted—*salvation*. No doubt if they would 'do the work of God' it would soon be known whether the doctrine be of Him or not."

"Yes; if they brought them into the light of the Word,—'by this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another;' but surely, Henry, these men who act with such guilty unconcern can possess none of their Master's spirit, or they would yearn as he did over perishing souls! They could not 'bite and devour one another if His meek and lowly spirit dwelt in them; and it is to be feared that if the blessed Saviour himself were to come into the midst of these jarring elements, 'making himself of no repute,' and stealing into the lanes and streets where the lost and miserable herd in our towns, as He did into the streets of Jerusalem, He would be considered by these self-seeking men anything but orthodox, or 'belonging to them.'"

The flushed cheek and moistened eye of the speaker told even more than her words how deep was her interest for those over whom she mourned, and for whose welfare she worked with self-denying patience and hopeful perseverance.

"My own wifey must not be too severe on these poor ministers," said Leslie, soothingly; 'the best of men are but men at best,' you know, and the sad indifference too often manifested by them with regard to the salvation of others may arise from their utter unfitness for the sacred office into which they have been thrust, not unfrequently sorely against their inclination (as we both well know), because there chanced to be a living in the family, or some good-natured patron had promised one. Do you remember young Disney's repugnance to be 'made a parson of' when he had set his heart upon the sea, as he told you? And poor conscientious Mrs. Stanesbury's scruples about that wild son of her's, who half broke her heart, taking upon himself the office of a 'teacher sent from God?' However, let us hope that a better time is coming, now that public attention is directed to the gross corruption; and rejoice, dearest, that we live under a polity allowing

every man the right of private judgment in religious matters, and——”

“A woman the free use of her tongue, eh, Harry?” laughed “wifey.”

“I did not hint at such treason against my liege lady-wife,” he rejoined, smiling. “But look! is not that John Grenville coming this way, and I do think your favourite with him? I did not know he was in our neighbourhood.

“Yes, it is Mary,” replied Mrs. Leslie, “how glad I am! Fred told me her brother was come here to remain.”

“I am sorry for that,” remarked Leslie; “there can be no sympathy of feeling and taste between them, and he influences the doctor very much, I have heard.”

“We were just speaking of you, fair lady,” said Leslie, raising his hat to Mary, and bowing coldly to Grenville; “Julia wishes you to grant her a wee favour, in which I am bold enough to join; will you give us an unconditional ‘Yes.’”

“Not exactly,” replied Mary, in the gentlest voice imaginable; “for though I am in no fear that your demand will be very exorbitant, I am not sufficiently mistress of my actions to yield up my power over them unconditionally,” and she smiled sweetly.

“Nothing required of her to the prejudice of church and state, I hope?” asked her brother, with something between a sneer and a chuckle.

“Mary shall judge for herself,” said Mrs. Leslie; “it is simply whether you will accompany us this evening to hear Mr. Courtenaye.”

“You are just in the nick of time, by Jove! Mrs. Leslie,” interrupted J. Grenville; “Mary is in high dudgeon with Drone, because when she asked him yesterday to go and see a *protégé* of hers who has taken it into her head to die, he replied, ‘she did not belong to them, and he couldn’t be visiting in that missionary way;’* so now’s your time,” he added, with another covert sneer, as he slightly emphasised “missionary way.”

“Don’t regard him, dear Julia,” said Mary, laughing, but colouring slightly; “he is only in one of his tormenting fits.”

“But you know it is a fact, Mary,” persisted her brother.

“Which,” asked H. Leslie, gravely, “your being in a tormenting fit, or Mr. Drone’s charity?”

*A fact.

"Both, if you like," said Grenville, "according to my very proper sister's version."

"Will the 'very proper sister' vouchsafe us a reply, then?" demanded Leslie, looking kindly at her.

Again Mary coloured, as she replied,—

"Papa does not like me to go to any place of worship but our own church, and has made me promise not to do so without his leave. I should not like to ask him to-day, because he has a few friends to dine, and likes me to take the head of the table; but if you both wish it very much, I will beg him to allow me to accompany you some other time."

"Next Wednesday evening, please, dearest," said Mrs. Leslie; "Mr. Courtenaye is lecturing on 'the lost piece of silver,' and I am sure you will like his simple, earnest way of striving to win souls."

"Oh, for pity's sake, don't infect her with a Courtenaye mania, Mrs. Leslie!" exclaimed J. Grenville, half in jest, and the better half in earnest; "one hears of nothing now but this Mr. Courtenaye and his doings, go where we will. Mary would be easily bitten just now, eh?" and he looked into her sweet face as mischievous as an overgrown Puck.

"I wish there were a few more Mr. Courtenaye's in our town," remarked Leslie, quietly, and he glanced at the last speaker a look he evidently interpreted as intended, and hated him accordingly.

"I don't think you need entertain any fears on my account, John," remarked his sister. "I should never leave my own church, for though I am sometimes very dissatisfied with Mr. Anstruther and his curate, I should not leave on that account, so I may go with safety to hear your favourite, dear Julia," she added, smiling, as she took the hand of her friend at parting.

"Perhaps you will accompany your sister, Mr. Grenville?" said Julia, whose fixed principle it was never to lose an opportunity of 'sowing beside all waters,' "and return with us to tea? We are very quiet people, but we will promise you some music and a Scotch welcome."

"No, I thank you, Mrs. Leslie, I have quite enough preaching once on Sunday. You ought to ask the governor," and the young man laughed at his fancied wit.

"I am sure he would not regret if he accepted an invitation to hear Mr. Courtenaye," said Leslie. "Pray accompany your sister."

"No, thank you," was the brief reply, as they moved away, but not before Julia had whispered into Mary's ear, "next Wednesday evening, recollect, darling."

"What a strange contrast J. Grenville is to his sister," remarked Leslie.

"What a stiff, methodistical fellow that Leslie is. I am glad he hook'd it," said John Grenville.

"I wonder what there is in this Mr. Courtenaye that influences others so much," mused Mary, and then the words of old Goody Horton came into her mind, "ah, miss! the poor would be better than they be, if all the parsons cared for them like that blessed man!" and she remembered her maid's account of his devotedness to the poor dressmaker who died a little while ago, how he "used to pray with her by the hour, quite like her equal."

"What a pity," thought Mary, "he doesn't belong to our church! How much good he may then do! I should like to hear him for once. No doubt he is a very good sort of young man, but I cannot say I admire ranting. I wonder Julia, with her superior intellect and taste, likes him so much. I wonder what he is really like."

Thus she mused, and her homeward walk was silent.

CHAPTER VI.

In Everyday Life-phase.

"I would not wish to be in heaven if every one could merit it by his good works, and we did not all find admittance there by grace; for then each one would be comparing his own doings and sufferings, with that of others, and there would be pride, envy, contention, and jealousy in heaven, as there is on earth. But if Christ alone has merited heaven for all, and all who enter are indebted to grace, we may hope for peace and rest."—MARTIN BOSS.

SPRING! beautiful, bright-eyed Spring! Earth flings thy rainbow mantle over her travel-stained path, and the sorrowless heart, thrilling in its exuberance of life, leaps like "the roe on the mountain of spices."

Childhood sings its wee glad song, yet scarce knows why it sings—and tossing the clustering curls from its brow, looks up raptured into the intense azure, wondering whether the heaven "mamma has told it all about" *can* be as beautiful as earth, while Age at the grave's brink comes forth, and clears up its dusty eye to gaze once more on thy fresh loveliness ere it falls asleep.

Sorrow steals from its desolate home, forgetting for awhile that the "night of weeping" is not past, and Poverty raises its gaunt visage, brightening with glimpses of the fair land where "*they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more.*"

Beautiful, Eden-like Spring! Meest, yet dim foreshadower of that glorious resurrection when the "mortal shall put on immortality," when earth "emerging from her fiery baptism," and denuded of all but what Almighty wisdom pronounced "very good," shall again become the dwelling of the sinless, and attired as a bride in the glory and beauty inhering in her ashes, shall be the "tabernacle of God, and He will dwell among men."

Stoop, proud science, from thine eagle abstractions, and read in

the indestructibility of matter, "*Awake and sing, ye that dwell in the dust.*"

But there are hearts whose pulses leap not to Spring's melody ; their sunlight is quenched by shadows falling long and dark from the grasping grave, and, with a yearning sigh,

" They turn from all she brings,
To all she cannot bring."

There are hearts, too, over whom a still darker shadow falls, the rayless midnight of unpardoned sin. Reader! seest thou that woman? "Take heed that thou despise not one of these." "Who made thee to differ?" What hast thou that thou did'st not receive? Wert thou born in crime, and cradled in *crime*, and as thy years rolled on wert thou festering in *CRIME* till the monster left thee nought of virtue's fair form to lose, and nought of dishonour to learn, while "no one cared for thy soul?" "*Boast not thyself!*" Or, hast thou ever "toiled all the night and caught nothing," wearily bowing thy head over thy bread-depending task, and panting vainly for one kind word of sympathy? Hast thou struggled against temptation till the very fierceness of thy duel has left thee in the Tempter's power? Hast thou turned to the right and left, finding none to cheer thee on in thine unequal strife—or wept unavailing tears because the father-hand that would have snatched thee from the yawning gulf is a heap of powerless dust—and that she who erst pillowed thy head on the faithful mother-breast hears not thy strong cry?

Yet, once again : hast thou ever sat plying thy weary task with starting eyeballs, and fevered brow, thy thoughts far away amid the daisied fields, the singing birds, the loving voices of thy childhood's home, and awoke from the blessed dream to the coarse rebuke, the rough command, the bitterly charged fault, till tears, like molten lead, have welled up from thy seared heart ; and with the memory of passion's burning vow of deathless constancy ringing over thy soul, then, *then* hast thou striven to steer thy buffeted bark over the lashing foaming rapids? "*Boast not thyself.*" The very absence of thy bark on temptation's Phlegethon might be its safety.

"Take heed that thou despise not." But step aside for a moment ye gentle wives and mothers ; come from your nests in the cedars into a small room on a third floor : heed not the

fatigue, nay, wrap not closer your rich robes, for 'tis all clean, and that is a luxury the poor rarely enjoy. Advance, feet dainty as thine own have left their impress here—beauty peerless as thine has preceded thee; enter, ye will not heed the mean surroundings, or the small humble bed, for all your gaze will be at once centred on the form stretched on it, never more to rise. Look earnestly on that almost child face—may be ye will greet it again when “the dead, small and great,” shall be gathered together. Mark the fever flush on that almost transparent cheek pillowed on a mass of golden hair; observe the white arm thrown over that beauteous head with a touching grace a sculptor would give worlds to embody; but come nearer—see from under those lashes that lie like pencilled shadows on the cheek, veiling the soft lustre of her eye, tears are oozing, telling of storms that shake even the closed up flower. Ah! the lid is quickly raised; what means that wild glittering gaze? Is the deadly fire of insanity lapping up her young life-current? See, she starts! Why that piercing, agonized look, that sudden pressure of the hand to her marble forehead! that wild shriek, followed by the wail of despair, and the impassioned entreaty “sing to me! oh, please sing to me the song the angels taught you!” Then, what means that voice which a seraph might joy to own, gushing out its low music in another song for the heart-weary in all ages,

“ There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain!”

A look of peace comes over the face but now so troubled; there is a lull of the spirit tempest, and in a low, soft voice, the sick girl repeats, as the song ceased, its last lines,

“ And not a wave of sorrow roll,
Across my peaceful breast!”

Tears, blessed tears fall thick and fast; the eye, late so wildly scintillating, wears once again its old look of child-trust; and there she lay, that young thing in whose veins the terrible embers of incipient madness smouldered, hushed by the heart-music of that pleasant song, tranquil as a lotus shadow on the bosom of the Nile.

Bending her bright head close to the poor girl's, our friend

Mary whispered, in tones quivering with sympathy, "I am glad you feel better now, Elinor, and that I came just when you were wishing for me; have you suffered much from those sad fits this morning?"

"Yes, *mamam*," replied the sufferer, "I had such a dreadful dream, and then they came on and set my head all on fire. Oh, it was such a dream," and she hid her childish face under the clothes of the bed, as if to shut out some hideous vision.

"Don't think of your dream, my poor child," said Mary, gently removing the clothes from her face, and taking the small wasted hand in her's. "Look at these lovely flowers; you will like them because I gathered them from my own garden on purpose for you, and here are some grapes, they will cool your poor lips," and she prest the grateful juice from its rich dark skin into the parted crimson of the sufferer's fevered mouth.

Taking the bunch of exquisite flowers, the sick girl gazed on them long and eagerly, then kissed them and laid them on her bosom; and looking into Mary's face with an expression in which the deepest gratitude blended with touching passionate sadness, she said, in a low voice, "he used to bring me flowers, but they all withered; yes, all, all!" then, pointing upward, she repeated, from the song just ended,

"There never ending spring abides,
And never fading flowers."

"*He* used to bring me flowers!" Poor wounded dove! *He* who first woke love's sweet harmony in that young heart and then trampled on its broken strings is still blended with all her thoughts, even beyond the grave. *He* looks out upon her from the gentle flowers, and they speak to her of the past. *He* is mysteriously linked with all the lights and shadows that flit and flicker over her soul of hoarded memories—of precious things. *He* who has broken her trusting heart! Oh, love of woman—strange, beautiful mystery! Neither things present nor things to come can blot from the heart's tablet the mighty writing *dove's* hand has traced. Time may fling his dusty veil over it; change may pass over the outer life; ten thousand influences and interests may gather round and about it; but the inscription remains uneffaced; and, when years have rolled away, though light and unseen may be the touch that stirs or lifts the veil—the low leaf-music of the summer breeze, the perfume of a flower, a voice, a look that brings the lost, the loved again, the

solemn beauty of the quiet stars, a wandering strain of some olden melody—that touch brings out in undying characters the mysterious writing.

“*He used to bring me flowers.*”

“Do not think of anything that distresses you?” gently whispered Mary; “it is all passed now, and you will get well, and be happy once more; and when you are a little stronger, you shall come and live with me, and——”

“No, no!” mournfully interrupted the young victim, shaking her head wearily; “there will be no rest for me but in the churchyard, with my mother. I have been a great sinner; oh, a very great sinner. Sometimes there comes a fear into my soul that I can never be pardoned; it lies with such a burning weight *here*,” and she pressed her wasted hand on her heart, adding, in an excited tone, “oh, if I could be a little child again, and be happy with my flowers, and forget all—all that dreadful time. Tell me, tell me, sweet Miss Grenville, *shall* I be pardoned, when I didn’t know but that it was all true and right—indeed I didn’t? Oh, talk to me something about the Saviour of sinners,” she continued, weeping piteously; while Mary, scarce knowing what to say to comfort her, held her hand in both her own, and wept too—woman’s beautiful tears of sympathy and compassion.

“Mr. Courtenaye would like to come up if you please,” said the good woman of the house, softly opening the door of the sick room, and, in accordance with Elinor’s “oh, yes, yes! ask him to come up,” the young pastor entered.

“I hope I am not intruding,” he said, bowing to Mary, and going towards Elinor, taking her hand kindly, “tell me how you are?—do you feel better—more tranquil; and I will go now, and come some other time, when you are not so tenderly cared for as you are to-day?” and Courtenaye glanced with a quiet smile at the flowers and fruit, and then towards Mary.

“No, no; please sir, don’t go!” exclaimed Elinor; “I am so glad that you are come. That dreadful burden is all here again,” and she pressed her heart; “oh, if you will read to me and pray with me, as you did last night, it will all go away!”

Courtenaye sat down, and immediately Mary arose, taking the fading child’s hand in hers, to bid her “good bye,” when Elinor clasping it with all her little strength, exclaimed, “oh, kind, dear, beautiful Miss Grenville, won’t you stay and hear about the

Saviour of sinners? Do, do," she added with touching earnestness, "hear Mr. Courtenaye read about the Friend of the weary and broken-hearted."

Thus appealed to, feeling moreover a subtle desire to hear this "propagator of new-fangled notions" say something in that rich voice, which, spite of her orthodoxy, had vibrated the chords of harmony in her heart, Mary sat down; and, after a few kind inquiries of the sick girl, Courtenaye, taking from his pocket a small Bible, read, in a subdued tone, that simple but sublime parable of the heavenly Teacher, 15th Luke, to the 7th verse.

Deep silence followed, broken only by the sobs of Elinor.

May be they were communing with their own hearts.

May be the recording angel was gathering up the repentant tears.

Then the young follower of his blessed Master spoke of the wondrous love that brought the good Shepherd from the bosom of his Father into this wilderness world, to *seek* the one lost sheep; —of the tender touching compassion that went after it into the dark, tangled, thorny brushwood of guilt and woe; that sought, with such unwearied patience and unchanging sympathy, the wilful wanderer, and when He had found it, laid it on His loving breast "rejoicing."

He then spoke of the Saviour *now* yearning over the guilty and grief-stricken, and of the encouragement his life of suffering sympathy, his death of agony, held out to sinners to cast themselves wholly on his boundless mercy; and kneeling, he solemnly and earnestly pleaded with the "Faithful Promiser," that through "the blood which cleanseth from all sin" the blessings of pardon and peace may rest upon them, and that they may be daily meetened for the "inheritance which fadeth not away."

"Take off thy shoes from off thy feet, the place whereson thou standest is holy ground."

"Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

"I, even I am he that blotteth out thine iniquity, and will not remember thy sin, saith the Lord; that hath compassion on thee."

"Come, now, and let us reason together; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be crimson, they shall be as wool."

Ministering angels have caught up the joyful news ; passing it on and on, through all the shining ranks of heaven's hierarchy, while the glory-vaulted arch reverberates as they sweep through the pearly gates, and "there is joy in the presence of God over one sinner that repenteth."

The guilt burden is rolled away from the broken heart of Elinor.

On Mary's wondering ear for the first time falls the touching story of the Cross ; she mentally asks, "what new thing is this?" and longs to ask Courtenaye to tell her something more ; but he rose to depart, saying to Elinor, "I have brought you a favourite hymn of mine ; will you try and commit it to memory ? and, when you feel too weak to read, or cannot sleep at night, you will find the repetition of it very comforting," and he placed in her hand that pearl of hymns commencing,

"Just as I am, without one plea."

"Perhaps," he added, turning to Mary, "you would like a copy?" and he held another towards her, which she took readily, with one of her winning smiles, spite of her prejudices ; and then the young evangelist, shaking hands with them, as a kind brother may part from the sisters he loves, whispered in Elinor's ear "do not forget, *'the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin,'*" and departed.

"Will you not come again very soon, sweet lady?" asked Elinor, grasping the hand of Mary as she rose to go, and holding it in a nervous clasp as if she had a foreshadowing that it would be long 'ere they met again. "Will you not pray for me, good and pure and kind as you are, and all unworthy as I am of your notice ? Do come again soon."

Deeply affected, Mary promised, and left her. While passing through the room below, she observed several dainties, such as tempt the appetite of the sick and delicate, had been supplied by the kind-hearted young pastor ; and, musing profoundly, she went her way on another of her missionary visits ; but she remained an unusually short time with her next *protégé*. She could not collect her thoughts and talk in her old way about "doing the best we can, and leaving the rest, etc." Her soul was stirred, and she determined to hear more the next day from Elinor about this "new heresy."

Leaving her cottage much earlier than her wont, greatly to the chagrin of worthy old dame Lightfoot, who declared to her husband when he came home from work, "that her dear young lady

wasn't herself nohow; she was more thoughtfuller and disturbed-like than ever she saw anybody; she only hoped for *her* part that she wasn't a-going to marry that wild young feller the captain, as people gave out she was."

Wending her way towards the hut of "Blind Sally," Mary gently tapped at the door, and at the well-known command, "come in!" she pulled the string and the latch flew up, when the colour came into her cheek as she met the mild eye of Courtenaye, who rose from a low rude seat on which he had been sitting, gladdening the heart of the sightless woman by repeating some of the mercy-messages of Him who "opens the eyes of the born blind." Retreating hastily, Mary said, "pray do not let me disturb you; I will call again." And with a strange feeling of trepidation, slightly tinged with vexation, she gained her sumptuous home, went immediately to her own room, and her first act was to open and read his "favourite hymn."

Ah, Mary! little did you imagine, when by the gushing music of your song you chased away the brain spectres that maddened the wronged Elinor, the young evangelist had listened enraptured and that the song itself—the sad circumstances under which you bright child of prosperity laid fashion's baubles by to minister to the stray lamb, and sooth and cheer the wounded spirit of an erring sister—had deeply moved his heart, and your name had been borne aloft on the swiftly moving wings of prayer.

Ah, young shepherd! little did you imagine that as you knelt and prayed, and spoke of your blessed Master's compassion and tenderness, a chord was struck in that noble heart destined to vibrate through the countless ages of eternity. Little did you deem that the flinty heart of one who stood without the lowly room to listen, had been thawed; and that hard woman, who had scoffed at religion, and "didn't see what good would come of all the praying, and preaching, and nonsense," now comes under the softening influence of redeeming love. Repenting tears fall fast, and from her smitten soul goes up the publican's cry, "*God be merciful to me a sinner.*"* Another jewel is added to his Master's diadem, and again the jubilant anthem rings round the sapphire walls of the golden city.

"My word shall not return unto me void, but shall accomplish that whereunto it is sent."

How trifling, how insignificant to the limited vision of poor

* A fact.

mortality seem those events and influences that are but hidden means of mercy and grace; and could we look for one moment beneath the solemn veil that shuts out our view, what subtle and mysterious fibres, what a gracious and harmonious series of links in the golden chain of providence should we discover thrown around, out-hedging, as it were, our every day life, and producing results that no effort on our own part could have consummated.

For some time after Elinor was left alone she lay quite still; a holy peace rested on her girl-brow, in her hand she still clasped the flowers, of which she appeared childishly fond, and which seemed to possess a mysterious influence over her, as if they had been friends in some holier sphere; her silky hair floated like a bright cloud down her reclining head, and as she lay there in her weakness and helplessness, thoughts of the "mortal putting on immortality" swept through the gazer's heart. It was a touching picture: the homely surroundings, the little humble bed, the ministering flowers, the angelic beauty of the dying child whose ransomed spirit seemed pluming its peace-wing for flight into that world whose glory already overshadowed her face; the frail, fragile, sinking body realizing to the believer the life-giving words of his Lord, "*my strength is made perfect in weakness.*"

Suddenly, as if heart-pierced by a burning arrow, the stricken one starts up in the attitude of intense listening, the wild glitter of insanity again scintillates in her eye; stretching out her yearning arms, she shrieked wildly, "I come, dear love, I come!" and darts to the open window. Oh God of mercy, in an instant, with a little thrilling joy-cry, as if throwing herself into the outspread arms of affection, she takes the dizzy leap! One moment she flutters in the parted air; the next, lies a quivering blood-besprinkled mass of mortality.

Poor child! that fearful leap has not undone her clasp of the flowers, and though their soft shining leaves are scattered around—mute, mute preachers!—her hand still grasps the delicate stems. But forms gather round, cheeks blanched and energies paralysed with terror, when through the first thickening crowd flashes an aged man, and in a tone that will long haunt the memory of those who heard it, he threw himself on the palpitating body, and his smothered agony burst forth in the deep cry, "OH, CHRIST!"

Still more paralysed at the terrible sight, the old man's gray

hairs all dabbled in the blood of his beautiful grandchild, a reality more like the imagery of some fearful dream than aught on which the glad sun looked down and smiled, the crowd gaped with white wonder and trembling limbs, but the ministering spirit is on its way: in a few moments the town missionary firmly but gently elbows his way to the fatal spot, beckons to two or three of the stoutest, points to the moaning old man, and with mild force they untwine those aged arms, while he throws his coat over the bleeding form. Why should curious eyes look on the mystery Death, in such a guise? and though he knows this stern baptism is

"But the herald Jesus sends
To call her to his arms,"

they know nothing of that murmur-silencing promise, "*what I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.*" Yet, why not? There are eyes in that rude crowd from which warm tears are falling, though crime and recklessness have well nigh crusted over their crystal fountain; strong hearts are bowed, like that of early childhood, before the dreadful teaching there. *Why not?*

"Go ye into the highways and compel them to come in."

While the dead body is lifted, with almost woman's gentle care, by those rough-looking men, and borne away in their sinewy arms; and while the graceful limbs are once more tutored into their olden symmetry, let us go with the missionary and the bereaved old man. They have laid him on his humble bed, and by his side kneels the servant of God; long those heart-rending moans continue, and weary hours pass ere that dull ear can drink in the words of comfort, or the oil of sympathy be poured into the gap of that bleeding heart; but at length, taking the almost pulseless hand in his, the missionary bent his head close to the old man's ear, and whispered, in soothing tones, "my brother, shall I sing you the song that Elinor is singing now? and he took up the words of the majestic anthem,

"Worthy the Lamb that was slain!"

As if these triumphant words had power to arrest the fast waning lamp of reason, the old man opened his troubled cloudy eye, and feebly pressed the missionary's hand, who again took up the strain: "*These are they who came out of great tribulation, and*

AN EVERYDAY LIFE-PHASE.

have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple ; and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them ; they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat, for the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them to living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

A solemn hush followed : then, as if " blood," and " Lamb," linked with the name of Elinor, were the only words the flickering mind-light could trace on the dark blotted scroll of memory, the smitten man, throwing his arms into the air, every pulse in his wrinkled brow swelling with the intenseness of mental agony, exclaimed, " yes, yes, they murdered my lamb ! Look, that's poor Daisy ! There—there all on the hard ground—blood on her bright curls—blood on her pretty flowers—don't cry, Daisy," and he motioned his hand, as if passing it over her young head as he was wont to do in her early spring time, " don't cry, we will go into the churchyard and gather flowers, plenty of bright flowers, and king-cups *there* ! Quick, quick ! they are coming to take you away again. There, there (soothingly), lay your poor little head down upon my breast, and I will sing to you your old baby-song ;" then, in a broken but not unmusical voice, the old man repeated snatches of Watts's immortal cradle hymn :

" Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard——."

Suddenly breaking off, he shrieked wildly, " wipe away the blood ! wipe away the blood ! look, look, they are killing her—don't kill poor Daisy, *she* won't hurt you." Exhausted, he fell back heavily ; and now the missionary, believing his mercy-errand at a close, rose to take leave, taking the withered hand of the poor broken hearted old man in his, again the kindly pressure is returned : he opened his cloudy eye—the flickering lamp of reason shot up one bright gleam, and looking wistfully into the sympathizing face at his side, said, in a mournful voice, " why has God forsaken me ? I gave Him all. I bowed my head when he took my two stout boys, and *her* mother, and when my poor wife was carried to the churchyard, I said "Thy will be done." *Why* did he take my last lamb ? Oh, Daisy, Daisy, my murdered child !

"*Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth,*" whispered the missionary; but the flame waned, quivered, flickered, shot up, died away, and the lamp of reason went out.

Poor old grandfather!

Kind woman cared for the lightning scathed oak, and surrounded his misty life-path with creature comforts; but never more shall he listen to "the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely."

Through the glad summer days he regularly sat beside the light green hillock, where the early dead slept her unbroken sleep—sometimes calling, in an excited voice, "make haste, Daisy, or Lady Emily will come to take you away again!" sometimes murmuring snatches from the cradle hymn:

"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed!"

They won't take away your flowers and make you cry."

Mary had planted a beautiful rose tree on the child's grave, which he tended with the most tender care, calling it "Daisy's face," now caressing the smooth leaves, then wiping the dew from the unconscious flower, and telling it "not to cry—her tears burnt into his heart—they would soon be home."

And when the autumn winds sighed their mournful requiem over the quiet sleeper, or ruthlessly scattered the roses' faded glories on her grave, the old man went home to God.

Not returning at his wonted time they sought him at his well-known resting-place, and again they bring him and lay him on his lowly couch—he is passing away, and, as is frequently the case in the dying hour, reason, though long banished, returns to the very spot or circumstance from which she flew affrighted away, so now her shattered and scattered rays are gathered once more into a focus to meet the last foe. Oh, suggestive fact! But

"Sinners in a dying hour
Need more than reason can supply."

Beside the old man kneels the young pastor, and as the dusty eye rests on his disclosing consciousness, Courtenaye whispered, "let not your heart be troubled, in my father's house are many mansions—I go to prepare a place for you." Grasping with his death-dewed hand that of his faithful brother, the dying old man feebly ejaculated, "I know in whom I have believed." He paused, and Courtenaye added, "*lo, I am with you always, even to the end.*"

Another pause; then, half musing, half repeating snatches of olden memories and former readings, the dying man continued,—" 'Twas a rough road sir, but the right one can see it all in this light He doeth all things well Poor child! 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin' 'All things well' 'Come, Lord Jesus' 'Hush, lie still and slumber.' Foolish old man—too proud of her beauty"

"Good bye, sir, God will reward you—let me kiss your hand," and he drew the willing hand of his brother towards his rapidly stiffening lip—"there, there all things well coming, coming, Daisy! hush, lie still! no more tears or crying coming, coming, 'Lord Jesus, into Thy hands I commit my—!' " and with his eyes suddenly cleared from the mists and shadows of age, and beaming with a strange bright, unearthly light, as if reflected from the "glory about to be revealed," the tired spirit glided softly away from earth, realizing the exquisite picture of Milton,—

"A gentle wafting to eternal life."

Tenderly closing those mysterious orbs, Courtenaye folded his arms on the humble bed, and wept like a child; then casting a long, lingering look on the quiet old face, from which all trace of suffering had vanished, he fervently ejaculated, "my God, I thank thee!" and departed.

CHAPTER VII.

Who is this Courtenaye?

"Unlike the tim'rous creeds of popish priest,
"T was frank, stood forth to view, invited all
To prove, examine, search, investigate,
Faith gave herself, a light to see her by."

POLLOCK.

At the age of eleven Edward Courtenaye was hastily summoned from school to receive the parting blessing of a mother to whom he was tenderly devoted. This event and the memory of her last words, as she placed her cold hand on his boy-brow, stamped impressions no after events or time could obliterate; they were the spirit-fingers modelling his character.

The father of the youth had destined his son for "the church," of which he flattered himself he was a "shining light," being considered by some "sound" and "orthodox," though by others simply an emanation of easy degrees and hard riding, when the former came as "natural as life," and the latter "took" the five-barred gate of preferment; while not a few profanely hinted that his acquaintance with learning, including his "cribs," was, even for those times, wonderfully superficial, and that he owed his wealthy benefice to his indefatigable appreciation of his noble patron's election dinners, bad jokes, and worse politics; but of course we cannot answer for the veracity of these assertions, and whether true or false, it was a startling announcement to the reverend doctor when informed by his son, soon after his leaving college, where he had been distinguished by nobility of character and superior attainments, that after much self-examination he had "decided not to take holy orders." Feeling acutely for the disappointment this determination would occasion his father, he entered fully into his scruples relative to

taking such an important step ; assuring him, that deeply feeling his own need of a spiritual guide, and convinced of the responsibility attached to the sacred office, he *dared* not declare in the presence of " God and the congregation that he "judged" himself inwardly moved by the Spirit to take the office upon him."

A few weeks previous, the young Courtenaye had witnessed the ordination of a college acquaintance who openly avowed Unitarian principles ; and was horror-struck when he heard him solemnly declare himself " moved by the Holy Spirit," and saw him seal his blasphemous declaration by receiving the Lord's Supper.

For the first time the startled observer read over attentively the ordination service ; its solemn requirements and binding oaths powerfully affected him, and his impressions deepened into the full conviction that in his then frame of mind he would be scarcely less guilty than the Unitarian in presenting himself as a candidate for the office of " teacher sent from God." He could not look upon the act merely as a step insuring an easy and genteel living : his honourable nature spurned the thought. Whatever he undertook his whole soul must be thrown into, and he would have felt self-condemned as guilty of an act little short of dishonesty had he undertaken the duties of *any* office for which he was not entirely qualified.

" But my father," suggested the young scrupler, " would you entrust the management of a ship to a pilot ignorant of the sea ? or the command of an army to a general who did not understand the tactics of war ? "

" That's quite a different thing," replied the worthy father. " I cannot see how your argument bears on your decision : a pilot or a general failing in his duty would entail most disastrous consequences, while your fancied inability could do no harm to any one."

" Not 'fancied,' my dear father. I feel I need a teacher myself ; and dare I offer a prostituted service, or bring strange fire into the temple of the Most High ? " inquired his son.

" Nonsense ! nonsense ! When once you have taken orders, and are safely installed in a comfortable living, which Lord Advowson has promised to give you, all your crotchets will be forgotten ; and who would know anything about your 'prostituted service' and self-inflicted inability," sarcastically replied the successor.

"I should, my dear father," meekly rejoined his son; "and what success could I hope for in my sacred office, feeling as I do? Why should the profession you have selected for me be the only one in which disqualification for its duties on the part of him who undertakes them is no barrier to —"

"Preposterous!" emphasised the doctor, cutting short his son's "crotchets" and "quibbles," and bouncing most unclerically out of the room.

We need not follow step by step all the arguments and reasoning wherewith he plied his son; vainly he assured him; that he "took too serious a view of the ordination service," "was maintaining a false position," "was refining too much on the meaning of 'moved by the Holy Spirit,'" that "so much caution and self-examination were by no means *necessary*," that "being duly qualified by a classical education and professional examinations, all the rest would follow as a matter of course in his ministerial career."

Courtenaye listened with profound attention, weighing well every word; but as arguments such as these were not calculated to convince him, he remained firm, but sad. Many long days deepened into night, and found the young inquirer poring over books selected for him by his father. How he groped for light, and beheld darkness! He panted for heart work, but who ever found that in the learned frigid dogmas and abstractions of the schoolmen!

Many a sharp rebuke for his "absurd ideas," "fanatical notions," "enthusiastic folly," did he endure from the reverend man, who, having completely failed in his endeavours to indoc-trinate his son with a ready-made divinity, or an impromptu "moving," tried one more effort more futile still.

Suffering deeply in mind for the defeat he had involuntarily inflicted on his father by refusing to adopt the profession chosen for him, Courtenaye steadily refused all invitations either to the dinner, evening, or card parties prevailing to a most carnal extent in the cathedral town of Exborough, where his distinguished appearance, handsome face, and elegant manners would have ensured him a ready welcome, particularly from the fair portion of society. In fact this majority of the doctor's very thin congregation had already decided on the advent of the "good-looking Edward Courtenaye" as one of the curates at St. Benedict's, and were only waiting with varied degrees of patience for the time

when mothers and daughters should alike vie in their tender attentions, and he would become a species of public property, a promising speculation whereon to "invest," in the shape of "need-nots" and "what-nots" *ad libitum*, according to the prospect of a rise or fall; in the foredoomed young curate's matrimonial thermometer. It was even whispered—but ~~whispering~~ is not always reliable—that whole heaps of "evanescent bands," *pot pourri* cushions, bead purses, Berlin slippers, "forget-me-not" book-marks, anti-macassars, and useless crochet no end, were prepared in readiness for the premeditated attack; and that one bold damsel, whose ultra high-churchism "doted upon the confessional" and plenary indulgence, but highly disapproved of clerical celibacy, rushed vehemently into the study of the dead languages and the Fathers, in order to ingratiate herself with the prospective curate. Nor was this all: although abhorring any contact with humanity profaned by poverty, she had inflicted on herself a class in the Sunday school, to which she attended with the most disastrous activity, and for which sanctity she was self-canonised and "verily believed" that she should "succeed at last."

In this threatening aspect of affairs the foredoomed ecclesiastic received an invitation from a young friend to visit him in London, for a few months. Previous to his leaving home his father, for the first time, imparted to him the fact before alluded to, that unless he then consented to adopt the path chosen for him, he must carve a maintenance for himself, as the handsome income he then enjoyed, "every shilling of which he lived up to," was wholly derived from his living, and would "die with him," strenuously urging his son to abandon his crotchets, and "count the cost of such obstinacy" ere he finally decided.

This intelligence did not shake the resolve of Courtenaye. He assured his father, in a respectful and affectionate manner, that he had already "counted the cost" ere he ventured to disclose his scruples of conscience, induced by nothing but a sense of his utter unworthiness and unfitness to stand in the ranks of those who were indeed "moved by the Spirit." Then pleading for a blessing, he entreated him to rest in the belief that it should be his constant endeavour never to disgrace him in any profession he may adopt.

Long after his departing footsteps had ceased to echo in the hall, the reverend doctor sat in his easy chair pondering, and confessing, spite of himself and his annoyance, that there was

something in the high-toned consistency of his *son's* actions with his sentiments he could not help admiring, and that it showed a strength of purpose and character, which would insure success in whatever he undertook; still he could not comprehend or reconcile to *his* views, "how any young man in his senses" could fling away a handsome living for a few scruples of conscience, with which, after all, he had in reality nothing to do, and which might have been overruled had he but listened to him. Pity he should have taken such a crotchet into his head about the ordination service, and being "moved by——" Here he paused. May be his thoughts flew back to the moment when *he* proclaimed to the world his "inward moving," and he wonders why he has never felt it since he was ordained; may be he recollects that *he* never had any misgivings when asked that searching question, "do you think that you are truly called, according to the will of our Lord Jesus Christ and the due order of this realm, to the ministry of the church?" or recollects those still more solemn words, "*Son of man, when I say unto the wicked man thou shalt surely die; if thou dost not speak to warn the wicked from his way, that wicked man shall die in his iniquity, but his blood will I require at thine hand.*"

Long the reverend man mused——

"Your carriage, sir," announced a sleek lacquey, with a pompous air, throwing open the study door; and in another moment away rolled the muser, reflections and all, half buried in the inflated cushions of his luxurious equipage.

While in London, the melancholy that had begun to cloud Courtenaye's mind deepened; he had neither taste nor inclination to indulge in the scenes of frivolity and idleness that dissipated the time and energies of his friend; and he felt more than ever alone amid the great and exciting realities of a London life, where every face he encountered (save that of the stunted, squalid, teeming progeny of our *licensed* crime cauldrons) wore the impress of earnest concentrated resolve to push on to the favourite temple, either of some modern Shinar or Moloch, in a very delirium of covetousness, rivalling the soul prostration of the "benighted" Hindoo, or the devotion of the worshippers of "the great goddess Diana."

Stirring and deep thoughts coursed through the mind of the solitary young man, as, day after day he mingled with but not of

the world around him ; he panted for action—for some sphere of usefulness whereon to play a part in life's mighty drama ; and high above all came that ever restless yearning for some object worthy of its own immortal nature whereon to lay the energies of his soul. Perhaps there were moments when he had some misgivings as to the wisdom of the step he had so resolutely taken—he felt in his deepest heart that he would prefer the pastor's office to any other ; but, again he shrunk from the responsibility involved in the solemn declaration required in the ordination service, conscious that he needed himself the "Spirit's" teaching ere he presumed to undertake to instruct others ; and though, probably, his feelings then originated rather in his moral rectitude than in the deep convictions he afterwards entertained of the sacredness of the office, he still suffered severely.

Into the silent court of his own heart, often would his father's arguments, like unwearied witnesses, reappear clamouring for a verdict in favour of the *False* ; but he resolutely battled with the insidious intruders : amid their fierce *sorties* his lonely heart sometimes set up a yearning cry for maternal counsel :

"Oh, my lost mother ! could I but regain thy true and tender guiding once more," he inwardly ejaculated ; and the grasping grave gave back a phantom voice, and her last words as she laid her cold hand on his boy-brow shone out on memory's scroll with starry brightness,—

"*In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and he will direct thy path.*"

Surely her shade was commissioned to hover over his trying path ! Her voice permitted to murmur from within the veil, confirming the soul-strengthening promise, "are they not all ministering spirits ?" The descending echo won the victory : the child follows his sainted mother heavenward. Was it still her permitted influence—for thin may be, is the screen parting the quick and the dead—that lured onward those lingering feet—onward, till found wending with worshippers towards a temple of the Most High ? We know not :

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform,"—

but Courtenaye involuntarily followed them, and entered a large well filled sanctuary, where for the first time he knelt his *heart* at

Mercy's footstool, and pleaded for the promised guidance with a peaceful feeling to which he had long been a stranger; and who may paint his varied emotions when the text repeated his departed mother's counsel,—“IN ALL THY WAYS ACKNOWLEDGE HIM, AND HE WILL DIRECT THY PATH.”

With what a divine power did that prayer-heralded sermon penetrate the listener's parched soul!

Ah! ye who try to diffuse the myth that the pulpit has fulfilled its mission—the age outgrown its teaching—nullify first the decree of Omnipotence,—

“I charge thee, therefore, before God and the Lord Jesus Christ, preach the word: be instant in season and out of season.”

But tell us *where* that institution has proved its claim to rest? Is it in Britain's main artery, the eye of Christianity, our queenly capital? Ask the City Mission, pointing to the foul burrows of crime, and ignorance, and want; the fifteen thousand unvisited streets and lanes; the twenty-eight thousand open shops on the holy sabbath; the ninety-eight per cent. of immortal beings who never enter a place of worship; the obscene stage; the licensed*

* “That which is morally wrong can never be politically right,” was the grand but now ostracised axiom of a great statesman. Was it in the light of such teaching, or in that of the Great Lawgiver, when out of all our metropolitan magistrates only fifteen could be found to vote against re-licensing the Argyll Rooms? All honour to the few! But would either of those dignitaries who thus caters for the destruction of another man's child like to see his own daughter dancing, or his son “killing time” there? If not, be he who or what he may, he is unworthy the name of citizen—a blot upon the great brotherhood. Talk of grappling with our “social evil” when haunts like these are fostered by law! Why the grappling is just seizing on one of the topmost boughs of this monster tree, and swinging to and fro thereon, while the great gnarled root is allowed to strike deeper and hold firmer. Have those teaching letters in the *Times* done no work? Surely, for consistency, if not for Christianity's sake, crime ought not to be legalised as it is. Better the Queen's exchequer be empty than hell's exchequer be full. A right-hearted peer, whose speeches are always readable, tells us “Christianity is not properly the work of any government.” This remark may be correct, but whatever the work may *not* be, there can be no doubt as to what it *is*. It is the duty of every government to remove stumbling-blocks out of the way of the spread of morality; and to cherish by its strong power every attempt made to rescue our homes from pollution.

Does not the thought suggest itself to every “thinker” in Christian England that our “spiritual” legislators would bring more “glory to

lazarettos for moral lepers; the forty millions of money turned into fire-water for burning soul and body; the four acres devoted to drunkards' graves; the dressmaking and willinery shambles, with their wholesale murders; the madhouses; the _____ but where shall we stop?

Oh! for more of those Puritan pulpit giants who stood thundering upon crime 'till the lightning flash descended; who blew the gospel trump like paladins of God's Jerusalem! Hark! the strong tramp of their successors reacheth the ear, like the far march of mailed succourers to a beleaguered city, and He who enthroned preaching will emblazon it till its salvation messages become a Pharos in the heart of troubled humanity, scattering earth's moral darkness.

"Watchman, what of the night?"

"A cloud has arisen!" "The windows of heaven shall be opened, and a blessing shall be poured out, so that ye shall have scarce room to receive it."

"I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me."

But to return to Courtenaye: no longer does he "confer with flesh and blood:" earnest and incessant were his wrestlings for the Spirit's teaching.

His BIBLE, so appropriately termed by Wesley

"The judge that ends the strife
When wit and reason fail,"

becomes the only star to his tremulous bark over life's surging Atlantic. He comes thirsting to the living stream, and must *drink or die*. Weary and worn, he laves his panting soul in this mighty ocean of eternal truth horizoned by redeeming love, whose depths no wisdom has plumbed, whose pearls no diver can exhaust, yet whose waves ripple so gently on the shores of time, that a child-hand may pick up the gems it strews around, and deck its soul for the marriage supper of the *Great King*.

Hungering, he plucks and eats the leaves of this wondrous nation-healing tree, whose topmost boughs bear fruit ripened

God" by attacking the root-form of our national sins than by gladiating over a nine foot wall separating the last resting-place of "consecrated" and "unconsecrated" sinners, or by vainly endeavouring to dam up the streams of the "Water of Life," the only "river" whose current is powerful enough to cleanse our moral Angeans?

beneath the rays of the "Sun of Righteousness" that can *only* be tasted when the feet of the redeemed shall "stand upon the sea of glass," yet some of the buds of which bend so near to earth that a babe may gather, and eat, and live for ever.

Nights, that had left him poring over ancient books of ancient men, who too frequently "obscured the fruit by the multiplicity of their leaves," find him alone with this treasure; "*old things are passed away: all things are become new.*" Hours, that had been spent in sipping at streams which can never slake the soul's thirst, find him now quaffing deep, rich, life-giving draughts from the fountain head: "*whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst.*" No longer does the young student grope by the sometimes scorching, sometimes quivering lamp of human reason, but basks in the noontide ray of that "*Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.*"

Heretofore bewildered by contradictory creeds, one telling him he must believe this, and another that, or he cannot be saved, he is now at rest, for he reads God's creed: "*believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.*"

Heretofore bewildered by man-made creeds, one telling him he must do this work, and another that work, or he cannot be saved, he reads God's creed: "*thy work is to believe on Him whom God the Father hath sent.*"

He reads, too, "*except ye be converted ye cannot enter into the kingdom,*" and this faithful mirror has shown him himself as a lost, wrath-deserving sinner, who but for infinite compassion and long-suffering had long since been cut down and cast away. It is not for us to lift the veil and look too curiously on the mysterious dealings of Mercy with the immortal soul, the dark abyees of anguish, the terrible temptations to despair, the billows and waves that rolled over his head ere Calvary's love-light burst on his young soul's troubled depths, and he could grasp and realize the precious truth that "*the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin;*" that the blood so meekly, so freely, so lovingly shed was shed for him; but when grace vouchsafed the view, grasping in both arms of his faith the simple but sublime assurance "*whosoever cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out,*" he plunges into the "purple flood," the stony heart melts and becomes flesh, "*like unto the flesh of a little child, and behold, he is clean!*"

"*Of such is the kingdom of heaven.*"

| Now he takes up the exulting cry of the cast-out Israelite,

"*behold, I was blind, but now I see!*" See an infinite fulness in the merits of my Lord to cover all my sin, to supply all my need; strength under every temptation, comfort under every sorrow. Now the wheels of life that had dragged so heavily, rotate with power; he is a "new man in Christ Jesus," hence new hopes, new motives, new aspirations spring up, as the footsteps of redeeming love leave their impress on the late desert of his heart. Oh, he is *free* from the burning chains of the law; but he seeks to obey from a new impulse to obedience gushing up in his soul! He may not make his "works" a foundation whereon to plant a ladder whose top shall press the celestial jasper, but they are to be evidences of a "*faith working by love,*" and bringing forth the Spirit's fruits. "*He who is of God, doeth the works of God.*"

• Clothed in the

"Spotless vesture newly dipped in blood;"

what has the young convert to do with the old robe of morality, worn by thousands with such "touch-me-not" exclusiveness, and regarded as a self-sealed passport into the kingdom where dwelleth righteousness? He has been at the foot of the Cross with the dying thief, the despairing publican, the forgiven Peter, the weeping Magdalen, the repentant prodigal. What has he to do with a robe of self-righteousness? He is in his "right mind." "*Old things are passed away.*"

"Talk of morality! thou bleeding Lamb,
The great morality is love to Thee."

Then comes a soft whisper into the fleshly heart of the young convert, "why standest thou idle? Go work in my vineyard." Ah! for this he pants—pants to tell to his brother sinner the wondrous grace and love that found out even him, and plucked him from the yawning gulf.

The Spirit's gentle moving is on his soul, and he asks in trembling earnestness, "*Lord, what would'st thou have me to do?*" and the reply comes, "*go ye therefore into the highways, and as many as ye shall find bid to the marriage.*" Ah! 'tis for this he longs, and yearns, and prays. The language of his love-softened, forgiven heart is

"O let me kiss thy bleeding feet,
And bathe and wash them with my tears;
The story of thy love repeat
In every drooping sinner's ears;
That all may hear the quick'ning sound,
Since I, even I, have mercy found."

At this period of Courtenaye's history a nobleman, to whom his high college attainments introduced him, offered him the tutorship of his eldest son, about to set out on his travels; few offers could have been more congenial than this prospect of employment; his frame had sympathised acutely with his mind's anxiety, and the change promised at once health-restoration, and an avenue leading to more extended future usefulness.

The young travellers were soon abroad, contemplating the deathless creations of genius; wandering amid the stirring memories of earth's famous dead; musing on spots whose very atmosphere breathed on the newly converted the prophetic teaching,

"He builds too low who builds beneath the skies."

They lingered long over the varied landscapes that enchanted the dilated eye: the mountain peak, in its solitary grandeur, calm above the thunder clouds belting its mid-way rise; the laughing valleys, whose streams mirrored the luxuriance of their flower-tesselated banks, reading in all around traces of Him who "*weighs the mountains in a balance,*" and "*clothes the lily of the field.*"

After some months thus spent, and as the touch of Autumn fringed the woods with glory, we find our young friends pitching their tent amid the faded grandeur of once imperial Rome; and few places could have fired the imagination more, or taught a profounder moral lesson than this "Niobe of nations;" while her melancholy sensuous revelations served to strengthen their affection for and faith in the grand yet simple teaching of the Bible. The BIBLE! Oh Rome,

"Hast thou ever heard
Of such a book? The author God himself;
The subject, God and man, salvation, life,
And death—eternal life, eternal death.
Dread words! whose meaning has no end, no bounds.
Most wondrous book! bright candle of the Lord!
Star of eternity! the only star
By which the bark of man could navigate
The sea of life, and gain the coast of bliss
Securely! only star which rose on Time
And on its dark and troubled billows, still,
As generation drifted swiftly by,
Succeeded generation, threw a ray
Of heaven's own light, and to the hills of God,
The eternal hills, pointed the sinner's eye."

CHAPTER VIII.

“What does the Babler Say”—Preaching and Preaching?

“Therefore let us not deceive ourselves, sermons and instructions that do not give us the knowledge of Jesus cannot be the daily bread and food of our souls.”—MARTIN LUTHER.

“ENGLAND, with all thy faults I love thee!” exclaimed Courtenaye, as after an absence of fourteen months he joyously leaped on the shore of his mother-land.

There are some minds that, taking a broad sweep into the diversified fields of knowledge, are apt in their expansion to lose depth, but not so the mind of our young convert, having in answer to his heart-cry, “Lord, what wouldst thou have me to do?” received the command, “feed my lambs,” he rose, went forth, and followed his Master, subserving his vast mental wealth to this glorious employ; and little recked it to which section of His church he devoted his energies; suffice it that vitalized by the indwelling principle, every wish and effort of his great soul was central to *one*. And oh! what joy it was when in answer to his fervent supplications he saw a sinner in contact with that Master’s cross.

Powerfully imbued with the scriptural conviction that all different sections of christians who hold “*the truth as it is in Jesus*,” may individually unite in building up the spiritual temple without sacrificing those non-essential points on which they differ, the young pastor lived out his conviction, and laboured incessantly for promoting unity among the fellow workers with his Lord. In every movement for furthering the bodily or spiritual improvement of the poorer classes; at all gatherings

for the furtherance of sacred interests or social principles; wherever sin, and sorrow, and want left their grim footmarks, there he sympathised, prayed, and succoured. He has drank deep into the spirit of that loving command, "go ye into the highways, and compel them," and he *dares* not wait, hoping the stray sheep may return to the fold, or it may wander beyond the green mercy-pastures into the enemy's land. He does not hesitate, watching for the beaten pathway of ecclesiastical service, but promptly turns into the wilderness of unsaved souls. What has the soldier of the Cross to do with the cumbrous, useless armour of unbending discipline and etiquette, or with the mists of conventional religionism, when "the enemy is ooming in like a flood, and the avenger of blood is behind him?" Shall a brother perish for whom his Master died, because of some man-made impediment? Away with the fallacy! "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye love one another."

Energized by this beautiful catholicity of principle, his eye kindling with the light of love, onward the earnest evangelist goes. Many a wandering sheep has been followed into the dark brushwood of sin, brought back and laid on the breast of the "Good Shepherd" rejoicing, while new hallelujahs have reverberated through the ranks of "the just made perfect." Many a self-convicted soul has been brought to the publican's place of penitential sorrow, with the great cry for mercy, after his solemn, loving appeals both in his pulpit and in the "highway."

Not that the "preaching" involved any extraordinary doctrine. Courtenaye did not, like the enemies of Luther, "rend the Redeemer's robe at the foot of the cross." He did not, like Julian of old, take down the statue of the Saviour in order to substitute his own. He did not hold up a party salvation for "*his* church," and much less did he hedge in, and block up the way to heaven by ceremonies, creeds, monkish superstitions, and piles of solemn rubbish. He reads on his celestial map, "God hath given to us eternal life, and that life is in —" not baptismal fonts and confessional boxes, not in an exclusive priesthood and a gorgeous ritual, not in orthodoxy or in heterodoxy, but in—"HIS SON." Hence he preached the blessed old gospel, full, free, and for "*whomsoever heareth and believeth.*" He preached, we repeat, just the blessed old truth proclaimed with such marvellous power by the full-hearted Paul in the high court of idolatrous Athens, where "many believed on

him beside Dionysius the Areopagite." Just the saving old truth thundered by the undaunted Luther in the square at Wittenberg, at the echo of which the foundations of the Seven-hilled City shook—the colossal power of the triple-crowned papacy crumbled into dust; ay, and whose vibrations still reverberate through *Protestant* England, reminding her to hold fast the truth that "the gates of hell shall not prevail against."

"BY FAITH YE ARE SAVED."

But when we affirm Courtenaye preached no "new" doctrine, perhaps it may be said that he preached the old one with a newer, deeper pathos, as a man sensible of the value of his own soul, hence yearning for the salvation of the souls of others; as a "dying man" whose message to "dying men" their eternal interest underlied—as a man "living to preach, and not preaching to live."

He had an old-fashioned, happy way of writing in living characters on the hearts of his hearers, the cheering truth that the words of love and mercy spoken eighteen centuries ago, and penned for our comfort and instruction by the hardy sons of the Galilean lake—who took their degrees direct from the poor man's Christ—were not a dead letter in which they had no interest, but blessed truths as of but yesterday's utterance, so fresh, so gracious, so beautiful. The experience of his own heart guided him to the hearts of his fellow sinners; all his messages of salvation went out "perfumed with the love of Jesus;" this he found to be the magnet, and the only one powerful enough to attract and keep close to itself the cold iron of the human heart; this the only lever potent enough to raise the sin-saturated heart into an atmosphere of purity and moral healthfulness. Ah! our churches may boast of music, with its "poetry of sound;" architecture, with its "poetry of stone." There may be light falling artistically mellowed on the "poetry of art," but if the sublimest, the sweetest poetry, the touching story of the Cross, "the story without an end, which angels love to hear," be not the preacher's theme, the heart remains untouched, "all lonely still." True, there may be mechanical worship, gratification of the taste and thrilling of the senses, but "*with the HEART man believes unto salvation.*"

"If the child asks bread, will the father give him a stone?" Even so, the heart asks spiritual food, and carnal things will not fill it; still less does it need abstract truths, critically and elabo-

rately propounded. It cares not about "orthodoxies" or "heterodoxies;" it understands not crude metaphysical speculations; it craves a resting place from beleaguering sin, sorrow, and temptation, and the arid earth holds no pillow whereon the heart of the sinner may fold its weary wing; nought but the love of Jesus can give this.

Here then, we repeat, lay the secret of Courtenaye's success; ever realizing his covenant relationship with his Master, he preached not "his church," but {Jesus Christ and Him crucified;} hence vast crowds followed his ministrations in the sanctuary, while many lingered about the entrance unable to find room within; and though truth compels the admission that a great portion of his flock was poor and miserable, and the sneering enquiry, "*have any of the rulers believed on him,*" might have been made in his day, as it was of his Master eighteen centuries ago, yet even this disgrace increased his usefulness and popularity; many an outcast Magdalene, and despised publican, entered into the kingdom, "loving much, because forgiven much." Moreover, through his influence and exertions, shops once opened on the holy sabbath with a God defying effrontery, were one after another closed. The humanizing ragged schools, Bible and other societies, found in the zealous pastor an untiring advocate; but while he worked and sympathized with all who bore his Master's image, there was one object above all others round which his compassions clustered, and that was the disparaged City Mission, and into its holy cause he threw his powerful energies, unflinching before the covert sneer or the open ridicule. It presented to his expansive heart and prophetic judgment, an aggressive and heaven-suggested instrumentality for closing the doors of our prisons, penitentiaries, and licensed resorts of crime; a mighty barricade for arresting guilt in its avalanche course, and rescuing the sinner from the "gnawing of the worm that never dies," and in lieu thereof, leading those wandering footsteps into the green pastures of pardon here, and into the shining ranks of those who have already

"Trode the soft peace march on the everlasting hills."

Deeply respecting the world-embracing catholicity of its spirit—to "know nothing of sects, parties, or proselyting, but simply to strive to make the wicked holy, and the vicious useful members of society—to carry the gospel into every garret and

cellar, and beseech men to be reconciled to God," he laid this society on his heart.

Look at yon felon peering his defiant eye through the cold bars that shut him out from the light of heaven, and all the gracious influences of human compassion, and sympathy; mark the hardened grin, the sullen scowl, the gallows-stamped brow. Ah, that "crime encrusted thing" once nestled in its holy sleep, close to the hills of God, so close that the angels' songs lulled it to its sweet repose, and the waving of their snowy wings guarded it from ill; and now, what is it?—a mere affair of "mechanics, chemistry, physiology and corruption?" Nay, that polluted casket holds a gem which might have sparkled in the crown, to wear which the Lord of Life swam through a sea of blood.

Look once again! Nay, sicken not, 'tis thy fellow, and thou must meet in

● "That day for which all other days were made,"

standing face to face; speak a few kindly words. Ah! does the bleared eye kindle and moisten at the long-forgotten word, "brother?"

"He might have been
What might he NOT have been,
That vice encrusted, crime befettered thing,
Had christian kindness sunned his vacant mind
With beams of sacred truth?"

Even in the stoniest heart there are subtle links connecting it with the great family of Adam; and though conscience has been seared by the burning iron sin till it has lost its power, still there are chords of sympathy surviving the moral wreck, wanting only the kindled sweep to awaken its buried melody.

Or, cast thine eye yonder, ye who rejoice in the holy tie of wifehood and motherhood, "*seest thou that woman?*" That woman at your very doors, all crime-polluted as she is, she too once nestled on a mother-bosom, close to the hills of God; so close that their ravishing melody lulled her to repose, and she smiled in her sinless sleep as the ministering angels whispered stories of Bethlehem's Babe and manger into the little spirit-ear. What is she now? Oh, mother, turn not away your eye loathingly; let sympathy for the sinner blend with reprobation of the sin. Even a look of compassion for the fallen one may be the "small

seed" destined to become a "great tree"; a glance from the eyes of commiseration may win the lost one into the narrow road. Oh! pity, but judge not!

"What though he be the lowest of the base,
Or she, thy sister, vilest of the vile,
Cast out as evil, loathed and spurned aside,
Speaks there no mercy in thine heart the while?
Thou knowest not, what varying forms of ill,
Grief, want, temptation, may have fram'd her lot;
Pause then, and till thou canst weigh these aright
Pity thy sister, help, but judge her not—

It may be that around her brow in youth
No father's blessings, mother's prayers were shed;
It may be that all foul and evil words
Were ever ringing in her ears instead.
Prest by temptation, evil counsels round,
Without one voice of God or Heaven to tell,
Helpless and hopeless, sickened with despair,
Is it much marvel that a sinner fell?

If thou art Christ's, thou knowest the bitter strife
Of the new nature with the carnal will;
Oft hast thou fallen; oft disowned thy Lord,
Yet He restored thee, and upholds thee still.
Thyself a pensioner at Mercy's gate,
Standing in grace vouchsafed thee from above,
Surely no word should ever pass thy lips
Of others' errors, save in pitying love."

Go then, missionary mother, and tell thy fallen sisters the touching story of the Cross; point them to the mercy words, "woman, has no man condemned thee? neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more," and if this will not melt off the chains of hell, *nothing* will. The divine love-law must be the "sweet constraint, that raises her sin-sick soul into a region of moral healthfulness. Oakum picking, and tearing food with the fingers,* and short allowance, and solitary confinement, and the shorn locks,† and coarse official taunts, and virtuous-looking

* Of which more will be said hereafter.

† In a penitentiary, near which the author has been staying, it was the custom, and it may exist still, to cut off the hair, and so overwork these "unfortunates" that they had no time for religious exercise; no visiting minister or ladies to take any interest in them, and to encourage them in the new and "narrow road." The author's informant, who had held a

stand-byism will never do any good. And who so meet to pour the "oil and wine" of the gospel of pardon and peace into the heart of woman, *as woman*? Who could so well deal with all the delicate machinery of that mysterious world within itself? Who could so tenderly bind the soft filament of sympathy round the rents sin and suffering have made? Oh, gentle should be the plummet that seeks to sound its unfathomed depths; and the iron hand of Law will never reach them. It is your work, Christian woman. Do not be robbed of your privilege. "The fields are white to harvest." Cast from you that simulation of a thrice-winnowed purity which shrinks from looking these terrible evils in the face, and forbids your seeking these sad "waifs of womanhood," and influencing their entrance into some of those mercy edifices for the cure of moral leprosy. Dash from you the diseased sentimentality which finds vent in a cloud of sighs over mock sorrows and mock wrongs, and go "bind up the broken-hearted," pre-enjoying the blessed commendation *"she has done what she could."* No longer ignore your God assigned position, and limit the grand sphere of your influence. The mother-of-pearl chariot Social Progression, though built after "the pattern of heavenly things," still rotates heavily, and will do so till you harness yourselves to its shafts. "*Come then, for all things are ready.*" Seest thou that woman? Turns she an imploring eye and trembling lip towards you? "Pass not by on the other side. Who is thy neighbour? Is it not she who "fell among thieves" who robbed her of her innocence, and left her wounded, helpless, and unpitied? "Pass not by on the other side." That one, plucked from Satan's grasp, may be the small grain destined to become a mountain. Your smile, your kind word will do more to clear and cleanse our polluted highways than "move on!" multiplied millions upon millions. "*Oh! pass not by on the other side.*" May be her departed mother is among the "angels sent to minister" to the fallen one, and watching with intense eagerness

situation in the above-named institution, remarked, "If the poor creatures went in ignorant they went out ignorant, and I am sure I should never have become reformed in such a place." Surely this is not treatment to make the erring in love with reform. Surely this is no gentle development of gospel teaching, and if these poor creatures were real penitents on the falling of the first repentant tear, there "was joy in the presence of God" as their load of crime was sunk in "the great red sea of the Saviour's blood?" How then can a committee of sinners presume to perpetuate the memory of their crimes by punishing the poor perishing body for sins of the will.

the bent of your mother-heart, the glance of your wife-eye. Let there be "joy in heaven over the repenting sinner" through your instrumentality now. May be, the striving of the Great Spirit is on you as these simple words arrest you, for "foolish things are often chosen to confound the wise:" quench it not. Will you stand in cold indifferentism, and see all the glory-work done by other hands? Will you turn an adder ear to the voices abroad in the earth? Nay, will you not walk in the footsteps of Him who never broke a bruised reed? Ah! if you will not come when "all things are ready," how shall ye meet Him for whom you you have done so little, when He did *all* for you?

"It is said, that in one of the mummies found in a pyramid a bulbous root was discovered, which, on being placed in the earth, bloomed and bore a beautiful but unknown flower," thus, in the human heart, apparently dead to all healthful influences, there is one seed blown from the heavenly garner by the breath of the Spirit, and it waits but the kindred touch, when it will expand and bear a bright flower, all unknown before amid its arid and sterile depths.

Oh, sympathy! thou art the true heart-logic that no subtle argument, or profound reasoning, or lucid deduction can teach; thou art not meek eyed pity, nor silver-voiced kindness, nor open-handed charity, but an exquisite concentration of the trinity in unity.

Beautiful Bird of Paradise! many a frozen heart has melted under the brooding of thy warm breast, and many a crushed spirit has kindled under thy beaming eye that would have been cast on the bleak shores of despair, to mourn and die unpitied and alone.

At the advent of our zealous young pastor in the flourishing and populous town of D——, the said mission was at a discount. The Anglo-Popish party threw frozen water upon it because it was another "dissenting affair," and the people, innoculated with the gold epidemic, copied their spiritual teachers, and "cared for none of these things."

At the first public meeting, where his voice pleaded in aid of its slender funds, its supporters consisted of the excellent minister from the "parent society"—and two others, of different denominations, amounting (including the town missionary) to FOUR followers of the first Divine Founder of missions, on

the platform, and about twenty-five or thirty persons in the town-hall.* But in a short time his self-denying labour and prayers met their reward, and he had the satisfaction of seeing a warm interest spring up—the small heterodox seed became “a great tree, so that the fowls of the air may lodge in the branches thereof.” Laying aside all petty sectarian feelings—all minor man-made differences of creed—and standing upon the grand catholic basis of that unmistakeable Scripture, “*ye are all the children of God, by faith in the Lord Jesus,*” the ministers of the various denominations followed the example of the young teacher, and heart-cheering was it to see the great increase of supporters at the next meeting.

The fruit of that gathering was seen in many a dying eye fixed on the sinner’s Friend; many a widow’s heart leaping for joy, many a meal in the wretched hut, where small white faces peered anxiously at the almost forgotten loaf; many a son and daughter of vice and wretchedness reclaimed; many—but all the fruit of that gathering will only be seen at that tremendous gathering “when the dead, small and great, shall stand before the great white Throne, and men shall be judged according to their works.” “Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me.”

Few things showed more entirely the singleness of Courtenaye’s purpose in the good cause than his large-heartedness; not even the dark shadow of bigotry rested on his noble soul; every man who loved his Master was his brother—no matter by what name known among men; he read in his Bible of many “churches” on

* A fact which occurred lately in the populous town of C—, favoured with four resident clergymen. A few days subsequently a “lecture on the Arctic regions” was delivered (how suggestive!) when not only the same hall was crowded to excess, but the talented lecturer was supported by a large body of these reverend gentlemen; and since that time a futile attempt has been made to turn out the good missionary on the plea that “the church” was not fairly represented. Ah! if men were half as anxious that the one true and *only* scriptural church—the church of Jesus Christ—should be “fairly” represented, we should soon see a different order of things, and not Satan’s kingdom so fairly represented as it is. Surely we want a staff of thorough Jesus Christ’s men, whose pass-word should be “*peace and good-will*” to all, not to a favoured few, which, as in the case referred to, the unholy excitement of party zeal has stirred up strife and rancour, that all who are in earnest for the salvation of others must deeply deplore. If men “will do the works of God,” will not the doctrine soon be known whether it is His or not?

A LIFE-LONG STORY.

earth, but only of *one* in heaven, a description of which is given by the Great Head himself—an assembly “who have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb;” and as singing their new song, “thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people and nation.” He can see but one distinctive mark *there*—“*washed in the blood of the LAMB!*” Dares he make distinction where his Master has made none? Dares he lay “any other foundation than that is laid” for a title to heaven, or place a man-made rite before the Cross, trifling with the salvation of souls for whom his Master died?

And at last the City Mission flourished. Scintillating with beams reflected from the Sun of Righteousness it became a great rock, against which the rude waves of bigotry and prejudice, and sectarianism beat in vain, rolling back in hoarse discordant murmurs. It remains firm, for its foundations are in the everlasting hills.

The little slip becomes a great tree, watered by the dew of heaven:

It cannot die, and shall not be destroyed:

“Like the stately palm in deserts and burning sands, no spot too barren for the glorious tree, for, dig down deep, and its roots are floating in pure crystal waters.”

Who among us shall estimate the mightiness of that power so finely termed “moral electricity”—influence? Who among us has weighed it in the balance of the sanctuary? Who dares say “I have none?” Mother, a dewy eye at thy knee watches for thy reply. “Mamma, why did God let little Johnny die?”

Child, thy bright mother bends over thy tiny form in its sleeping beauty to print a holy kiss. Startled, thy wee waxen fingers close softly over her jewelled hand. Mute appeal! Can she leave this soul to be moulded for immortality to a stranger’s care? The diamond wreath is on the ground. Hours, erst devoted to the “dance and the viol,” now bear the incense of prayer on their swiftly-moving wings. The heart of the strong man, too, is bowed. Behold, he prays. “*Despise not the day of small things.*” Seconds are in league with ETERNITY!

CHAPTER IX.

Heterodoxy.

"Under which head is to be comprehended those characters and actions standing out in bold and bright relief from the common mass; attracting and influencing not only their own age but ages yet to come."

THE preceding chapter, dear reader, chronicles some of the "fine doings among the saints" and "new-fangled notions" introduced into the good town of D—, of which our old acquaintance Dr. Grenville has been so lucid an exponent; hence, with his stunted, one-eyed views, it will excite no surprise when we say that he hated the author of them, "that meddling methodistical jackanapes Courtenaye," with no small amount of rancour; and that he looked upon his teachings as pretty nearly synonymous with cold soup or hard claret, somewhat difficult of digestion; he had, moreover, a not uncommon way of applying the opprobrium "methodistical," considering it the apex of cant, vulgarity, and ignorance, to any and everything savouring of religion on a week-day, whether in asking a blessing on daily food, or attending a missionary meeting. Like many more of his stereotype, the doctor never troubled himself by inquiring wherein the "vulgarity" of the "new-fangled" teaching lay; and though most certain it is that frequently, after a florid discharge of his disgust, when some unlucky wight remarked in his presence on the reclaiming of a drunkard, the restoration of a fallen woman, or the convictions of some aged sinner through the instrumentality of the young pastor, he felt an uncomfortable sensation about that mysterious region conscience, which might have been translated "*is it well with thyself?*" yet he did not hate the cause of this sensation, "that canting knave, Courtenaye," one whit the less; but while

the "canting knave" respected all sections of the church, labouring with whomsoever did his Master's work, and "leaving the rest to be settled in heaven," he did not "belong" to that highly influential and numerous portion of it, therefore had no right to the name "methodist" thrust on him so unceremoniously by Dr. Grenville, who, for reasons to be developed, his dissipated son had indoctrinated pretty freely with "the goings on in the town." Perhaps few things could have better demonstrated the fact than his vituperation, that this one-ideal man had never read a line penned by that faithful apostle to whom the sleeping piety of a marvellously apathetic age owes its awakenings, for, in truth, he knew about as much of the *doctrine* Wesley, happily for Protestantism, resuscitated, as he did of the Vedas of India, or the Laokuin of China, while it is more than probable that the persecution and intolerance of the genteel party, of which he was a somewhat ultra specimen, was considered by his disciples in the town of D—— as rather a matter of self-gratulation than otherwise. Be that as it may, they neither prayed less or became fewer; and here, as the circumstance appeals emphatically to the fair sex, we beg pardon for introducing a highly suggestive illustration of the effect the dissemination of these "dangerous principles" produced. Once upon a time, in a rabid state of consternation lest the teaching of Wesley should get ahead, certain parties determined to carry a whole waggon load of the "new heretics" before a magistrate, to answer for their conduct; accordingly, a pretty fair sample was huddled together like cattle, and dragged before the magisterial presence of Mr. S——; but when asked by the worthy man (who was evidently very "slow," and not up to his work) "what they had *done*?" a deep silence ensued. This was a stand-point their accusers had never contemplated in their enthusiastic tilt against the "new heretics;" thereupon a good deal of pleasant confusion and suspicious whispering took place.

"What have they done?" again demanded the magistrate emphatically, "they must have done something to be dragged here."

Another pleasant pause, when seeing their case about to be dismissed, with costs, one of the Progressionists, in the shape of an old man, pushed forward by his despairing party, exclaimed, in trembling accents,

"Why, sur! why, sur! they pertends to be better than other people, and be a-prayin' from mornin' till night."

"But have they done nothing beside this?" demanded Mr. S—.

A third pleasant confusion, and a breaking-up was apparently inevitable, when the old spokesman was again edged forward, and, with tears in his eyes, exclaimed:

"Yes, sur, an' please yer wurshup," they 've converted my wife!"

"*Converted* your wife!" said his innocent worship, "what do you mean by that?"

"Why, sur, do ye see, before she went among them 'ere 'eretics,' she used to go a swearin' and a hollerin' about the house lik a mad ooman, and now she's as quiet as a lamb."

"Carry them back! carry them back! and let Mr. Wesley 'convart' all the women in the county!" shouted the worthy magistrate.

Now evidently our friend the doctor had not in' imagination followed this working disciple of his working Master into the black pits of ignorance and infamy among the colliers in Kingswood and in the mines of Cornwall, and heard him, amid insulting ribaldry and brutalized intolerance, meekly and tearfully beseeching men to be "reconciled to God." Evidently he had never thought of his eighteen thousand converts from the power of sin and Satan unto God, and his forty thousand sermons; his weary rides and painful walks on his mercy mission, 'mid summer heat and winter cold, 'mid ovations of stones and peltings of mud. These were facts, and *facts* the doctor had no great reverence for.

The painful event recorded in our sixth chapter produced a powerful impression on the minds of all parties in the town of D—, and as the faithful ministers of the gospel, ever on their watch towers to proclaim in the city "what of the night," seized the terrible warning addressed to all alike, aged or young, converted or unconverted, "PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD!" careless souls were arrested; the undecided clave to the little flock, and at midnight, from many smitten hearts the cry went up, "LORD, *save! or I perish.*"

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

Perhaps no one had felt the death of the poor girl more intensely than our old acquaintance, Mary, to whom a simple cir-

cumstance (just an enquiry about some flower-roots) had introduced her; hence the commencement of a friendship leading to such important results; the seared, broken heart of Elinor, yearning for sympathy, found it in its most winning form in the young creature to whom she clung with a child-like trust and love, that went straight to the gentle heart, "skilled in the beautiful wisdom of ministering to the sorrows of others." True it is, this sympathy on Mary's part sprung rather from a natural kindness and tenderness of feeling, going out impulsively to any object of sorrow or want, than from any regard to the teaching of the gospel, "*weep with those who weep.*" True it is, that no humble imitation of the Great Sympathizer was the motive-power by which she "went about doing good," but she did not *feel* less on this account, while had love to Him been the "sweet constraint" it would have invested her being with a dignity beyond that of angelic intelligences. Some time had elapsed ere she could fulfil her promise to Mrs. Leslie, by accompanying her to hear her favourite Courtenaye, of whom, meanwhile, she had been told many things—strange, if true—and if not true, stranger still; such as his son-like attention to the personal wants of the poor bereaved grandfather of the dead girl; his selecting the quiet nook in an adjacent village churchyard, wherein to lay the broken-hearted for her quiet rest; his ordering a stone to mark the spot, that the old man may see some one cared for his shattered idol, and of his supporting the tottering form on his strong arm as they followed the mangled remains to their "long home," and spending nearly the whole night in endeavouring to reason with, and calm him after the funeral; of the shaking among the "dry bones" that had followed his solemn address on the succeeding sabbath, which had been listened to with deep emotion by members from different denominations in the town; of the serious impression it had awoken, and the prejudices it had swept away;—and Mary listened to all with a feeling of pleasure not much in unison with her preconceived ideas of "never liking any preachers but those of her *own* church."

"Miss Grenville," said Leslie, shaking her warmly by the hand as she rose to receive him, "Julia has sent me to see if you are still extant; she has been wondering whether you have decided on taking the veil, and have been preparing for your

novitiate by absenting yourself from the 'pomp and vanities' of her wicked society."

"How very kind of your little wife," Mary replied, "to send you on such a merciful errand. I am not so world-weary as to absent myself just yet from it; but how is it you are alone? Is she quite well?"

"Quite well! but a little fussy about baby, whose disease has declared itself in the shape of a pimple on his fat chin, and the good wife thinks it her bounden duty to pendulate between measles and small-pox, to the no small discomfort of your obedient servant," replied Leslie, with mock gravity.

"Her anxiety does not seem to affect you much," said Mary, smiling. She already felt less depressed than she had done for some days, amused at the serio-comic tone of her friend. "But is Donald really ill?"

"Oh, no! nothing in the world but Julia's fancies; you know what an ingenious self-tormentor she is if my little finger feels faint, or baby sneezes more than his prescribed number of times in a day. I must not, though, forget my message; she desires me to tell you she very much wishes you to accompany us to hear Courtenaye this evening—of course, if you have free toleration from the doctor; and I must not forget to add, that you are to remain and spend the evening with us. My brother Fred will bring Courtenaye back to tea."

Mary coloured as she replied, "It seems as if something is destined to prevent my acceding to Julia's wishes; unfortunately, papa has three or four gentlemen coming to dine with him to-day, and you know he does not like me to be absent from table."

"It does seem unfortunate," remarked Leslie, who had seen the colour mantle on Mary's cheek, and, man-like, attributed it to the wrong cause. "I hope, dear Miss Grenville, you have not suffered yourself to be prejudiced against our excellent young friend, for I feel assured if you knew how incessantly he labours."

"—Oh no," hastily interrupted Mary, "indeed, I am not prejudiced against your friend; I think him an excellent young man, and had a lecture from papa last night for taking his part when John was ridiculing him; pray do not think me so bigoted as that," she added, between a smile and a sigh.

"I should be grieved to think anything but most kindly of you," answered Leslie, with a look of deep interest, for he saw

that Mary was not quite herself, "I am sure you will ever sympathise with the right and the true; but wifey will take up the initiative," he continued in a gay tone, "and lecture me for not succeeding better in my self-imposed diplomacy, what am I to say?"

"Tell her it would give me pleasure to comply with her wishes, but I could not be ready by seven, for though we dine an hour earlier than usual, because Sir Henry has such a long drive to reach home, it would scarce give me"—she stopped as if considering the practicability of yielding to a very secret and subtle desire she felt to hear once more the tones of that magnificent voice whose echo lingered in the corridors of her memory, spite of her orthodoxy and school prejudices.

"If you think you could be spared we would wait until a quarter past seven for you?" Leslie enquired. "It is one of our old fashioned crochets always to be in our places before the service commences, but I will wait for you this evening if you think you can possibly accompany us. May I tell Julia 'Yes?'"

"I think perhaps I could be ready by a little after seven. Do you all walk?" Mary asked.

"We do generally," replied Leslie, "but if you wish it I will have the horses put to, and we will drive to church."

"By no means," replied Mary, "the distance is so trifling; if you will kindly be here a little after seven I will with pleasure accept your escort."

"And, of course, you will remain the rest of the evening, and send your new music?" Leslie enquired.

"I will remain," she answered, "but Julia's music will be sufficient; I have scarce sung a line the last ten days, and have nothing new."

"That will never do," remarked Leslie, "you must not neglect your music and singing; Fred declares your rendering of 'Must I leave thee,' makes him feel just as he did some dozen years ago, when his mother left him with his eyes full of tears at school after the long holidays; and Courtenaye says yours is the sweetest voice he ever listened to, and he is passionately fond of music; but pray do not blush so bewitchingly—you are a true woman—not insensible to admiration I see."

"If I did blush," Mary remarked, feeling all the while terribly guilty, "it was for you; how could you get up such a ready made compliment, and stand proxy for Mr. Courtenaye, who has never heard me sing."

"Has he not? Well then, he or Fred must be the impromptu story-teller, for I am sure I heard the latter say so; at least, I believe I did."

Mary remained, some time after Leslie left, in deep thought.—Where could Mr. Courtenaye have heard her sing? Why should he have named it to Fred Leslie? Then she takes a retrospective glance of the heaps of black-coated, white-gloved nonentities who have surrounded her, when at the piano, for the last three months; but she is sure his quiet face was not among them, and concludes,† very unwillingly, that "there must be a mistake somewhere."



CHAPTER X.

Lone's First Dawn.

"For Prejudice had been in truth,
An antiquarian from his youth,
And any rubbish, so 'twas told,
To his chaotic hoard he rolled."—LACON.

SIR HENRY WOODFORD admired Mary exceedingly, and would have laid his warm heart and affluent fortune at her feet, but his years more than twice doubling hers, he thought, with the sensible song, that

"May and December could never agree."

"If I were forty years younger, I would not bring into the lists a faint heart to contend for so fair a prize!" said he gaily, as Mary rose to bid him farewell, soon as politeness sanctioned her doing so: and, in truth, never had she looked a "fairer prize" than at the moment when she gracefully withdrew her hand from the admiring baronet, exclaiming, "You must not learn to flatter me, dear Sir Henry, or I shall lose one of my best friends!" and passing over to her father's side, she printed a kiss on his forehead, and said, "I am going to-night with the Leslies to hear Mr. Courtenaye, dear papa, if you can spare me, and remain the after-evening with them; you remember you gave me leave some time since, but I have never availed myself of it?"

"There you go! Courtenaye again!" exclaimed the doctored good-humouredly (after dinner being always his best time), "I have a good mind to say you should never step inside."—

"Hush! hush! darling papa," whispered Mary, placing her palm playfully before his lips, "don't let Sir Henry see what a spoilt child I am," and looking towards the latter, she pleaded, "Do, dear Sir Henry, take my part!"

"Let her go! let her go, Grenville!" said the baronet in a half-remonstrating, half-beseeching tone; "you may trust her anywhere; 'to the pure all things are pure,' you know!"

"Well, then, for this once, saucy face!" replied the doctor, tapping her on her flushed cheek, "just to oblige Woodford, but mind, don't come home casting texts of Scripture on all occasions in support of your vagaries, or by George I'll lock you"—but she was gone.

"What an angelic creature she is!" exclaimed Sir Henry.

"Well enough!" granted the doctor with a pleased look. "What do you think of this wine?" and he tried to look through a glass of Madeira, that would have rivalled the celebrated Falernian, and have set monkish lips a-longing.

"Excellent!" was Sir Henry's curt reply, for his thoughts had followed the winning vision that had just departed.

Henry Leslie met Mary, accompanied by a footman, hastening towards his house; and taking her arm under his, he said, "We are in excellent time, but Julia and Fred did not wait, because they were not sure of the pleasure of your company."

"Does your brother always accompany you on Wednesday evenings?" asked Mary.

"Yes, and there is generally a majority of young men at these lectures, and I like to see it; I wish all ministers would preach once on a week-day; and if they make their message worth hearing they will never want hearers." Leslie replied.

"But do you think, as a general thing, if all churches were opened for preaching in the week they would be as well attended as that of your friend Mr. Courtenaye?" demanded Mary.

"I have no doubt of it whatever," answered Leslie, "and the best proof is, that wherever the custom has been adopted by any denomination of Christian ministers, the success has been signal; and no wonder" he added with seriousness, "that those who are travelling the 'straight and thorny road,' should rejoice to find a halting-place amid life's cares and sorrows, where they can for a few moments escape from them, and take a fresh view of heaven's glories, thereby gaining strength for the race."

Mary scarcely understood what the terms "straight road" meant, but she remarked, "It would seem that all men have not your Mr. Courtenaye's persuasive eloquence, or why are so

many of our churches empty even on Sundays, and so much preaching to empty benches?"

"All men may not possess Courtenaye's eloquence, but all men have the same Gospel to proclaim to their congregations; and I believe that, just in proportion as they preach that, their ministry will be blessed, and no farther. The crying want of the age is a *really* spirit-moved ministry—men feeling their own strength, and therefore able to make others feel it," Leslie answered.

"There appears to be more bickerings and worldliness than ever among religious professors, and really, instead of the heathen testimony to the power of truth, 'see how these christians love one another,' the remark would be sadly just, 'see how these Christians hate one another,'" Mary observed.

"Yes," answered Leslie, "your remark is too true; and if, instead of men wasting their strength on puny discussions over childish superstitions, calculated to lower the dignity of their office, and bring their teaching into public contempt, we had a ministerial brotherhood, who, having caught the loving spirit of their Master, yearn with passionate sympathy to

"Clasp the universe and keep it warm,"

we should soon see the genial flowers of love and peace put forth their beauty, unnnipped as they now are by the bitter blasts of sectarianism and controversy."

Mary made no reply; perhaps she did not hear—for they drew near to the church—and, with all her efforts, she could not keep her heart in its normal beating; it *would* go fast.

The service had just commenced, and they had to push their way towards Leslie's seat, Mary being utterly surprised at the still-increasing congregation. It was novel to her to see every available post or corner, or aisle, filled with an attentive face, while numbers thronged the entrance unable to enter.

There is ever a solemnity waking deep emotion in the sight of a vast multitude obeying the will of an orator, as a wood waves to the controlling breeze; and Mary—all unprepared for such a scene—clung to Leslie's arm, every pulse thrilling as the rich, deep tones of Courtenaye commenced that beautiful hymn of Hart's—

"Come ye sinners poor and wretched,
Come! 'his mercy's welcome hour,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of love, and full of power."

But her emotion deepened as the words, borne aloft by hundreds of voices in well-tuned harmony, swept afresh over her heart, and, unable to control her feelings—already overtaxed by haste and excitement—tears fell fast on the book she held, while Mrs. Lealie anxiously enquired if she was “not well.”

Assuring her she was “quite well; only a little stupid; and it would go off directly,” Mary struggled to repress her feelings, and after a few moments her gifted voice was mingling with the others in this beautiful overture of redeeming love.

Courtenaye preached from “*We pray you in Christ’s stead be ye reconciled to God,*” and the earnestness with which he pleaded his Master’s cause, convinced his hearers that he was powerfully impressed, not only with the vast importance of his sacred work, but also felt the presence of Him who “Where two or three are gathered together” in His name is in their midst; and he urged them by all the solemn realities of a fast-coming eternity to close with the offers of mercy “While it is called to-day,” and to hide themselves in the cleft of the smitten Rock ere the hurricane of wrath swept over the impenitent and unbelieving.

He dilated on the wondrous love of the Father that “spared not His only Son, but freely gave Him up for us all, even while we were yet sinners,” enforcing in all its universal freedom and amplitude the complete justification of the repentant sinner in Him; and when he dwelt on that precious and perfect sympathy with the sufferings and sorrows of humanity, which, from the manger, with its helpless moan, to the cross with its cry of desertion, was the burden and passion of the Saviour’s existence, rough hands dashed away the stranger-tears, gracious influences stole into granite hearts,—hearts that haply “went to mock, but remained to pray,” and as Jesus of Nazareth went by in mental view many a leper cried out, “*Son of David, have mercy on me!*”

Ever remembering the dark prison where his own soul lay chain-bound, ere the angel struck off his fetters, the preacher never launched the fiery reproof or bitter accusation against his brother sinner, knowing man could neither be lectured out of Hell nor terrified into Heaven; hence he argued, as man to man, “subject to like infirmities,” “**WHY WILL YE DIE?**”

But while he felt the tenderest concern for the sinner, he did not “prophesy smooth things” for the sin: he never hesitated to unmask hypocrisy, or to warn of false confidence: he quailed not

before pride or rank, nor stood abashed before power or talent; he had a message from God, and he would deliver it, despite men and devils.

Mary was delighted, as well as surprised, at the close of the service, to observe the reciprocal feeling existing between Courtenay and his flock, among whom he did not move as some mysterious ideal—some lesser deity too far removed from everyday life, to hold sympathies in common with those around him, or a choice mediæval stained glass among household pots and pans. He had a ready smile and a word of exhortation for the young; a shake of the hand and an encouraging precept for the grown.

To a frail form, whose tottering tread told of "three score and ten," he offered his arm, and placed her in her wheel-chair, with the respect and tenderness of a child. Ah! he knows the aged one has recently buried her only son, and that this is her first absence from her desolate hearth since her treasure was borne away; perhaps, too, he remembers his *own* dead mother, and her cold hand on his boy brow:

"Mrs. Leslie,—aw—how is it—aw—that your favourite preachaw—aw—always has so many aw—aw—moaw of the 'weakaw sex'—aw—to listen to his lechaw—aw?" enquired a rising young militia-man, powerful in self-glorification and in the superiority of his sex over the "weakaw," of whom, including his mother and sisters, he delighted to speak as "necessary evils," to say nothing of his proficiency in drawling, damaging, and distorting the Queen's English, "as if the three graces of language" hung upon the three D's.

"Is it so?" asked Mrs. Leslie smiling. "I fancied the listeners were tolerably balanced, but let me reply to your question by another: "How is it that so great a majority of the 'stronger sex' are to be found in places of abomination?"

"Well—weally—aw—aw—I nevaw thought of that—aw—aw.—How do you account—aw—fow it?" asked the gallant youth.

"Possibly because women possess a keener appreciation of the sublime, yet simple majesty, of Gospel teaching as set forth so powerfully by my young friend, or because they turn with instinctive loathing from those amusements and resorts that debase human kind," remarked Mrs. Leslie.

"Aw—I nevaw thought about this—aw—youaw ideaw is

paradigmatically—aw—clever!—my sister Gaudwade—aw—pitched into me—aw—because I can't—aw—help running down silly women—aw—aw—but I—aw"—(vigorously caressing his prospective moustache as if invoking an idea),—which Mrs. Leslie kindly supplied by remarking, compassionately:

"Running down silly women, as you term it, seems to me an unnatural divorce from right feeling and manly dignity. Suppose we were to return the compliment, and discountenance all the silly young men?"

"Aw—aw—I must say good morning—aw—kind regards to Leslie," replied the youth industriously nibbling the agate crook of his slender walking-stick between the pauses of his "aw—aw."

"What extremely odd things your Mr. Courtenaye does, Mrs. Leslie!" exclaimed an ultra-fashionable young lady; "I heard he absolutely carried poor old Mrs. Monkton in his arms all down the aisle to her chair, and then went home and took a jug of scupper-
vin to blind Sally; and because there was no one in the way, fed her with it, and then read her to sleep."

"Yes," chimed in her younger sister, "papa was told for a fact, that he spends hours and hours at the grave of the girl who threw herself out of window, and has ordered a beautiful monument that will cost £500 to be erected to her memory, with a dove in the claws of a falcon on it. Every one says he was in love with her, and that's what makes him so quiet!"

"Yes," again spoke out the elder gossip, and Mr. Choker, the curate of St. Clement's, told papa his sermons were '*quite blasphemous*,' though he doesn't believe he composes them himself; but papa declares that 'tis all jealousy because no one goes to St. Clement's when Mr. Choker preaches; they all go to hear Mr. Courtenaye, who isn't half so clever as the curate either; everybody says so!"

"Is that all?" asked Mrs. Leslie.

"Oh dear, no!" said tiny gossip, "Sidney Johnson told brother 'Gus that he heard him [himself] say in the pulpit the other night that he 'wished men worked for a penny a-day, as they did a long time ago, for then he should stand a chance of getting a new coat—he wanted one bad enough;' and that Dr. Grenville was so annoyed with his daughter for deserting her own church, as she has done for months past, and running after him, that they had high words about it, and he has locked her

in her bedroom ever since, not even allowing her to walk in the grounds!"

"Your informant must resort to his imagination for] his facts, I think," said Mrs. Leslie, laughing. "Miss Grenville is at this moment in my nursery with Donald! Is he not imposing on your credulity?" and she looked archly in her face. "I am afraid he will find it so elastic, that by-and-by he will overstrain it, and then it will never return to its legitimate dimensions."

"I am sure I don't believe half he says," replied the young fashionable, blushing deeply.

"Only as much as suits you," observed her sister with a mischievous look: "you know Mr. Courtenaye is Sidney Johnson's especial bugbear, because Fanny Russell declares he is the handsomest man in the town of D —, which makes Sidney jealous, as he likes her very much."

At this moment, Mary entered, or imagination fails in conjuring up the extraordinary "sayings and doings," attributed in polished circles to the self-denying young pastor.

After the usual interchange of courtesies, Mrs. Leslie took up the thread, or rather the knotty points of the conversation, thinking it right to contradict the false reports.

"I can assure you, my dear Miss St. John, the reports you have heard of Mr. Courtenaye are wholly false; he is too much impressed with the dignity of his mission to jest while delivering it. But why do you not hear for yourself? Why repeat on hearsay?"

"Oh! pa would never forgive me if I deserted our own church," she replied, sheltering her own sectarianism behind the "pa would'nt like it" of one of the kindest fathers in the world, of whose wishes she took a most microscopic view whenever it suited her to walk over them.

Hush, malignant Envy, and eyeless Prejudice, and hundred-tongued Slander, Hush! The earthen vessel thy waves and billows are dashing against is filled with heavenly treasure, and will ride triumphant over every breaker into the desired haven.

"*GOD will hide him in His tabernacle from the strife of tongues.*"

"And he has left,

Deposited upon the silent shore
Of memory images and precious thoughts
That shall not die—and cannot be destroyed."

"Did you like the sermon, dearest?" enquired Mrs. Leslie of Mary, who, having flung off the ample shawl she had hastily thrown over her rich dinner dress, stood very carefully arranging her hair in the former's dressing room.

"Yes," she replied, "there is something very different in Mr. Courtenaye's preaching to that I am accustomed to; is he always so earnest and impressive?"

"Yes, in the pulpit," replied her friend, "and I am sure you will like him in the home circle; he is one of the most cheerful, well-informed men of our acquaintance; and so fond of my boy! He says there can be no heart-home where there are no wee voices nor pattering feet, and his large, loving, refined nature boards such a wealth of sympathy and affection, that he is quite a social Cæsar."

"He seems quite your *beau idéal*, Julia," said Mary, with a smile; "I wonder Henry never wears the flower of jealousy."

"O! my Harry likes him as well as I do, and well he may, for he was instrumental in influencing his undecided views, and inducing him to cast in his lot with God's people; but setting aside this, it is impossible to see the consistency of his conduct without admiring him."

"I am afraid he is on the road to Hero-worship," replied Mary. "Won't you have his portrait in all your rooms shortly?"

"I do not apprehend any danger on that head accruing to my favourite," she answered; "where regard and affection spring from the right motive towards a faithful pastor, there will be no room for Hero-worship; and if we regard with peculiar feelings the physician whose skill and solicitude have healed our bodily infirmities, may we not equally value those who have administered to our spiritual necessities? Beside, all our friend's actions spring from one motive, which is neither a short-lived emotion or sentiment of the fancy, but a fixed, calm, undecaying principle—love to his Master; recognising this, and no one can fail to do so, what danger can he be in from creature-worship? I really do not believe he ever does a thing from a motive inferior to this or secondary to it; much less from abstract ideas of what is 'lovely, and of good report,' but from the one abiding principle."

"Then you think him perfect?" remarked Mary.

"I did not say or imply so much," answered Julia.

"I will repeat my own Harry's words, with which he prefaces all his amateur lectures, when I am vexed with our clergy, for the heartless indifference they betray towards my favourite society, the Town Mission,"—

"The best of men are but men at best;"

but come, little caviller, I shall see you a neophyte yet; you shall judge for yourself," and she led the way to the drawing room where the young men were assembled.

CHAPTER XI.

Small Talk.

"What wake the buried sound that lay
In Memnon's harp of yore?
What spirit on its viewless way,
Along the Nile's green shore?"—H. W. H. H.

"MISS GRENVILLE, Mr. Courtenaye," said Mrs. Leslie, as he advanced to meet them on their entering the drawing-room, which, unlike our modern repositories for *bijouterie* and *vérité*, with their *ne-touchez-pas* smile, seemed really comfortable enough to "live in."

"I have had the pleasure of meeting your friend before, my dear Mrs. Leslie, and renew my acquaintance with much satisfaction," said Courtenaye, shaking hands with Mary, as he enquired—"I hope you are quite recovered from your late indisposition, and that Dr. Grenville is well?"

"Papa is quite well, and I have recovered my usual health," replied Mary, with a blushing smile.

"I was not aware you had been ill, darling," observed Mrs. Leslie.

"Only a troublesome cold, and I cannot imagine who could have amused themselves by reporting so trifling a circumstance," Mary answered.

"How did you hear of this trifling circumstance, Mr. Courtenaye?" asked Mrs. Leslie.

"From one of Miss Grenville's ancient *protégés*," he replied, smiling; and his easy manner removed from Mary's mind a slight degree of embarrassment she felt at the remembrance of their

last meeting in the old woman's cottage, as well as a secret consciousness that he knew of her dislike to any church or preacher but her own; and thus, at perfect ease in the delightful circle of her friend's family, she shone with her usual brightness, captivating all with the depth and fervour of her feelings, the extent and variety of her acquirements, and the enthusiasm of her poetic temperament. Perhaps she never appeared to greater advantage than on that evening. They talked of Paris, Vienna, Rome, travelling again over hill and valley, comparing favourite reminiscences and scenes; in short, all seemed to mutually exert themselves for the pleasure of each other,—and when did ever *that* fail to produce “an effect?”

But Mary's exquisite voice was the magic key that unlocked all hearts, and producing that intense sense of enjoyment with a kindred “few,” which the “many” cannot feel.

“What a mysterious power music possesses over the soul,” remarked Mrs. Leslie, breaking the deep silence following Mary's last gush of harmony; “it seems as if a bare combination of wires or strings could not produce such deep emotion, or awaken such heart-movings.”

“The same idea has frequently occurred to me,” remarked Courtenaye; “do you recollect the Hindoo explanation of this mysterious influence?”

“No! pray tell us!” said Mrs. Leslie.

“They say,” rejoined Courtenaye, “that music is the spirit-language in which souls held converse in a former disembodied state, and that when we listen to it, it revives a dim and shadowy recollection of a holier state, refining and elevating heavenward the mind, and, for the moment, setting it free from the matter which encumbers it.”

“What an exquisite conception!” exclaimed Mary. “How full of poetry! It seems that all nations, however remote or barbarous, possess some peculiar ideas and knowledge of music, as if, wherever the human voice is heard, it follows almost as a necessity.”

“One and the same thing, fair lady,” said Fred Leslie, looking admiringly at Mary, “no human voice, however harsh, but it awakens melody in some heart, and, Ariosto, you recollect, even talks about the ‘harmony of horror,’ while some other poet tells us,—

‘All discord is but harmony not understood.’”

"The sort of 'harmony' so well understood by an Indian prince at the Opera, who bravo'd lustily, and exhibited signs of uproarious delight when the orchestra was 'tuning,' and went fast asleep as soon as the overture began," said Henry Leslie laughing.

"I say, Hal!" exclaimed Fred Leslie, "I wonder how the Hindoo metaphysicians get over the difficulty arising from the fact that some people remain as unmoved at the sound of the sweetest music as an Egyptian mummy, and cannot tell the difference between the 'Dead March in Saul,' and 'Yankee Doodle.' I suppose these bipeds never had any souls from first to last."

"Two or three swallows do not make a summer, Fred," replied his brother, gaily; "your proposition goes for nothing."

"Or the Hindoos may tell you your cases are the exceptions, not the rule," observed Courtenaye, smiling, "but I quite agree with you, there is no music so sweet as the human voice—do you not think so, Miss Grenville?"

"I scarce know," she replied, "we feel so different as circumstances vary."

"According to the clearness of your soul's vision, or the altitude of your disembodied soaring," laughed Fred, with a sly look at his brother, whose mind had been plentifully stored with tales and stories of "things unreal," by his old Scotch nurse, in his Highland home, and formed a contrast to that of the gay speaker, who possessed a good dash of the matter-of-factness belonging to the substantial and real, characterizing his countrymen.

"Perhaps," remarked Mary, gaily, "we may as well retain that idea until you can give us a better as to the origin of this mysterious flower; at any rate, the susceptibility to it is not confined to persons of a romantic and poetic temperament, but we find it in those whose minds were imbued with strength for the most arduous undertakings, and whose capability of endurance no hardships could undermine."

"Name! name!" exclaimed Fred, gaily.

"Well, as one instance," replied Mary, "do you recollect the anecdote of Luther? When once overwhelmed with deep sadness, he lay stretched on the floor of his cell, insensible for many hours; and after his friend Eamberger had vainly tried every effort to rouse him, the young boys began to chaunt a soft anthem, their blended voices acted as a charm upon the poor monk, and he revived."

"One swallow———you know the rest," laughed Fred, glancing significantly towards his brother.

"Miss Grenville could give you a whole host of parallelisms if she thought it worth while, you satirical fellow," remarked Henry Leslie, in the same gay strain, "beside poets, philosophers, and all kinds of genius who have bowed to this mysterious influence; for example, Milton, Alfieri, Lord Bacon, Massillon, Curran, Webster, Leonardo da Vinci!"

"Oh, stop, for pity's sake!" gaily interrupted Fred, "I own myself dead beat," and he bowed with mock gravity to Mary.

"I am afraid of you, you are so terribly severe," said Mary, smiling archly, but Fred assured her he would "promise to behave properly if she would promise to sing one more song before she left."

"With all his faults the gallant soul of our undaunted reformer seemed particularly susceptible of graceful influences; I love to fancy him clasping a flower in his hand while waging with Eekins that great public controversy, which rescued for ever the glorious doctrine of Protestants from the clouds of Popish error that had obscured it," remarked Courtenaye.

"I have somewhere met with an account, published by the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, of diseases that had obstinately refused to yield to medical skill; giving way, and being entirely subdued by the power of music," observed F. Leslie.

"Diseases of the brain, I suppose," said Mrs. Leslie, "such as assailed Charles the Ninth, after the massacre of Saint Bartholomew? I wonder he could find any relief from the horrors that seared his guilty soul?"

"Undoubtedly," replied her husband, "they were brain maladies; I think the well-known case of Philip of Spain, and the musician Faranelli, one of the most remarkable."

"The appliance of the power of music as a curative seems to have been well known and resorted to among the ancients; do you recollect how the dark imagery of the distempered soul of Saul was banished by its influence? and as if it were equally solemnizing to the feelings, we find the prophet Elisha calling for the aid of minstrelsy to bring his spirit into the best frame for receiving the prophetic vision."* I think I have also read that

* The writer is indebted for much information to that interesting and important publication, deserving a place in every family circle, "*The Sunday at Home*," and the obligation is herewith thankfully recorded.

the bite of the tarantula can only be cured by the power of music," remarked Courtenaye.

"A very singular instance, something to the point, came under my own notice," said Fred; "may I tell it? 'Tis a case for your spiritual speculators."

"Yes! Pray give us your 'experience,'" replied Julia, smiling; and Fred continued—

"The wife of an old college chum of mine played with surpassing taste and skill; that is, she didn't rush over the startled keys with an electric velocity that, when she had finished, left her hearers in doubt whether the strings of the instrument had not snapped, or the phosphate of lime in her delicate fingers given out."

"You cynical fellow!" interrupted his brother, much amused; "do let us have your story. Do you think you are going 'to do' the reformer?" Your very looks are against you."

Fred laughed, and continued: "Well, then, she played with feeling, and had arranged one of Beethoven's exquisite waltzes, of which her husband was so fond, that I have seen him lay his head on his hand and weep like a child as she played it; and he extorted from her a promise, that if she outlived him, and was present, she would play it while he was dying, which promise she actually kept about two years after she gave it. He sunk in a rapid decline, and, while dying, reminded her of his wish."

"I cannot think how she could have commanded her feelings sufficiently for such a trial," said Mrs. Leslie, in a tone of much emotion; "I am sure I could not have played anything at such a solemn moment."

"Not if it soothed and solaced the object dearest to you on earth?" softly inquired Mary.

Mrs. Leslie did not reply, and her husband assured her she should never be called on to make such a sacrifice, turning to Fred for the sequel to his story, who continued,—

"After the death of my friend Frank, his wife went into apartments, and in a suite of rooms next to hers, a poor young creature was slowly dying of the same fatal malady; and hearing her frequently play the air in the twilight, she became so passionately fond of it, that in her last moments she sent for her, and asked her to play her soul to sleep."*

"What a singular and affecting coincidence!" and I think it is

* A fact.

recorded of Madame de Staël that she soothed the last moments of her mother by this wondrous power," remarked Mary.

"Does it not remind you of the Oriental custom of setting out on long voyages with music?" asked Julia.

"Or the Moorish one, where the unmarried dead are adorned with bridal vestments, and committed to the earth with sweet music? Would not the circumstance just related seem to favour the Persian doctrine, that souls are created in dualities, and that those of poor Frank and Miss Sutherland had held converse in the spirit-language of that peculiar melody before they were separated by, and encumbered with, matter?" suggested Leslie. "Hence, their mutual passion for it arose from a shadowy memory of that pre-existence, and at the moment when the soul of each was once more disenfranchised, they united for ever."

"I don't think you have quite hit upon the Persian idea," said Fred; "but I say, Hal, suppose the first words the soul spoke in spirit-music one to the other would be 'Old fellow, where hast thou been so long?' and laughing, he continued, 'What a first-rate president you would make for a Greek or Hindoo Transmigration of Souls Society! Why don't you advertise for shareholders?'"

"What is the Persian idea, then?" demanded Henry Leslie, "I quite forget. I thought they believed in a duality of spiritual creation."

"Not exactly," answered his brother, "and it is so long since I went to school, I almost forget, but, if they were created, as you seem to think, Hal, I am sure our every-day-life experience writes 'moonshine,' upon the notion; unless, indeed, some mischievous ethereal Puck takes off the labels from the sorted pairs, and puts them on to others, hap-hazard, so producing a round game of cross-purposes, ending in 'paired, but not matched.'"

"Your flights leave the Persians far behind, both in sublimity and originality," remarked Mary, highly amused, "but they prove, or rather disprove, nothing, being very wide of the subject. Pray try to recollect the original idea; the Oriental speculations always abound in rich poetic imagery, and it has been observed, that even amid their most daring sweeps, where reason shrinks back afraid to venture, they seem following some shadowy notion, guided in a degree by a minute observance of the springs of nature, and the streams which her prolific fountain pours forth."

"If you cannot remember," said Courtenaye to Fred Leslie, "my memory will, I think, enable me to gratify Miss Grenville's wish."

"Do, pray then, my dear fellow," replied Fred, "for my knowledge has been playing at bo-peep these last twenty years."

Courtenaye resumed—"The Persian doctrine is, I believe, that every soul brought into existence, has, at the birth of the infant it is to inhabit, a counterpart, or corresponding portion of spiritual essence, infused into the body of some simultaneously-created being; and that the perfection of human happiness is, when in the course of events, two such individuals meet and unite, either in friendship or love; neither of which can be perfect, except by such union of corresponding souls. Spencer has embodied the idea in his exquisite 'Hymn in honour of Beauty.'"

"Ah, I recollect now," exclaimed Henry Leslie, "and am almost a convert to the theory."

"So am I," said Mary, with a smile, "and could nearly add papa's unanswerable *finale*, 'It stands to reason.'"

"I say, Miss Grenville," asked Fred, "I wonder what becomes of the poor souls who never meet on this bustling stage? How woe-begone they must look! And, by-the-by, can't you tell us where the said soul was before a body was made for it?"

"You are too profound for a simple woman like me," replied Mary, shaking her bright head, "ask your brother."

"Just to prove that the lip of Folly may ask what the lip of Wisdom cannot answer," exclaimed Fred, with mock gravity.

"Are you turning cynical on yourself at last?" asked his brother, in a merry tone. "You only want a tub to-night, Fred."

"And an Alexander," suggested Mary, slyly.

"Oh! I wouldn't give a fig to be such a great sham philosopher as the growling dirty hero of the tub!" exclaimed Fred. "If he had been a *real* one—a right man in the right place—and as indifferent as he pretended to be, what would he have cared about the sun being intercepted from his filthy den? But we have wandered away from our shadowy starting-post,—how about the unpaired spirits, fair lady?"

"You are so terribly satirical to-night, that I am really afraid of you," Mary answered gaily,

"Do you think, then, that I shall be for taking you off, or would you rather I took myself off, and thus give you an oppor-

tunity of continuing your spirited remarks without fear of criticism," laughed Fred.

"You really are incorrigible to-night!" exclaimed his brother, "like the man in the play, below par; now, pray try and be rational for a few hours."

"Rational!" repeated Fred; "I think I am the only rational member of the Leslie family! Am I not, Julia?" he inquired, with an injured look. Then, turning to Courtenaye, he asked, "Do you believe in warnings?"

"Pray be serious, you rattle-brain," said Mrs. Leslie; "let us return to the subject on which we were speaking just now. Have you never felt a dreamy, indistinct kind of feeling when first introduced to a person that you must have met before in some remote shadowy period? And so, in like manner, with landscape, and strains of music, there seems a mysterious counterpart in memory; but perhaps in nothing are we so conscious of this feeling as when some peculiar smile or voice falls on the heart; we greet it as an old friend we have known and loved before, though we remember not when or where, and imagination loses itself in vain conjecture."

"Oh the sentiment so finely poetized by your gifted countryman," said Fred, to Courtenaye, and he repeated with much feeling those well-known lines of Moore's:—

"Oh! there are looks and tones that dart
An instant sunshine through the heart,
As if the soul that instant caught
The ray that it through life had sought."

"Perhaps," suggested Courtenaye, "the beautiful laws of attraction, which so harmoniously pervade and characterise the material world, may also permeate and control the spiritual; hence, kindred feelings and aspirations attract, whenever or wherever they contact, and produce that mysterious drawing of the soul so well known; but we shall never comprehend its origin till these 'material spectacles,' as Dr. Sherlock calls the body, are taken off, and the soul, with its own unclouded eye, sees all the wondrous machinery.

'Dimly through life's vapour seeing,
Who but longs for light to break.'

"What are those lines from?" asked Mrs. Leslie; "I fancy they too sound like an old friend."

"Probably," answered Courtenaye, "they are from one of the finest compositions in our language, the 'Reverie,' by Corder."

"Does it not begin

"Oh! that in unfettered union,
Spirit could with spirit blend?"

asked Fred; "For my part, I cannot say I admire such romantic speculative kind of poetry; some people would resolve the entire existence into a chapter of metaphysics, were they not reminded of their coarser part by hunger and thirst, beside

"Fred," interrupted his brother, laughing, "what fresh character are you doing to night?"

"A very unromantic one," he replied, "but pray do not interrupt me. Don't you recollect where Humboldt speaks of rocks somewhere, that make the most delicious melody as the air passes through them? Why don't you send for a cargo? What a unique march they would play for your ethereal regiment, commanded by officers from the shadowy regions of dear old Fingal's cave?"

"Ridicule is no test of truth," said Leslie in the same gay tone; "and by the softening effect music has on your flinty heart and unimaginative soul, one may catch glimpses of the truth struggling for existence in the obscure but suggestive mythology of the Orphean exploits."

"Why don't you write an essay on the probability of the improbable? You would rival the learned Shemei of Damascus, who composed a book full of logical acumen to prove the 'possibility of doing impossibilities.' It is an absolute robbery to the dark portion of society that you don't illumine it with the electric light of your intellect," observed the gay Fred.

"Shall I write a book and make you the hero, a man so slow that he found it impossible to believe anything that he could not demonstrate with mathematical precision?" retorted his brother in the same bantering style.

"Yes," answered Fred, "you are profound enough to think for all the rest of the Leslie family, and may make them believe in the old Pyrrho dodge, that there was no such thing as a body."

"And you just the reverse! Fred! Fred! I shall never make anything of you, with your tortoise propensities; you are incorrigible!" laughed Leslie.

"Now Harry, you are too severe!" said his brother in a deprecating tone. "Is he not, Julia?"

"Not one whit!" answered Mrs. Leslie, "you are the most matter-of-fact, unimaginative creature, for a Scotchman, I ever saw; not an atom of the delightful romance belonging to their character clinging to you; and if it were not for a certain saucy curve of the nether lip which reminds me of Harry, I should say you were changed when you were a baby!"

"Catching it on all sides!" said the gay Fred, shrugging his shoulders with a look of injured innocence; "then I suppose the 'delightful romance' clinging to my sage brother in virtue of his Scotch descent, has quite proselyted your cold Saxon heart, fair lady; but I presume you are not prepared, among other myths with which he has indoctrinated you, to subscribe to the old fable of Deucalion, who roundly declares *all* men, and of course your incomparable Harry, as well as my 'incorrigible' self, were generated from stones?"

"Or perhaps your heart was left out, and a stone put in its place," laughed Julia slyly.

Fred glanced for one instant, as if involuntarily, towards Mary, and an expression of sadness swept over his handsome face, but in the next he recovered his gaiety, and, turning to Courtenaye, said—

"You never replied to my question, whether you believe in warnings? My brother is a rabid advocate for their existence."

"That depends on the kind of warning," replied Courtenaye; "I do believe in them; and there are so many ever round and about and within us, if we would but give heed to their teaching, that we need never resort to, or speculate on, the supernatural. But I see one before me at this moment not to be disregarded, reminding me that all earthly circles, however delightful, must break up, and he directed his eye to a time-piece. Will you, before we separate, favour us with that song wherein glimpses of the land where partings never cease are faintly foreshadowed?" turning to Mary.

"Do you mean my favourite?" Leslie enquired,—

"Who are these in bright array,"

"Miss Greenville sings it beautifully."

"No—one I shall never forget hearing her sing," replied Courtenaye,—

'There is a land of pure delight.'

"It is pleasant and precious mid all the varied ideas, ancient and modern, that fancy or philosophy has indulged in relative to a future state, to '*know in whom we have believed*,' and that '*life and immortality were brought to light by the Gospel*.'"

Mary made no reply, and seating herself at the piano, began in a low, thrilling voice the song he desired; but the memory of the last time she sung it, and of the sweet young face now shrouded in death, rolled over her softened heart, and when she reached the second verse—

"Death, like a narrow sea, divides
That heavenly land from ours."

her voice suddenly faltered, and unable to controul her emotions, she paused, overcome by tears.

In a moment Julia and Courtenaye were at her side, anxiously asking if she were not well.

"Quite well, only very silly, perhaps a little overcome by the heat," she replied, rising and moving towards the open window. "Just as I felt to-night when the hymn commenced at church: but indeed I am quite well now," she added as she met the quiet eye of Courtenaye bent on her with an expression of interest that quickened her heart's beatings almost to pain; while he—conscious that the surest way to enable her to recover her self-possession was to divert all attention from her, turned towards Mrs. Leslie, and enquired:

"Was Miss Grenville at church with you this evening? I was not aware of it."

"Yes, and I hope she will often accompany us; but why do you ask, and seem surprised?" replied Mrs. Leslie.

"Only because I had heard that Miss Grenville entertained a decided objection to worshipping with any congregation but with that she is accustomed to meet, and a dislike to—to——," he hesitated, smiling.

"O pray go on!" exclaimed Mary with charming frankness, and a smile as full of meaning as his own, "or shall I finish? A dislike to any preaching but in my own church. Was not that what you intended to say?"

"Assuredly not!" answered Courtenaye, "you would not——"

"No! no!" interrupted Mrs. Leslie, "I won't allow you to write such hard things against yourself, darling! you never went so far as that, I am sure!"

"Well, perhaps not quite so bad," replied Mary, "but as ignorance is ever the parent of prejudice—and in consideration of

my being a spoilt child, I hope you will forgive my pre-conceived dislike of——of——". It was now her turn to stop a little confused, for she felt the words "any other preaching" on her tongue, and she looked with a half-serious, half-amused expression towards Courtenaye, which again brought the quiet smile into his face as he said :

"Upon one condition—that you never offend in like manner again."

"I will answer for her never disliking you or your preaching again," exclaimed Fred, "now she is convinced, *ex cathedra*, that you do not perpetrate ecclesiastical jokes and puns in the pulpit, ah, Miss Greenville?" and he looked full of mischievous meaning towards her.

Mary blushed, and seemed embarrassed, but Courtenaye came to her relief by enquiring how she liked the church singing?

"More than any I ever recollect to have heard," she replied; "there was such harmonious blending of the voices with the sentiment; their hearts seemed singing."

"How glad I am you like it," exclaimed Mrs. Leslie, "but I felt sure you would do so: and it ought to be good, for Mr. Courtenaye devotes a great deal of attention to it; and I often tell him, I cannot think how he finds time to do so much as he does, and that I am sure he must rise at four in the morning."

"Not quite so early, dear Mrs. Leslie; but thinking that devout congregational singing constitutes an important part of the sanctuary services, I should not think my duty performed if I devoted no attention to it," Courtenaye replied.

"And I must say," remarked Fred Leslie, "it amply repays you; for my own part, I have frequently found it difficult to repress my aptness to laugh at the comical noises called 'singing to the praise and glory,' one frequently hears in different congregations, who inflate their lungs more from habit than from any idea of 'singing praises with the understanding,' while the majority of the listeners look on with a half-risible, half-victimized expression, which may be done into 'well, never mind, it won't last for ever!' This is the only place where we tolerate bad music and singing."

"How about your argument, that

"All discord is but harmony?"

asked Mary, with a sly smile.

"Fairly caught," said Fred, laughing.

"But is it not sad," observed Mrs. Leslie, "to hear the slovenly nasal way in which some congregational singing is performed? Why should the house of God be the only place where bad music would be for a moment tolerated?"

"I hope there is a good time coming for this also," remarked her husband, "the evident improvement springing up everywhere in spiritual worship will lead necessarily to a better state of things in this respect; it is the prelude to it."

"A consummation devoutly to be wished," rejoined Fred.

"Sandford tells me your footman has been here some time," said Henry Leslie to Mary, returning into the drawing-room, where she stood already shawled, "and I have taken the liberty of sending him away, thinking you would probably not object to the escort of your obedient servant? It is such a lovely night! I have been into the nursery, persuading Julia to accompany us, as she would enjoy the homeward stroll with your favorite self, but she is baby-struck, instead of moon-struck, and prefers staying with the bairn."

"May I also join in the pleasure of escorting you," enquired Courtenaye, and as this proposal was not particularly disagreeable to Mary, they sallied forth into the still, delicious air of a summer night; and what a night!

"The moon looked out from her home of blue,"

And the stars shone with a tender brilliancy, realizing the child-poet's idea of there being "gimlet-holes to let the glory through!"

They walked for some time, each in that hush and thrill of spirit better understood than described, as if the heart were too full of solemn thought for words.

Henry Leslie was the first to break the spell hanging on each lip, by observing, "I never look up on such a night as this, but those fine lines of Byron come unbidden into my memory:—

'Whoe'er gazed on those isles of light,
So wildly, spiritually bright,
And turned to earth without repining?
Nor wished for wings to flee away,
And mix with their eternal ray.'

"How beautiful they are, there is something deeply touching in the yearning they disclose," observed Mary.

"Yes, it was the world-wide heart-cry breaking forth in lofty poetry, and proves, that while the earth-stained wings of that

'Restless wanderer' suffer rest,

were poised in their eagle flight, there came the ever irrepressible and mysterious yearning after the pure and infinite that nought but the Eternal can fill," remarked Courtenaye.

"I sometimes fancy I can trace this mood underlying all his best poetry, for example, in that magnificent poem, 'Childe Harold,'" replied Leslie.

"In all profound intellects, whatever their profession may be, this craving for the far-off and the everlasting undoubtedly exists; as if unsatisfied with the fleeting nature of all earthly possessions, they groped deep in the inner region of the mysterious soul for the principle of their being," observed Courtenaye.

After an eloquent pause, which neither seemed disposed to break, Leslie continued, "I never wonder that the moon should have been an object of worship among nations where the light of revelation never shone; the dim and obscure ideas existing in every mythology of an overruling and pervading spirit would naturally fasten on that which appealed powerfully to their senses, feeling for something seen and tangible whereon to lay their worship."

"Which ideas were doubtless strengthened by their observance of the moon's influence on the tides, and other atmospheric phenomena, hence the ancient Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans, offered sacrifices at the time of her being full; and is it not Park who speaks of the singular concentration of thought displayed by the Mandigoes of Africa, whom he found saying short prayers to the new moon," observed Courtenaye.

"I think so," replied Leslie, "but we need scarce travel so far, the ancient inhabitants of your green-bosomed Erin used to utter benedictions to the young moon, and in the Highlands of my ain bonnie Scotland they still hold fast the old superstition."

"I believe such instances may be multiplied almost to any extent," remarked Courtenaye, "seeming a proof how deeply seated in the human soul, however degraded and polluted by sin, is the desire for some object of worship."

Leslie made no reply: they each seemed busy with their own heart—the night was so holy, so calm, so still, "purifying the entire being, intensifying every feeling and emotion by its grand mysterious teaching."

"What a strange kind of phantom-sound there is in the air to-night; do you feel it?" enquired Mary.

"Yes," replied Courtenaye, "there even seems to me that

mysterious spirit-like voice, or under-tone, pervading all creation; and I never felt it more sensibly than to-night; as if some unseen, but certain spiritual intelligences were hovering round and about us; perhaps if our eyes were opened, like those of the prophet of old, we also should see '*the great cloud of witnesses that compass us about.*'"

"And the dim under-sound we hear so plainly in the deep stillness of the night may be the sweeping to and fro of angel wings on their mission to those who '*shall be heirs of salvation,*'" remarked Leslie, thoughtfully.

"O, the phantom-voices of our loved and lost calling our spirits to that bright home,

'Upon whose portals still they linger,
Looking back for us to come,'

said Mary, her voice faltering with emotion, as the image of her idolized friend, whose early translation had been her first great grief, rose up before her soul's eye with wondrous distinctness.

"'*There are it may be, so many kinds of voices in the world, and none of them is without signification,*'" replied Courtenaye, "if we would but read ~~it~~, there is grand and solemn teaching in Nature's eloquent book, bearing on every page the autograph of its Author; and he repeated in a tone of deep feeling,—

'Oh! gently by a thousand things,
That o'er the spirit pass—
Low breezes o'er the harp's fine strings,
Or vapours o'er a glass;
Leaving their token, strange and new
Of music, or of shade,
The summons to the right and true,
And beautiful is made."

"If we could but ever realize the idea of these unseen agencies in our intercourse with the world, I do not think we should be so constantly overborne by its counter-influences as we are," remarked Mary thoughtfully.

"You have embodied my thoughts, my dear Miss Grenville," answered Courtenaye, "but whatever dissonance of opinion may exist relative to angelic intelligences being cognizant of our daily walk, there *can* exist none to the solemn revelation, that the eye of God never slumbers nor sleeps; and all the gracious and unseen influences around us are helps in the education of the immortal spirit, 'till it shall drink at the fountain of ever

increasing knowledge, in that sinless, sorrowless world, *'where the sun shall no more go down: neither shall the moon withdraw herself, for the Lamb shall be its everlasting light.'*"

On Lealie's return he found his little wife kneeling beside a wee cot in her nursery, kissing, for the twentieth time, the snowy lid veiling the violet eye of her babe. No doubt, a very old fashioned mother was that young wife! but, perhaps, she has heard of such cruel things as croup and convulsions; and has been listening to her joy-birds' breathing, lest it should not be "heathful music," or, perhaps she has been placing her little lamb in the arms of the kind Shepherd for the night: at any rate, so pre-occupied were her thoughts that she started violently as her husband laid his hand gently on her bowed head, and enquired,—

"What are you fancying now, dear little self-tormentor; has the wee thing an attack of gout or a baby nightmare?"

"I am not fancying anything, except that you were a long time gone to-night," she answered, as she rose and put her arm through her husband's, and then returned to once more "tuck up" the little bundle of lace and cambric that Binney calls the "natural magic of the family." "Tell me what detained you so long, dearest?"

"We walked very leisurely, revelling in the quiet beauty of the evening. I wished for you, my love: you would have enjoyed it too, as much as we did," replied Lealie.

"How glad I am Mary was so much pleased with Courtenaye's preaching: not that I had any doubt on the subject. I shall make a point of asking her to accompany us every Wednesday evening. His teaching cannot fail to have a powerful influence, and how delighted I should be to see all the energies of her expansive mind devoted to the cause of Religion, and holiness stamping her character with a richer, deeper beauty," exclaimed Mrs. Lealie.

"It is assuredly a much-to-be-desired result, and we must see to it that we put no stumbling-blocks in the way, dearest," replied Lealie.

"What a delightful wife she would make him!" exclaimed the warm-hearted little woman. "He would mould her character into perfection by his firm but gentle teaching and influence; he is so entirely able to appreciate and understand the warmth

of her heart and the power of her intellect ; do you not think so, Henry ? Are they not just suited to each other ? ”

Leslie smiled at the fervour of his wife's admiration for her favourite friend, as he replied,—

“ You cannot pay your pet Mary a higher compliment ; and, with one exception, she seems certainly formed for Courtenaye's wife. No one would rejoice with a deeper satisfaction than I should to see her transplanted from the uncongenial atmosphere of her luxurious but frivolous home to one where the exceeding beauty of her character would be developed by such a teacher ; but ”

“ But what, dearest Henry ? Go on,” said Mrs. Leslie.

“ My own wifey must not become a matchmaker,” Leslie answered, printing a kiss on her white forehead as she looked up wonderingly into his face.

CHAPTER XII.

More Decided Heterodoxy.

"But she, as falls a willow from the storm,
 O'er its own river streaming,
 On his broad breast sheltered her fragile form,
 With such a trusting fold, a child's fond faith,
 Its mother's breast; beyond the lightning's power to reach."

THERE are some natures so constituted that to love seems an indwelling necessity and principle of their very being; they must have something to cherish in the hidden depths of the hungering heart,

"To clasp and twine Affection's tendrils round,"

and these natures are generally elevated, and their love, like themselves, is exalted; the kind so happily allegorized by the ancients,

"Far and near, Summer and Winter."

It fainteth not 'neath the heat of the former; it shrinketh not 'mid the latter's cold: nor change, nor absence, nor time can dim its brightness, nor

"Do away, I ween,
 The marks of that which once hath been."

On the other hand, petty souls give little love, and are contented with the like in return: Affection's sensitive plant languishes and cannot strike its tender fibres deep in such unyielding soil; it is root-bound; hence, it brings not to perfection the one bright cherished flower of the heart's garden.

Thus yearning for some object whereon to lay the incense of her heart, and clasp its leal and clinging tendrils round, Mary has come before us: being an only girl, her little affections found no

outlet in child-companionship and child-sympathy, so they often overflowed solitarily at the spring-head on the time-honoured pets of childhood, at some time or other enshrined among its household treasures. How she could squeeze and pinch her plump little kitten "Timmy," from the very exuberance of her affection! Oh, what raining of crystal drops, when her wee white mouse departed this life in an attack of repletion! or the fond squire was killed with kindness! for, poor darling! she fancied, as grown up children do, that "nobody ever saw such pets" as theirs. "Such an extraordinary clever" child, or parrot, or skye—fancying they can never love another of the kind: but old Time—who serve as sexton to the Larks he has slain,—heals the wound, and the elastic heart embraces a new joy.

As years rolled on, our Mary's heart set up a cry and yearning for some object to fraternize with all its sympathies and cravings. Her judicious governess could not meet this want, for a wholesome respect—bordering on fear, repressed the sparkling stream. Her brother ever disliked her, because she divided between them his father's wealth; hence her sensitive little spirit abrank from the selfish boy, who at fifteen aped authority by disturbing the entire household because his slippers were not forthcoming instantly, or the book he was reading was not immediately found. She loved her father tenderly, but somehow, he never seemed to understand her, or enter into her ideas, or feelings as some fathers can who do not move in the family circle like a repelling iceberg, refusing to dignify themselves by condescending to reply to little philosophical questions difficult to little enquiring minds: who do not frighten romping feet within the seridom of the nursery, at the unwelcome sound of his violence upon knocker or bell, looking upon even their own children as some do upon religion—very proper for Sundays, but not fit for every-day use; unless, indeed, upon the former they are brought into the dining-room—over-drest—and over-fine at "dessert," when, if they are not made ill by the quantity, the variety, and the unreasonableness of rubbish they take into their little bodies, they are stiff, mechanical, unnatural wee figures, with nothing of racy, glowing, frolicking, childhood about them—premature old men and women, laughing, looking, standing, and setting by rule; and generally behaving well enough for all children in the parish or county put together. "Tisn't in the nature of things!" as some one says. But, to return to the doctor.

"Don't ask such silly things, Pussy!" said he, one day, in answer to her question,—

"What made the little brown seed I put into my garden come up such a beautiful pink flower, papa?"

Here was a field for planting lessons that would never have died in the child's memory!

"Run and play! I never heard a little papa ask such foolish questions as you do!" was the torpedo-rebuke to the touching enquiry—

"Will my mamma, who is gone to live in heaven, answer all I want to know, and love me *dearly* when I go to live with her papa?"

Here was a corrosive acid for blunting the fine edge of feeling! "*Foolish questions!*"——

Like Israel of old—"prone to idolatry from her youth"—the first idol she set up on her heart-pedestal was the fair girl who,

"Early, bright, transient as the morning dew—
Sparkled—was exhaled—and went to Heaven,"

leaving Mary with a sense of inward desolation, that time could scarce mellow into soft regret.

"She was so young to die! so good and beautiful!" she exclaimed one evening, after an outburst of pent-up tears, in reply to her faithful domestic, who was striving to console her with the best comfort she could.

"'Tis no use fretting and making yourself ill, my dear young lady, you can't bring her back; and I dare say she is a good deal better off than she was *here*, with her unkind relations; so dry up your tears, and look happy once more; I declare the roses are all gone from your pretty face, and you are getting thin and pale-like!"

Truth! *truth!* though draped in home-spun web!" "We cannot bring them back. Oh! *no*,—tears cannot re-animate the cold clay, though they drench the still white shroud. Groans cannot reach the 'dull cold ear of Death,' though the heart-strings crack at every wail."

"*We cannot bring them back.* Oh! *no*, but we can go to them.

"Can the grave those ties dissever
Which the very heart-strings twined?
Must the spirit part for ever
With the friends she leaves behind?"

"I heard a voice from Heaven, saying, 'Awake and sing, ye that dwell in the dust.'"

"That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die."

"A good deal better off there than she was here, in this unkind world." Truth! Truth!

"Death cannot come untimely, if we're fit to die;
The less of this cold earth, the more of Heaven;
The earlier death, the earlier immortality."

"And so the precocious ancients, when only believing in a heathen hereafter, declared: 'Those whom the gods love die young.'"

Young—escaped from earth's dark sorrows; and withering mortifications; and affection-chilling influences; and false friends; and cold looks; and distracting doubts; and harrowing fears; escaped as a bird to the mountains.

"I heard the angels singing,
As they went up thro' the sky;
An infant's spirit bringing
To its Father's home on high.
Happy thou so soon ascended,
With thy shining raiment on:
Happy thou whose fight is ended,
And the crown so quickly won.

Having obtained from her father an affirmative, which sounded so like a negative that it might have been taken for either, Mary generally accompanied the Leslies to the evening services at Courtenaye's church, and the more frequently she did so, the more distasteful and insipid became her usually frivolous and butterfly-life, relieved only by her visits to the poor and wretched before named, which, because it was more satisfactory to her generous heart, she had greatly multiplied.

Frequently too, she met the young preacher in circles where they mutually visited, especially at the Leslies; and whatever *her* opinion might have been, he was nearer the enchanted ground of "Hero-worship" now than he ever was before, though she never repeated the enquiry of Julia, after the first night of their acquaintance.

Why?—Deponent saith not.

Wherever and whenever they met, he always seemed, without effort, to be at her side, with his quiet way of making all things so agreeable and interesting; he conversed about her poor pensioners, and her visit to the sick; drew out her ideas on various

subjects, and listened with profound interest to her original and piquant remarks on character and things; and she fastened so firmly on his receptive nature, that he never saw her graceful form enter or depart without a secret thrill, whose depth he scarcely acknowledged even to himself; and had not an accident betrayed the one to the other how far each had strayed in love's labyrinth, he might have left unrolled this illuminated page in the secret history of his heart's wanderings.

"Did the thought ever occur to you, Henry, that Fred is not insensible to the fascinations of Mary?" demanded Mrs. Leslie.

"I scarce can tell, he is such an extraordinary fellow, and so Proteus-like in his character. Why did you ask, my love?" replied her husband.

"Because I think he loves her; you know women are keen-eyed in these heart-matters, and I feel deeply for him. He has no chance now, though I used to fancy she liked him."

A few months after this they had been spending together one of those old-fashioned delightful evenings they all so much enjoyed, and Mary, as usual, had been stealing all hearts by the magic of her voice, when rising from the piano, a small chain to which was attached a host of jewelled "need-nots," broke, scattering them far and wide.

Seizing a taper from the instrument, Fred Leslie commenced a search for the "provoking little things," as he termed them, when a sudden opening of the door swept a current of air past the flame and brought it in contact with the flounce of Mary's thin evening dress, and in an instant it was in a blaze!

With a wild shriek she flew towards Courtenaye, exclaiming "Oh, save me! save me!" and, quick as thought, ere her terrified friends could think or act, he seized a table-cover, and enveloping the palpitating form of the terror-stricken girl, exclaimed, "I will save you beloved! I will save you!" You are saved! God be praised!" and on his removing the friendly wrapper, he displayed to her agonized friends the dark scorching and fringed tinder of her dress, but little injury to the object of their solicitude, except a few blisters on her arms and hands.

"Would to God [I had been] Courtenaye!" exclaimed Fred

Leslie, as he prest Mary's hand at the door of her father's house at parting on the eventful night.

Perhaps (as before remarked), but for this rude rending the veil from the heart's secret of each, it had slumbered on all unremained; full well Mary knew her father would never sanction her union with one on whom he looked as a very Pariah of religion; and deeply did Courtenaye feel that with all the varied attractions of her character, it was deficient in the *one* point, for, with the quickened glance of renewed intellect intuitively penetrating the many springs of human action, he had read this sad, and to him bitter truth, that she was not a "new creature in Christ Jesus."

Poor Mary! often stirred to the quick by his earnest appeals from the pulpit, and impressed by the consistency of his character, she yearned to be better than she was; but she had never felt how deep was her need of the atoning blood to cleanse her soul; perhaps she even doubted if *she* were among the guilty ones for whom the Fountain was opened; she had never heard the pastor of her "own church" talk anything about "*except a soul be born again of water and of the spirit,*" he had never held up a crucified Redeemer as a constraining motive to holiness; and her education at Mrs. Gregory's was one most unlikely to lead to the foot of the Cross; hence, though striving to be "*better than she was,*" it ended there; the teacher, not the teaching, was becoming daily and hourly her life-pulse, till the tones of his voice, or the echo of his footsteps falling on her hushed heart, absorbed every other feeling, leaving her insensible to all, save the bliss of his presence.

And Courtenaye? He loved her. If not with the enthralling passion of the impulsive undisciplined heart of Mary, yet with a deep concentration of tenderness such as only men of his temperament can reveal; wave upon wave had rolled over his heart, depositing upon its quiet shore some drifted treasure from Love's ocean, till its full tide overflowed, flooding his being with an undreamed-of creature-bliss.

He loved her as those only can love who live under an abiding, controlling influence of religion, which, instead of freeing the bright and blessed up-gushings from the fountain of creature-affection, throws an elevating halo round it: not requiring that the object should be loved the less, but the bountiful Giver more.

Ah! that is a traitor-interpretation of the Great Teacher's lesson, "*be ye tender-hearted,*" that would envelope it in the mists of joyless seclusion, and stem those refreshing streams sent to irrigate our wilderness life: that would up root these way-side flowers planted by our loving Father to perfume our pilgrim path, and leave the mysterious heart, with its unsounded depths of feeling, a solitary polar-plant round which no blossom of joy may twine.

There was indeed a marked difference in the love of these two young beings, formed each for the tenderest emotions; Mary had set up an idol on her heart-altar, to which incense was constantly burning, and vain worship was ever offered. His was the master-hand that alone could wake the hidden melody of her soul's full chords. His voice the magic key that penetrated its many mysterious wards. He blended with all her young life's dreams of bliss—nay, he was that life itself.

Courtenaye could have laid all his rich deep love at his Master's feet, had He asked that overpowering question,—
" Lovest thou me more than these ? "

Alas! for the heart that gathers up its vast powers of feeling from the varied *foci* of its outer and inner being, and anchors the rich argosy on some shifting sand to be soon drifting chartless and solitary through the surges of life, without one ray from the guiding Star.

" Little children, keep yourselves from idols."

How loth we are to learn this mercy-lesson! We find our idols "clay," and then, oh! not till then, "bewail our worship."

Yet, 'tis sweet, 'mid all, to think that

" He who sits above,
 In his calm glory, will forgive the love
 His creatures bear each other, e'en if blest
 With a vain worship, for its close is dim
 Ever with grief, which leads the wrung soul
 Back to Him."

" Its close is dim ever with grief." How touching! How suggestive! The beginning, bright as the noon-day sun! the close, "dim with grief."

" LITTLE CHILDREN KEEP YOURSELVES FROM IDOLS."]

CHAPTER XIII.

I Turning Point.

"Oh! when will man each boon despise
That makes a brother mourn!
And seek, where it alone resides,
In others' bliss—*their own!*"

"MARY," exclaimed the doctor, in a voice somewhat above concert-pitch, for his temper had lost its equilibrium, because his extravagant cook had forgotten to reduce by one the number of peppercorns in the bread sauce. "Mary! are you going to hear that canting fellow again? You are always running after him, and for my part I can't think what it will all come to!"

"I was going to accompany the Leslies, dear papa," meekly replied Mary, though she flushed to the temples, "but if you wish me to remain and play to you, I will do so with pleasure."

"No! I don't wish you to remain! you know I always like a little quiet after dinner,—if the dinner is eatable!" and here the sore spot being touched which had emitted the ill humour on his unoffending child, which he dared not vent on his treasured cook—so true is that line of Juvenal,—

"The doves are censured, when the crows are spared."

he added, "I believe there never was a man in the world tormented to death as I am! what with onething and another, 'tis enough to drive me mad! But you can please yourself, as you always do, without any reference to me."

The injustice of this remark pained Mary deeply; and she felt the tears struggling 'neath her quivering lid, but she only replied,

"I will send and tell the Leslies not to wait for me, then, dear

papa," though she saw that nothing she could say or do at that peculiar moment would be right.

The worthy man's spleen was turned into another channel by this remark, and he exclaimed,—

"Whatever Henry Leslie, who is really a clever, well-meaning fellow, can find in listening to that mountebank's ranting I can't conceive for my part! I would have them, every man jack of them, hunted out of the town with the 'Rogues' March' playing after them, turning the world upside down. Thank God, I never got such tom-fooleries into *my* head, and only wonder that any-one belonging to *me* should find pleasure in running after these oily-tongued coxcombs, who no doubt make a good living out of the ridiculous credulity of their followers *without* working for it. I shouldn't be surprised, if, by and by, some rich, good-looking girl takes it into her head to make him an offer, for I hear that's the go now-a-days wherever there are plenty of loaves and fishes! But, by G——! if ever a daughter of mine made such a fool of herself I would cut her off with a shilling!"

Having run himself out of breath by this grandiloquent crusade against men and actions of whom he knew nothing, and wound-up by this almost pre-Adamite threat of "cutting off with a shilling"—the ready, *pis aller* of vulgar souls to whom money is life's Alpha and Omega, and the chink of gold the deepest heart music—the doctor shook himself into his easy chair and Mary slowly and sadly left the room.

"Who is that governor is going to cut off with a shilling?" asked John Grenville, who was standing suspiciously close to the door, when Mary opened it. "You, fair lady, in case you should sully the family escutcheon by a beggarly marriage?" and he sneered bitterly.

Mary made no reply, but hastened to her room to give vent to her wounded feelings in tears; and then she sent to inform Julia of her inability to accompany her that evening.

There was no small amount of self-denial in this act, dear reader, and there are many young ladies now-a-days, who, under similar circumstances, would fling on their shawls and hats, and, with a toss of the head, developing but a very small bump of self-respect, exclaim, "who cares for crusty old pa!" invade the sanctuary with as much levity as she would join a raffle or a polka.

Let us see Mary's reward for this sacrifice.

"Haven't you been out to-night, Mary?" demanded the doctor, as, slowly drawing his body out of his easy degree, he saw her sitting near him reading, or, at any rate, with an open book in her hand.

"No, dear papa, I thought you did not like my going out, so I remained with you."

Now this appeal to his better nature went straight home, and he felt how unjust his conduct had been to one who ever yielded to his wishes—reasonable or unreasonable,—with the sweetest grace, but (and the good man is only a specimen of a *genus*), this very feeling made him speak roughly: when his nature was softened—he feared to compromise his dignity by seeming to relent.

"Who said I didn't want you to go? I am sure I didn't! You can go where you please, 'tis no business of mine!" he exclaimed.

"Am I never to do right again," mentally sighed Mary; but she made no reply, for her father bounced out of the room.

What a desponding feeling comes over the soul when constrained to say, "I can never do right! whatever I do, with the best intention, always seem to turn out wrong."

Never mind, depending believer, the *motive* shall meet its reward: some day, by being at last understood. It is not always the worth or extent of the outer evidence by which actions should be judged, but by the ruling indwelling principle; and even when that principle is the loftiest that can animate even an arch-angel's mission, who has not felt the heart grow faint, and the footsteps "ready to halt" before the stinging vexations, the withering cares, the counter influences of every day life, and but for the "sufficient grace," would yield to despair.

Who is there that has not found it a hard faith-trial to lean practically and passively on this indwelling arm of strength?

Ay, "it is far, far easier to gather up the soul's energies, and brace them for vigorous exertion, even on the stirring arena of conflict, when called upon to make a stand before the world for the honour of its Master," than to take up life's hourly cross, and bear it with unaltered brow, and unchanging eye, onward and upward through this soul-trammelling earth.

But so it must be; these are helps to the education of the immortal soul (*trifling and distasteful though they seem*); and He

"who sees the end from the beginning" will lead thee by no rougher road than is necessary," "*thy Father knows it all.*"

"Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.

Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way.
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day."

"I say, Redman! have you heard that Saint Courtenaye has made a stunning bet that in less than a twelvemonth he will be master of this house, and have the handsomest woman in the three counties for his wife?" exclaimed J. Grenville, one day, as the wine vanished with the velocity of an unsuccessful man's friends after a snug' picked dinner at the doctor's.

Mr. Redman laughed, and gave three suggestive nods of his fat head.

"Do you mean to say *that* ridiculous story is flying about the town?" asked the doctor, only half roused from his usual lethargic indifference, for of late his worthy son, for reasons best known to himself, had plied him almost to surfeit with the "sayings and doings" of Courtenaye, and he was only half *vive* to the remark.

"Yes," answered J. Greville, "and that he never intends to marry any woman with less than ten thousand pounds!"

"The impertinent jackanapes!" growled the doctor, "though in *this* respect, he is not singular, I believe," and he looked hard at Whyom.

"I have heard for a fact that he should say so! and that Miss Grenville calls him her guardian angel, and vows she will never marry any one else!" remarked Whyom, whose vanity Mary had incurably wounded when she rejected his adored self, fine voice, and Apollo curls.

"So have I," chimed in Redman.

"Pack of nonsense!" exclaimed the doctor, raised three degrees nearer to summer heat, "I don't believe she cares for the fellow any more than any of the other misses, who make it a part of their religion to beset and run wild after anything that wears a choker and a black coat!"

"I don't quite agree with you on this point, my dear sir,"

said Redman, with professional caution, "though I generally find your views of character and circumstance discriminating and correct."

"Of course, not against positive evidence," sneered Grenville, "I have seen notes constantly sent and re-sent between them, and I believe she does like him, whatever *he* may feel or pretend," and (seeing the colour mount in his father's face) he added, "she knows her subject in you, governor, and that she winds you round her finger."

"I don't believe ONE word of it," shouted the doctor, thoroughly roused.

"Tis a generally received opinion," remarked Whyom. "I heard Captain Slight tell his sister the other day, that you had given your consent, on the night of the fire affair, out of gratitude for the marvellous exploit which any school-boy would have performed, and that he heard it from one of the preacher's most intimate friends."

"Pack of lies throughout!" again shouted the doctor, who, in the heat of his insulted dignity repeated the union between good breeding and refined phraseology. "Pack of lies!" he repeated with increased energy, "so don't let me hear any more of it."

"But, my dear father," said J. Grenville, with a diplomatic desire for peace, but really to promote discord—cognizant that even an implied contradiction would work his sire into a domestic Etna, "if Mary loves the fellow, and there seems no doubt on the subject, what objection should you have to him for a son in law?"

"I have him for a son in law!" vociferated the doctor, "who put that into your head? Do you think I want to be prayed and preached to death by such a smooth-tongued, canting fellow! His shadow shall never darken this threshold while I am master! I'll see to that!" and he struck the table with conclusive force.

"If I may take the liberty of suggesting, my dear sir," observed Redman, at a "go-on" wink from John Grenville, "I would lose no time in informing this young man of your sentiments more fully; for it is very strange he should give out, as I have known for a fact he does, that 'he would soon bring the old gentleman to his senses.'"

"Will he, though, the insolent puppy! No doubt he thinks he will wind *me* round his finger, as he does other fools who are

ready to eat him up! No, no, Master Courtenaye, you won't find me a Lestie, or a love-sick miss, I promise you! And as to your only marrying a woman with a fortune, you beggarly sneak, not one shilling of mine shall ever see the inside of your methodistical pocket, and if my daughter dares to think of"——

"Hush, hush! my dear sir," artfully interposed J. Grenville.

"I won't hush!" roared the doctor. "Mind yourself, sir! I say if she dares think of marrying that oily-tongued knave I will cut her off with a shilling."

"You won't be so severe as that, sir, I am sure," simpered Whyom, well pleased at the promising aspect of their vile plot.

"Indeed, but I would though, and so she shall see, if I am spared till to-morrow morning!"

"Come, come, sir, take a little wine, and never mind the fellow's impertinence," said Redman soothingly.

"Yes, take a little wine, governor," superadded his "hopeful." "You mustn't think of running a tilt against all the young ladies in the town, who roundly declare that Mary is the most fortunate girl in the world for having such an easy-going papa, and "heavenly-minded" lover, who plays his deep game for the loaves and fishes like the rest of his clique, by throwing dust into the eyes of 'darling papas and mammas!'"

We need not follow these plotters through all the crafty byways, now irritating, anon soothing the doctor, till at last his son exclaimed, after a mock-battle with his father's intention "of making his will to-morrow if he was spared, and cutting his daughter off with a shilling," "why not do it to-night, and make yourself ridiculous at once?"

"And what if I did, sir? with your impertinence. 'Ridiculous,' indeed! By G—, 'tis come to something at last, when I can't do as I like in my own house! Redman!" he shouted, as J. Grenville rose to leave the room, casting a knowing look at his brother-lawyer, "take my instructions, and Whyom here will be a witness, and one of the servants——"

"My dear sir, don't," interrupted Redman: "you will think better of it, and"——

"Do as I wish, sir, or by G— I will send for some other rogue to take your place, who won't have your quibbles," roared the doctor; and thus intimidated, the legal knave drew up a short will, which was duly signed and witnessed; and then

went to sleep, to snore off the fumes of the wine with which he had been abundantly plied.

When the doctor left the dining-room, about two hours after, he inquired of the footman where Miss Grenville was?

"Gone to church with Mrs. Leslie, sir," said the tutored lackey.

This reply once more roused the latent ire, and his master thundered,—

"Send her to me the moment she comes in!" and in a very few minutes her light step was at his side, and her lip held up for the accustomed kiss.

Not heeding this gentle appeal, her father turned his ruffled visage full upon her, and exclaimed in a voice that he had never addressed her in till then,—

"Madam! is it true that you love that canting fellow Courtenaye?"

The abruptness of the sacred question, an inquiry she had shrunk from putting to her own heart, brought the crimson wave over brow and bosom—a mute evidence of guilt, to the boorish judge who claimed, but desecrated, the prerogative of parent, whereupon he showered on her cowering ear a cataract of interrogatives none the less bitter for falling through a soliloquy.

"What did he mean by his impertinence! Marry *his* daughter? The beggarly hypocrite! Without leave or license, too, the knave! Yes, yes! no doubt, and turn *him* out of doors, to make way for his canting, preaching crew! He could give a shrewd guess what all this praying and religion would come to! The saint! Fine ideas *he* must have of the respect due to a father! The sneaking jackanapes, with his sanctified looks!—— Marry *his* daughter! He would take good care of that! Leave him alone! He should never darken *his* door with his——"

"Papa, dear papa!" interrupted Mary, in an imploring, terrified voice, "indeed, indeed you are wrong. Mr. Courtenaye has never made proposals to me, or spoken of love. Oh, who has told you these horrible untruths?" and she wept passionately, upon which the doctor, who looked upon a woman's tears as something of a family hydrophobia, bounced out of the room with a running, or rather jerking, accompaniment,—

"Women could never get on without tears! Hated scenes! Hated domestic Niobes! Had enough of that long ago!" (in

graceful allusion to his first wife). "Shouldn't be himself again for six months! Wanted to kill him, and the sooner the better! He had settled the matter, though, that was one comfort! They should see he wasn't the weak fool people took him for, when the Will was read!" and so on.

Now, though partly under the influence of wine, partly goaded on by his friends, the doctor had executed the said Will, he had no more serious intention of its being carried out, than he had of lecturing on the "Origin and Progress of Poverty," or proposing a "Philosophical Inquiry into the Cause and Effect of great Authors seldom living with their Wives," at the next meeting of the firm carrying on the business for promoting cruelty to animals, of which he was a sleeping partner, in the shape of a Poor-Law Guardian; but with a false notion of something being due to his offended dignity, he scorned to betray the relunctings stealing over his heart when he thought of Mary's unvarying self-sacrifice to his wishes; while he secretly determined "to do away with that Will, at all events, if spared to see another day;" and though it was a very late hour, he absolutely despatched a servant to request "that knave Redman," as he inwardly baptized his legal friend, to "step up to him the first thing in the morning;" but as his worthy son saw signs of "fine weather" in the domestic barometer after the late squalls, he gave a hint to Redman, who was "unfortunately obliged to run up to town."

CHAPTER XIV.

Infinitesimal Lawyers.

"Whether Law begot logic, or logic begot Law, I know not, but there is often a pleasant kind of confusion between them."

IN order fully to comprehend the "got-up" dinner, picked guests, and pre-arranged result the last chapter chronicles, it may be as well to explain a little more fully the position of John Grenville, which he considered ample excuse for his iniquitous diplomacy.

Unaccustomed from his cradle to lay the slightest restraint on his inclinations, by the time he had reached his majority he found himself deeply involved, and among other transactions, those of betting and gambling to a frightful extent were not the least destructive at once to moral principle and the money-concern. Having borrowed largely upon his reversionary interest at ruinous discounts, which (unfortunately for him) he found no difficulty in doing—his prospects being generally considered "good," and holding out sufficient security to any speculative brigand to supply his wants—he had long meditated on the possibility of gratifying, at one and the same time, his intense desire for money and his dislike to his sister; but even with one of his father's easily-worked-on temperament this latter design required *tact*, plot, cunning, and coadjutorship, the last two of which were soon enlisted into his service in the person of Mr. John Josiah Redman, attorney, whose readiness to execute any pettifogging that paid, or any secret villany promising to pay, rendered him very useful to his more openly circumspect legal brother, who found him on this occasion quite up to his work.

In truth, this Mr. John Josiah Redman was one of those Pariahs infesting every profession, and his character had been thus correctly estimated by a barrister whom his knavery had victimised, "the man will do *anything* for money!" and perhaps no more decided proof of the correctness of this opinion could be adduced than the eagerness with which this villain entered into J. Grenville's diabolical scheme against his unoffending sister.

Valuing friends and acquaintances according to their troy-weight, the first question asked by this wily lawyer, either on a home-circle introduction, or a business application, was, "can anything be got out of them?" If they were "well to do in the world," they were invited to dine, toadied to repletion, and solicited to stand sponsor to the last little Redman; and though the polite "decided dislike to stand" had often followed his complimentary request, the shrewd man was by no means daunted, but went on toadying and grasping wholesale.

Added to a worthy amount of perseverance and plodding, he always had on hand a good staple commodity of low cunning, which having once or twice proved more than a match for a deed of common sense executed upon fair and honourable principles, his family—the female members especially—looked upon him as already under the Chancellor's wig, and his office—or rather his stool—up two pairs of stairs, exchanged for the woolsack; but while these dear, confiding creatures indulged in such sanguine dreams, Mr. John Josiah knew better; *he* knew that, *malgré* his fox-like development, he had been tapped on the shoulder by several of the moral police, and, moreover, had been most completely shown up by one of his *ci-divant* toadied friends, who had discarded his mask, greatly to his damage as a lawyer and honest man; but this *exposé* he prudently refrained from noticing, as the before-named judicature was cognisant of his shuffling transactions, and he smarted under the lash, putting on a look of injured innocence that told powerfully in his favour with the confiding members of his family and acquaintance; while the *initiated* congratulated him on his display, though somewhat late, of that "discretion" which is the best part of "valour" all the world over. Like many others in that scheming age, whose caution should have steered clear of the quicksands, Mr. John Josiah had a bold spirit for speculating. No matter however wild and visionary the proposed project, if it only held out a gossamer chance of "telling," he was soon the holder of

no end rising shares, and though, as may be imagined, some victim-client was minus rents collected by the grasping lawyer—or trust-money deposited with him—though he unscrupulously robbed the aged and the young, 'twas “no odds to anybody;” he contrived to maintain a tolerably respectable appearance, and by the assistance of his boasted family connexion, to “keep *his* head above water,” no matter who sunk beside him. Moreover, he adroitly enough threw the dust of hypocrisy into the eyes of the *facile* members of his family, passing for a religious man, and regularly calling his over-worked maids into family prayer ere he left home for business, and contrived to get respectable securities to many a *disrespectable* transaction, as well as his large loose bodily proportions, protected by a superfine over-all, and “scientific” trowers, to say nothing of a wondrous display of snowy shirt-front studded with coral of rather a fuller colour than a pair of furious whiskers, which he cultivated to such an unseemly extent that their points touched his shoulders. His neighbours did say—but perhaps it was only envy—that the small lawyer’s display of apparel was at the expense of his wife’s wardrobe, her’s being of such very questionable dimensions that it had long been a favourite matter of quizzing among his chums, some of whom not unfrequently amused themselves by calling out, “I say, old boy, why don’t you give your wife a new parasol?” or, “Redman, my fine fellow! your wife’s bonnet is the shabbiest in the parish; why don’t you buy her a new one?” and so on. To each and every inquiry of the kind he would reply by significantly pointing with his right hand over his left shoulder, an action his friends evidently understood by the shouts of laughter which followed each perpetration of the eloquent movement.

The hapless lady just referred to (the very reverse of a Zantippe, and a distant connexion of the Grenvilles, to whom Mary had frequently shown much kindness), was the passive anvil whereon Mr. John Josiah regularly hammered out his coarse, self-sufficient prejudices to their extremest proportions, and he had a low-minded satisfaction in inflicting petty acts of injustice and meanness towards her sex, which sprung from their very inability to cope with him, and his own want of moral courage to meet his fellow with the weapons he brandished so mercilessly over them. Thus, as she never retained either a good or bad impression for three consecutive hours, the weak but well-meaning wife of the small lawyer exercised no salutary influence over her imperious

lord ; and after the cares of business he generally amused himself by exacting the minutest account of every inch of candle, the precise time an ounce of pins "lasted," the fewest number of yards that could be "made do" for little calico garments or any other material required for domestic purposes.

Then he extorted no small amount of real, hard labour from his "good lady," with a view to the saving of an extra servant-girl's wage, though, as one of these generally ill-used "greatest plagues in life" pathetically remarked, "he was two people's work himself! he expected that not only all the household duties should be superintended by his wife, but that she should act as *valet de chambre* and preside over the "vexed questions" of shirt-collars, and cravat-tying, till at length her no great amount of *physique* surrendered after a struggle, and the professional gentleman condescended to take upon "hissself" the superintendence of the above-named household mysteries, adding to it "instruction gratis" to the parlour-maid in the abstruse science of lighting a fire from the top to save fuel, and in the most economical use of patent black-lead in polishing the drawing-room stove. But, alas ! it was not long before the man's house became a species of family inquisition on a small scale, over which he presided with Bonner-like strictness. No domestic matter dared to be arranged without a "consultation" with him ; not a penny spent without his leave ; no member of the cowed circle dared hold up the right hand if he said "hold up the left." No one presumed to say it rained if he chose to say he couldn't see it ; till at length "Master says so" became a law *à la* Darius, or "Papa is coming" a signal for every smile to be smuggled out of sight, and a helter-skelter scamper to the nursery or kitchen—often one and the same thing in Mr. John Josiah's establishment.

Perhaps there was some little excuse for the creature in the fact that, being the eldest son, from his very birth he had been accustomed to "drive everything before him," including a mother who spoilt him, and a father in such wholesome fear of *her* that he dared not contradict her ; and when the small lawyer married, his wife, in her delight at being "settled at last," perpetuated the mischief of the former system, never presuming to differ in opinion from his vagaries, however wild, unreasonable or painful to herself the indulgence of them might be ; in short, Mrs. John Josiah did not begin her matrimonial life "as she intended to go on,"—a mischievous, but very frequent custom among newly-wedded pairs.

We have entered into the natural history of this jewel of a lawyer with rather more minuteness than may be deemed necessary, but as he is a stereoscopic sketch, we hope thereby to warn our readers against forming acquaintance either legally, socially, or matrimonially with characters who, like Mr. John Josiah Redman, will elaborate from any and every circumstance in life "something to be turned into money."

A clever writer of the last century says, "the best thing anyone can do after suffering from a fault they have committed is to warn others from falling into the same." So, when a man's character is known to be dangerous, the highest benefit that can be conferred on society is to boldly point him out as such; and while to pass over an injury inflicted upon one's self is magnanimous and Christian-like, to remain silent when we may raise the warning voice in defence of Truth and Virtue for fear of being considered "ensorious" or "uncharitable" is a false, pernicious, unhealthy sentimentality. Calling actions and characters by their proper names is as much a requirement of the age as "right men in the right places." The whole frame-work of society is becoming rickety by the thoughtless substitution of sweet for bitter, and bitter for sweet, which characterises it, and by which "the false becomes so closely interwoven with the true—that which is expedient so readily adopted instead of that which is right;"—and so little do even "professing people" express their real thoughts for fear of what others will say, that it is easy enough to realize the idea of Tallyrand, "the faculty of speech was given to enable people to conceal their thoughts."

If an action is wrong, which man possesses the greatest amount of charity, he who has the moral courage to say so, pointing out the perpetrator, thereby putting others on their guard, or he who, from fear of incurring censure as "uncharitable," allows the action and its consequences to accumulate and spread its venom, while the author exults in his success?

Charity!—Is that charity which stands by with stony indifference and sees the unwary and unsuspecting drawn into the net of the destroyer, without raising a voice of friendly warning?

Charity!—Is that charity which hears the whisper of malice, the blighting insinuation, and holds its peace lest the "world" should be offended? Out upon such a spurious interpretation of the Master's teaching, "*whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them!*" Shall the moral murderer go

free, and the manslayer be punished? Nay, not if we obey the summons to the

“Right, and True, and Beautiful,”

sounding out in all around us that sin has not marred.

The weak Whyom was the other party that J. Grenville found no trouble in enlisting as his managing committee, to the diabolical plot of whose success mention has already been made; and upon the *finale* of which he gave Redman a document entitling him to the sum of two thousand pounds as soon as the “estate realized,” fully determined meanwhile, by some hitch or other in the “glorious uncertainty of law,” to “get out of paying him;” while John Josiah, by no means behind in roguery, made up his mind to “apply the job as a thumb-screw” whenever it was needed to extort money from the spendthrift’s pocket.

It would be difficult to furnish reasons for J. Grenville’s dislike to his sister. It might have been because she stood in the way of the whole of the property he so deeply needed and coveted—his gambling, profligate career having lightened his purse and reputation, of which fact every one was more cognizant than his worthy father, who little dreamed of the race of dissipation his hopeful had run, or how ruinously he was involved in betting transactions.

It might have been because she had refused one of his boon companions whom he had selected for her, in the person of a young man who bore the preface “Hon.” to his name, and upon the magic influence of which he drew largely on the credulity of tradespeople—the dinners of his less Hon. acquaintance, and the parasitical affections of John Grenville, besides sheltering all kinds of dishonourable deeds, aided and abetted by that prolific establishment for the education of vice, infamy, and ruin, the Race-course.

May be it was from the fact that he never could find anything really to dislike in her, though he could no more understand the purity and transparency of her character than a Raratongian savage could the peerless creations of a Juliet or a Desdemona. True, he had discovered a fresh impetus to his dislike in her toleration of his especial bugbear Courtenaye, towards whom he entertained the fiercest hatred and contempt, for some reasons

that, no doubt, will suggest themselves to the reader, as well as for others that will not, unless explained.

The racing week in the flourishing town of D—— attracted with its usual magnetic fatality a numerous flight of unclean fowl and birds of prey. There was the blear-eyed drunkard, with emaciated form and palsied hand; the seducer, with "words softer than honey," and hell in his heart; the gambler, with fevered brow and lurid eye; the blasphemer, with defiant oaths and God-insulting ribaldry; the midnight robber with cowering form and tiger tread; the noontide murderer, with yelling crowds rushing to his death-work in the ring of the brutal fight; the poisoner, with deadly potion, beside his victim-friend; and there too—alas! alas!—was the painted, faded, guilt-bowed form of woman! Oh, there were mingled votaries in that heathenish gathering, where outrages were offered to the "unknown gods" Honesty and Decency, that would have shamed the grossest orgies of Moloch and Saturn; and most melancholy were the traces of their fiery footsteps these sacrifices left in the fated towns or hamlets in whose *locale* this relic of the dark ages flourished. Much to the disgust of certain parties, the watchmen who had drunk into the spirit of that solemn charge of the prophet: "SON OF MAN, WHEN I SAY UNTO THE WICKED, THOU SHALT SURELY DIE, AND THOU GIVEST THEM NOT WARNING, NOR SPEAKEST TO WARN THE WICKED FROM HIS WAY, TO SAVE HIS LIFE, THE SAME WICKED MAN SHALL DIE IN HIS SINS, BUT HIS BLOOD WILL I REQUIRE AT THY HANDS," stood upon their watch-towers proclaiming their Master's message; and it will be anticipated that foremost amid the "certain parties" so disgusted, figured Mr. John Grenville and his choice associates. A specimen of their indignation may not be here altogether out of place.

Sipping some confiding merchant's "capital wine" after dinner one day, or rather one evening, in company with the aforementioned Hon. Mr. Rapid, simple Whyom, and a Captain Slight—another representative young man, by the way, who was easily influenced either for good or bad, and who would countenance acts in the society of his jovials, edged on and supported by sympathy in evil, from which his better nature would have shrunk when he was alone—the conversation naturally turned upon the pending races, each anticipating, with morbid anxiety the chances of

"make or break" that dwelt in the four dainty feet of "Moon-flyer," or slumbered in the mazy caverns of jockeyism.

Then, as a necessary sequence, the preaching, and preaching against racing was mooted; and in proportion to the depth of indignation entertained by each towards the "insolent" perpetrators of this terrible heterodoxy, each thought himself legitimately entitled to vituperate in no very refined terms. Probably from the fact of Courtenaye's being the most earnest among earnest men—ay, and successful, too—for success is the twin brother of earnestness, and springs full-blown from the embrace of Faith and Hope—he was, as J. Grenville said, "in everybody's mouth;" and hence came in for somewhat of a latter-day-Benjamin share of their wrath and abuse; so true is it "that birds ever peck the ripest fruit."

"Let's go and hear the saint! he holds forth to-night!" exclaimed J. Grenville, after an avalanche of invective not repeatable.

"And pay the fella's out, by getting up a jolly row," drawled the Hon.

"Capital!" shouted Slight, rubbing his hands unmercifully.

"Two to one he shirks!" vociferated the wise Whyom.

"Find out his metal, if the spiritual Erostratus has got any!" went on Grenville.

"Go it, my old fella's! try if he's plucky!" chimed in Hon.

"Capital joke, by Jove!" laughed Slight.

"Two to one he mizzles!" wisdomed Whyom.

And then these heroes laid down their plan as follows: each one was to enter the church at a different time and at a different door, to avoid notice, and during the most quiet listening to the "saint's holding forth," Grenville was to cry "fire!" which cry the others were simultaneously to take up and spread the alarm, producing a "stunning confusion that should put the canting hypocrite out of preaching trim, and his fanatical crew out of hearing trim, for some time to come."

Full-primed with these mischievous intentions, the disturbers sallied forth, and reached the sacred edifice just as Courtenaye rendered the text, in his peculiarly harmonious tones,—

"Come, now, let us reason together Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die?"

We need not follow him in the use and application he made of these most wondrous and condescending words,—the “*High and lofty One, who inhabiteth eternity,*” condescending to “reason,” as man to man, with guilty rebels, or say how solemnly and with what impassioned pleading he besought his fellow-sinner to “turn and reason;” they will be self-suggesting to the reader; but return with the disappointed party whose plot had been frustrated by the simple fact of the pew-opener showing Grenville into Henry Leslie’s seat, where he was *vis-a-vis* with Fred, and side by side with his sister!

It is a threadbare remark, yet one we perhaps seldom regard and consider in all its forcible teaching, that “small causes often produce great effects;” and it is just because we forget that these events, “great” to our puny minds, are but integral parts of a whole in His plans to whom nought is “small” and nought is “great.”

We often see circumstances big with interests affecting time and eternity hang on a gossamer web, and apparently precipitated by trifles too insignificant for notice. Yet they are but parts of this wondrous whole; and it is strange that beings cradled and nursed amid the grand ideas of Christianity should treat as fanatic or superstitious that interposition of Deity in human affairs which even Pagans recognised and acknowledged.

“How infernally provoking that I should have been shown into Saint Leslie’s stall, and so all our fun have been spoilt!” exclaimed J. Grenville, on their return to head-quarters.

“I was *pwodigiously* glad to sheltaw myself behind the pew-openaw,” drawled Rapid. “I confess I had some misgivings befaw we started, and I felt terribly queaw when that fellah with his *suparb* voice, seemed to implaw me to ‘turn.’”

“For heaven’s sake, Rapid, don’t you get the Courtenaye hydrophobia!” shouted J. Grenville, who was thoroughly ill-tempered at being so caught, “or if you must confess, wait ‘till the races are over!”

“Don’t trouble your tendaw conscience about me! Saul is not among the Prophets!” laughed Hon. “I was only admiring the animal’s points!”

“Which points?” his ‘*suparb* voice’ old fellah?” asked Grenville, mimicking the conventional drawl of his friend.

“Nonsense! you know what I mean,” replied Rapid, “his

swistocratic figure, and certainly he has the most glouwious eyes I evaw saw!"

"Quite a divine expression! so sanctified! so heavenly! as the saints would say," replied J. Grenville, turning up his eyes, and shaking his head with an air of mock solemnity, that sent the Hon. and Whyom into convulsions of laughter. Then, pouncing upon Slight, who was sitting quiet and abstracted, he continued, in a louder strain, "I say, Slight, my old boy! where's your tongue? Have you hung your harp upon the willows and become convarted, by way of proving the old saying, 'the greater the sinner, the greater the saint!' Come, out with it, man! are you bitten?"

The handsome, but dissipated-looking young man, thus appealed to coloured; and rising, replied in a frank tone, "I don't exactly know what you mean by being *bitten*, Grenville,—but if to rejoice from the bottom of my heart that our mad frolic was frustrated, or if to feel as if an arrow dipt in molten lead were driven into my heart, I am bitten, as you call it."

"Gammon! all gammon!" shouted Grenville. "Here! pass the wine, Rapid, let's get 'lushy' and drown the blues. Don't show the white feather 'till the races are over, or by jingo, Saint Courtenaye will go up fifty per cent!"

"I can only say," answered Slight, pushing the liquor from him, and speaking in the same frank tone, "that if all the preachers I have listened to had been like this 'canting' Courtenaye, I should not have been the scapegrace I am."

"Excellent! excellent!" vociferated Grenville, who sheltered a tolerable quantity of uncomfortable feeling he could not account for under a show of uproarious mirth, "excellent! a most decided case of first-sight convarsion!"

Slight only replied by wishing them good night, and as soon as he left the room, Grenville shouted, "First-rate joke, by jingo! 'Ill bet ten to one 'tis in all the cant journals to-morrow morning as a second Colonel Gardinaw's case!"

"Who was Colonel Gardinaw: a *welation* of Slight's?" innocently demanded Hon.

"Not that I know of," answered Grenville. "He was one of those fanatic praying-fellows infesting all circles and societies; that's all I can tell you about him, except that some catch-penny author wrote his life, and that he comes in for a pretty good share of worship among the sanctified ones!"

"How very lucid you are, my old fellow!" exclaimed Rapid, "what has all that to do with Slight!"

"O, Slight be hanged!" peevishly retorted Grenville. "By the way, doesn't he owe you something on the odds at G——?"

"Yes, a twofold, but why do you ask?" drawled Rapid.

"For want of something better to talk about, I suppose," answered Grenville, and so the conversation became vapid and heavy, none of the choice trio "up to the mark," and they soon after separated never to meet again on earth. The sudden death of his only brother called the young Hon. away from D—— before the races took place; but whether this solemn event which made him an Earl, and a legislator to boot, had any influence on his character,—whether the Spirit's gentle striving was stifled as on the night of the frolic, no record remains. He was drowned a few months after, while bathing on one of those dangerous and ill-attended coasts that have proved fatal to so many lives in our marine towns, and

"The churchyard bears an added stone,
The fireside shows a vacant chair,
Here Sadness sits, and sighs alone,
And Death displays his banner there,
But where is he?"

The arrow shot at a venture on that evening by the faithful pastor did not fall powerless! How could it, dipped as it was in the "*blood that speaketh better things than that of Abel?*"

Ten days after the trio separated, Grenville received from Slight a promissory note for a considerable sum won by the latter in a betting transaction. The document was accompanied with a straightforward statement of the writer's change of views and feelings, and expressive of interest for the best happiness of his former associate. Had Grenville possessed one spark of generous and honourable emotion, this would have aroused it; but he only chuckled over his canceled debt, ridiculed and scoffed, and remained unchanged, amusing his acquaintances with sundry ludicrous and highly-coloured embellishments of the simple fact—that "Saint Courtenaye had converted Sinner Slight, who was become one of his most devoted admirers and followers, ready to enter the lists and do battle for him with the rabid delight of a Matador into the ring of a bull-fight."

CHAPTER XV.

True Progression.

"Tis a base
Abandonment of reason to resign
The right of thought : our
Last and surest refuge ; this at least
Shall still be mine."

WE have said the doctor loved Mary, and this is true, with limitations ; he loved his prejudices better, and while he would willingly have given her in marriage to the unprincipled Honourable, the weak Whyom, the Popish Curate, or the dissipated Slight, had he thought she really loved either of them, and would cause him no trouble about the matter, the idea of giving *his* child to a man who had dared to think for himself, and had presumed to exercise that prerogative he arrogated to himself with such uncompromising tenacity, was not for one instant to be tolerated.

What ! dare to follow the dictates of his conscience in the matter of religious worship ! To adopt what he believed to be the only sure guide to heaven—the teachings of his Bible ! Out upon such innovations !

Why didn't he go to *his* church ! "There's plenty of room, God knows !"

What right had he "to set up his new-fangled notions, and exercise his judgment in matters that only belonged to his betters !

"Fine times, indeed ! when every stripling took to thinking for himself, and fancying he knew better than any one else ! 'Twas different when he was a boy ! He knew that pretty well ! and where it would all end he couldn't see, for his part !"

Softly! softly! friend doctor; just listen to a few rhymes:
are you fond of poetry?

"Doubt's Castle, on Conjecture's sea,
Stable from instability
Rides, lashed to moorings mere profound
Than art can solve, or wisdom sound;
And thro' this vestibule have past
All master minds, from first to last,
And inch by inch, and day by day,
Have cut their road, and fought their way.

"Yet, good from evil may be wrought,
Who never doubted, never thought,
The battle brightens, but the truce
Rusts out the blade for want of use.
Who thinks as others, and agrees,
With all, finds nought, and little sees,
Did all accord, then all might stand
Stock-still, and darkness drown the land."

You "don't see what all that can have to do with the subject?" You "don't understand the rhymes?"

Well, then, let us have a little chat; but mind, we begin with the mutual understanding that "difference of opinion shall not lessen friendship." That's a noble sentiment, whoever uttered it; it was neither you nor I, my dear sir.

You "didn't say it was?"

"Well! I didn't say you did; 'twas merely a remark."

"Better go on, as you are in a hurry?"

"Very well, then, allow me to ask you a question or two; for, according to the Rev. G. W. Lewis, in one of his eloquent sermons, 'a question is the shortest road to reason and to conscience; it engages attention, and sets a man thinking for himself.'"

"*Thinking for himself.*" Ah! that's it! not taking assertions and ideas upon trust; nothing is so mind-subjugating and intellect-fettering as that."

"Did you, dear doctor, never hear the names of Galileo, Columbus, Harvey, and a galaxy of others who set about 'thinking for themselves?'"

"Don't you recollect reading about the poor, once half-starved Miner's son, who rose and 'shook the world?' or the Bedford Tinker, who 'thrills the world's great pulse' even now? or the 'consecrated Cobbler,' as reverend witlings called the heaven-sent

Carey? or—but where shall we stop? Men who have influenced not only the age in which they lived, but ages extending onward till time shall be no more; men who held their patent of nobility direct from the Court of Heaven: God's aristocracy, the blood royal of the people; therefore, their titles are never 'extinct'; they never die; the world won't let them. These men set about 'thinking for themselves.'"

"And last, but not least, dear sir, don't you recollect the story of the 'thinker for himself,' who sat 'watching the subtle vapour,

'Slow steaming from the faggot's blaze,'

'till his prophetic mind heaved with the struggles of the 'embryo Alcides!' and he whispered his wondrous secret to his fellow-man, who called him 'mad,' and shrouded his glorious mind-light under the extinguisher of Ignorance and Prejudice (as priests strove to put out the starry Galileo, but he was too deep for them, with his 'move in the right direction.') They called the 'thinker' mad—they made him so. Bigotry hurled back the great restless mind upon itself, after its vain grapplings with these stagnant elements, and it gnawed and gnawed 'till it eat away its own vitality.

"Poor fellow! If, as many good people believe, it is permitted to disembodied spirits to hover over, and look down sympathizingly on this earth and its transitions, surely the heart of the 'mad' man must have leapt for joy as years rolled on, and some other mind set about 'thinking for itself'—saw the new-born infant in its cradle of sighs and tears, and took pity upon it, nourished it with the fine wheat of inquiry, and clothed it in the free-trade robes of experiment, till at length it grew up (not to its full Titanic development,—future generations must achieve *that* triumph), and become a giant, his feet on the Nadir, his head almost at the Zenith, his Briareus arms encircling the world."

"Depend on it, my good friend, it was not to connect continents merely, or to increase commerce and capital merely, or to exchange lofty courtesies and kind feeling from the sultry south to the frozen north merely—it does this, and 'tis well,—still less was it to convey our brothers like cattle to the shambles, into the fierce 'red rain' of the bloody field, that this mighty 'Alcides' has been nourished and brought up: 'tis to become in the

'fulness of times when God will reconcile all things to himself—all things, whether they be things in heaven or things on earth, by that man Christ Jesus,' the angel flying through the world with the 'everlasting Gospel;' 'every valley exalted, every mountain made plain,' belting the universe with a love-jewelled zone, even as the coronal rainbows are said to encircle the Andes, and evolving a gracious humanity, wearing on its peaceful breast a living embodiment of the God-man precept, 'known, and read of all,' *'Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye also unto them.'*

"This may be all very true, still you cannot see what it has to do with *your* opinion?" That Luther and Bunyan seem to be the staple commodity of our clique?"

But I believe you were just now wishing to chain Courtenaye and every other 'stripling' who set up 'thinking for themselves' to the wheels of your old chariot—'Opinion.' Depend you will never accomplish this. Have you never heard the wisest thing uttered by the Imperial watchmaker of Germany? "what a fool I have been to expend so much treasure and such vast quantities of blood in trying to make people think as I do, when I cannot get even two watches to go alike!" Therefore, my friend, it is no use wasting precious time in fencing with impalpable shadows. As to 'Luther and Bunyan being our staple commodities,' the grand PRINCIPLES, whose roots lie deep down in every English heart, are our 'staple commodity,' if you please, and we revere the memory of those regal spirits who contended valiantly for them, and for 'the faith once delivered to the saints,' the faith preached so successfully by your despised Courtenaye.

There ought to be but one religion, and people ought to be made go to one church?"

There is but one religion, dear sir, and the inspired epitome of it is very brief, 'Faith that worketh by love,'—

But how would you commence '*making* all people go to one church?' Would you revive the stake and the faggot? 'Believe or burn?' Smithfield or Tower Hill? in "merry England!"

Depend it will not do! People are wiser; they have begun '*thinking for themselves*' with the open Bible in their hands, and they won't think or act either much amiss. Nor will they have a padlock put on the book; *depend on that.*

"Then why don't they all think alike, and put an end to this new-fangled nonsense?"

Or in other words, why do not all people think as you do, and go to *your* church. Is not that the idea you would convey?

I suppose it is as possible in the nineteenth as it was in the fifteenth century, that difference of opinion may be the crucible from whence Truth is elaborated, and freedom of thought the fountain whence it abounds for the freedom of nations? otherwise, in what quagmires of error and superstition the world would long since have sunk!

But surely, of all people, *Christians* should agree to differ. Why should they be 'crossing each other with jealous and alien looks, guilty of such sad estrangement, and sadder effects, when professing to be sprinkled with the same blood, to bear the same name, to be heirs of the same inheritance?

Why, for the trifles in which Christians cannot agree, and perhaps it was never intended they should, should they stand aloof from each other in essentials they *can* embrace?

Why should our platforms be deserted, and our noblest Societies languish, because one man's ritual is less gorgeous than another's, or one ministrates in a surplice and another preaches in a coat?

Do you suppose, my dear sir, the inspired fishermen-Apostles had any such crotchets as these?

Why should brother Speed, after losing himself in the twilight labyrinths of controversy, quarrel with and snub brother Slow because he will not lose himself too?

Perhaps you will permit me to put a few stray thoughts on paper, and give me your opinion when we meet again?—The different churches have been aptly described as 'one broad fold, parted by hurdles,' over which one-eyed Bigotry cannot look. On one section is written Baptist, on another Episcopalian, on a third Independent, and so on; but there is a common distinctive mark on all the partitioned sheep; they know only the voice of ONE Shepherd, and Him they follow 'whithersoever he goeth,' whether bearing the cross, or exulting in victory. They all walk in ONE 'way,' clutching the same truth, and enter through ONE 'door' into life eternal, over whose shining portal is engraved, so plainly that 'he who runs may read,' an inscription bearing the sign-manual of the King of kings,—

"NO MAN COMETH TO THE FATHER BUT BY ME,—"
and it remains uninjured through corroding centuries, though desperate hands have striven to deface—or displace it by

lying facia of man's tradition ; but there it glows, a centralizing beacon, brightening under the receding clouds and shadows of expiring prejudice, as the majestic truth it propounds reigneth supreme over a subjugated world.

Ah, dear sir, depend on it, it is only that ONE reconciliation-point between offended Deity and rebel man—the Cross, whose light is powerful enough to reveal the why and wherefore of the upheavings of society—the moral earthquakes that convulse the world, destroying the prisons of oppression, and setting the chain-bound free ; and the humble follower of his Lord knows that it must be so, for His people are a ‘peculiar’ people, and he can recognise the glorious truth in the suspended laws of nature, when the proud waves became a wall of crystal adamant for his cloud-led ones to pass through, or when the sun stood still on Ajalon's valley.

He reads it in the rise and fall of giant empires and mighty thrones—Babylon, Nineveh, Egypt, Persepolis, Rome,—traces its outline in the truth-gleaming mythologies of the untutored Bechuana, or the philosophical Greek, whose sacrificial altars dimly symbolized the coral keystone of that arch uniting man to his Maker.”—

“WITHOUT SHEDDING OF BLOOD THERE IS NO REMISSION,”—nor less distinctly is his cherished truth visible in those curious pieces of wood or metal, in whose embrace slumbered the ‘world-starting elements of the Reformation’—in those mercy-angels, the Bible, Missionary, and other societies, sprinkling earth's wastes with the ‘Water of Life.’

Ah ! by the light of the Cross he reads too,—

“Despise not the day of small things,”—

and he thanks God, and takes courage as he looks with kindling eye on the ‘Young England’ regenerating Ragged-school—rearing its healthy, cheerful face, and bearing on its banner the Excelsior,—

“It is not the will of your Father in heaven that one of these little ones should perish.”

Thus, leaning firmly against the Cross, the believer

“Bids earth roll, nor feels its idle whirl ;”—

but there is no sectarianism in the Cross, my dear sir. What gravitation is in the natural world, the Cross is in the spiritual.—

“I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me.”

Herein is love, and love knows nothing of sectarianism : wherever "Gospel tidings" echo, there liberty lives, and Refinement, Sympathy, and true Progression, bless humanity. Did ever like glory grace the tread of the hag Superstition ?

Shall we ask the Amphitheatre, the Catacombs, the Inquisition, the dungeons of Rome, to give back their immolated dead, and tell

Shall we invoke the martyrs of Smithfield, or summon the slaughtered Huguenots and Covenanters to reply ?

The Gospel says, "*By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love to one another. I rejoice with them that joy, and weep with those that weep,*" and such is the language of its follower ; he looks abroad into the sin and sorrow-groaning world, and over his softened heart come thoughts of HIM who sought the abodes of guilt and misery, blotting out the former in His blood, and the latter with His tears, and he learns what *true* love and *true* compassion are.

Yes, he must stand over the manger where the God-child veiled his glory in suffering humanity : he must wend weeping into the gloom of GETHSEMANE, and catch the call of anguish—" *Could ye not watch with me one hour ?*" and melt under the loving excuse, "*the spirit is willing, but the flesh weak :*"

He must steal with Peter into Herod's judgment-hall, and mark the crown of thorns and the mocking purple.

He must ascend Calvary and listen to the prayer,—

"FATHER, FORGIVE THEM !—"

from lips all smitten and bruised with the brutal blows of the fierce Roman.

He must watch the blood trickling from the languid brow, as it slowly washes away that foul indignity—the soldiers' spitting,—

He must cower at the last, loud death-cry, "*IT IS FINISHED !*"—and as he beholds the fountain of the great deeps of God's love broken up, and overflowing a lost world, some of that mercy-blood will fall on his subdued heart, and then, *then* can he stand coldly by and see his brother perish, for whom those priceless life-drops were poured out like water ?

Shall he ask, "Is he Jew or Greek ? Is he bond or free ?"

Ah, no ! his language is, "Is he a sinner ?" So am I.

"Is he blood-bought ?" So am I.

"Is he a traveller and pilgrim, way-weary and way-soiled ?" So am I.

"Is he buffeted with temptation, and down-trodden?" So am I.

"Is he hungry and naked, sick, and in prison?" So am I.

"Is he Christless?" Ah, blessed be God, I am not that! and with this thought flooding his soul with the light of brotherhood, onward he goes into the sin-groaning world, panting to tell his brother sinner of this wondrous Saviour, whose love found out even him, and beseech him to "BELIEVE AND BE SAVED."

Oh, my dear doctor, what a brotherhood is that which the Gospel teaches!

Listen to its pass-word, settled in the council-chamber of the Great King, ere time began, and anthemed by the seraphic host as they hovered in wondering delight over Bethlehem's star-lit plain,—"PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD-WILL TO MAN!"

Yet what "peace," so long as men and women bite and devour one another over the specific gravity of a shadow?

What "good," while they burn and freeze over superstitious creeds, and reject the grandest, the most humanizing precept ever enunciated?—

"Whatsoever ye would men should do unto you, do ye also unto them?"—

This is true catholicity; true social enlightenment and refinement. It is an exquisite concentration of all the homilies ever penned, or the nostrums ever propounded by Peace Societies and anti-slavery champions, and, acted out, would turn Imperial freebooters and Royal robbers into brothers beloved, putting an end to "wars and rumours of wars."

But only union, UNION TO JESUS, will do this. Sectarianism never will. He tells you so. Listen—

"Without me ye can do nothing."

"Except ye abide in me, ye can bear no fruit."

"Without me ye can do nothing." Ye cannot go out into the wilderness of moral and spiritual destitution, of want and woe, of oppression and crime, and pour in the heavenly dew of sympathy and help; but ye cannot have Me while ye bite and devour one another over a man-made creed.

Depend on it, my dear sir, the beat of the mighty pulse of Religion "pure and undefiled" is self-vindicating, and making itself heard around; real, practical, and working, for that is only a sham Religion which is not an energizing, acting inspiration, going out in deeds of brotherhood in the home-walk, and in the business-walk; in the church, and in the counting-house; in the day

of "small things," and the day of "great things;" in fact, the Religion cast up and concentrated in that brief but comprehensive syllabus of Apostolic teaching,—

"THE FAITH THAT WORKETH BY LOVE,"

and hence reaching the broad requirements of the Gospel.

But while one brother thinks he shall be saved because some one subscribed to a creed for him before he knew anything about it, and another because he subscribed after he did know something about it; while one swims with gallant Luther's life-jacket cast around him, and another decks himself in his robe of works; while one thinks there ought to be divorce between Church and State, one or the other, or may be *both*, being a "little profligate," and another thinks the venerable though somewhat testy and jealous pair should be allowed to

"Live and love together,
Sharing each other's sorrows;"

while one stands armed at all points, ready to enter the lists on his hobby Successor, and "do to death" any one daring enough to meddle with his myth in a galloping consumption, and each brother luxuriates on the enchanted ground of his *own* orthodoxy, brandishing the keen-edged sword of controversy, in the *ignis fatuus* hope of thrusting his creed through his neighbour's conscience, "*a stronger than he is spoiling his goods!*" The great enemy looks on well pleased. *He* sees the "kingdom divided against itself," and knows that while this strife goes on a wealth of souls and bodies perish. *He* is aware that they are filling "cisterns that will hold no water," "when strength and heart shall fail;" and he fans the flame of discord with the exulting flap of his fiery wings, while men seem "ignorant of his devices."

Just fancy, now, dear doctor, what a result would ensue if all the great and good people of each Protestant church (and, blessed be God, they are many), would agree to "settle their differences in Heaven," and fraternise—become so fashionable in all but religious matters—with the grand object of making an irresistible aggressive onslaught against Earth's terrible twin giants, SIN and SORROW.

Oh, what a Crusade would that be! All ranks would catch the lofty enthusiasm, even as of old, when the fiery Hermit held up the Cross, or the inspired Maid waved the sacred banner.

Princes would flock to swell the ranks!

Angels would watch the progress of the conflict! The "spirits

of the just made perfect," the loved and lost would look down from

"Where they summer high in bliss,"

with intense desire to once more stand side by side with those they left behind

Oh! what a Crusade! One blood-stained banner waving in its midst!

One Banner Inscription,—"*Faith that worketh by love.*"

One inspiring Battle-cry,—"*Peace on earth and good-will to men.*"

One majestic End,—"*GLORY TO GOD.*"

One jubilant Poëan,—"*Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ!*"

The writer recollects, with mournful vividness, even after the lapse of many years, a calamity at one of our summer marine resorts. It was the quiet Sabbath; the morning had been bright, and the sheeny waves danced in the sun's warm smile, to the music of their own rippling song. In the spacious offing were gallant ships of many nations riding at anchor. To the left, almost beyond the range of vision, rose irregular terraces of vegetation, their dark masses strongly relieving the foreshortened horizon, its looming indicative of change in the weather. The sky, seemingly robed for a peace festival, was arrayed in bright azure, contrasted with a few chaste slashings of silvery, downy cloud, the gift of Neptune from the Nereides of the main; and involuntarily that unutterable blue lured the longing eye onward to an infinity over whose jasper firmament the sable banner will never unfurl, for, "*there shall be no night there.*"

Glad notes resounded from a thousand sylvan songsters; and from variegated battalions of flowers, encamped before numerous white villas, dotting the inland view, came a perfume whose odour stole into the soul.

It was a lovely scene! an Eden ere the serpent Sin blighted its glory.

"Oh! this world is full of beauty,

As the starry one above;

And if we did our duty.

It would be full of love."

Suddenly the wind changed—"flew into the north-east," as sailors say,—and a hurricane commenced; the waves, like a refreshed Titan, mounting and angrily marching, crested with foam, scathed by the lashing wind. The vessels pitched and tossed heavily, and one or two slightly-moored small craft were dashed on the beach, near to the spectators gathered to watch the grand yet terrible storm.

From one of the vessels abruptly rose the piercing cry, "Man overboard!" In a moment all eyes were turned to the spot, and a human form was seen manfully breasting the furious elements in the direction of the shore, but the dominant waves bore the struggler rapidly outward, and ere boats could be lowered from the ships or manned from the shore, a fearful space sundered the victim from help!

Above the shriek of the storm and roar of the waters rose his rending cry!

It was an agonizing moment! With bated breath and blanched cheek every eye was strained towards the struggling man, and none asked if he were "Churchman or Dissenter;" the universal spirit of Sympathy was there, leaving no room for party thoughts.

With what intensified anxiety did all watch the boats pushing to the rescue—now rising on the curling billows like birds of storm—anon buried between the foaming ravines!

Manfully did the brave rowers strain every nerve in that mercy-race! Right earnestly did their brawny arms pull to near their sinking fellow!—

"Blessings on the dauntless spirits
Dangers thus who nobly brave,
Ready life and limb to venture
So they may a brother save."

But all their efforts were vain. One wild shriek of despair, and the victim went down!

A piercing cry,—"*Save him! for God's sake save him!*" rang through the hushed crowd, and into their midst darted an agitated man, throwing his arms wildly into the air, shouting "a thousand pounds for the man who saves him!" but his starting eye rested only on the spot where the waves rolled remorselessly over the Perished!

Oh! the look that settled on his face, when Hope lay dead in

her shroud of tears, requiemed with that piercing prayer, "*Save him! for God's sake save him!*"

The storm went down, and, like a forgiven child, when its passion is spent, Nature smiled, all unheeding the desolation it had wrought in its short, but stern career.

We subsequently learnt that he whose strong cry broke the stillness of the crowd was captain of the ship from whence the drowned man fell, and that he was his brother!

The former had been on shore, detained by the storm, when, hearing some one had fallen overboard from his ship, he hastened towards the beach, from whence he could at once watch the boats, and the struggling man, whom he recognised, shrieking, "*Save him, he is my brother!*"

This is just the feeling now wanted in the various ranks of those bearing commission under the Great Captain of our Salvation, "*Save him, he is my brother!*"

He is perishing for whom Christ died, **SAVE HIM!**

Suppose any seaman on that shore had stood, with inhuman indifference, refusing to make one in the mercy-boat because he was not sure all the rowers belonged to his church, or because one was a Baptist, and another an Episcopalian, would not an indignant burst have vindicated outraged humanity? Yet it would have been but to the *body's* rescue he refused to come; and sudden as was the stern summons, it might have wafted the soul of the "brother" on the shores where

"Not a wave of grief shall roll,
Across his peaceful breast,—"

we know not! but we *do* know that millions of immortal spirits are perishing around, and men look on unmoved, with dry eyes, and dryer hearts.

Oh! for the moving cry to peal over the world, "**SAVE HIM! HE IS MY BROTHER!**"

This would hush the thunder of battle, and wipe away the tears of nations.

This would scare from our folds the stealthy prow of the Popish wolf coming but to "maim and destroy."

This would open our Halls and Rooms, "in season and out of season," and an untrammelled salvation would be trumpeted for the repentant believer.

This would sweep earth's wildernesses of moral blight, and

they would "blossom as the rose," ushering in that glorious day
"when all the kingdoms of the world shall become the
kingdoms of God and of his Christ."

"SAVE HIM! HE IS MY BROTHER!"

**"Man the life-boat! man the life-boat!
Christian, up! and succour send,
See the shatter'd vessel staggers;
Quick, oh quick, assistance lend!"**

**There's a storm, a fearful tempest,
Souls are sinking in despair,
There's a shore of blessed refuge,
Try, oh try to guide them here!"**

CHAPTER XVI.

An Event that may be Skipped.

"There be more things in the world than thy philosophy dreameth of."

First Voice :—"And so, Saint Courtenaye, with all his gammon, and praying without ceasing, has found time to trip into the slough of unsanctified affection!"

The above characteristic remark fell from the lips of that "sinful man in the flesh," Attorney Redman, to his industrious wife as she sat darning his fancy socks after the turmoil of the day (he had an almost infantine weakness for fancy socks and shoes had this John Josiah), and he manfully made the said remark to give vent to a large portion of spleen he had brought from office, well knowing how to vex and irritate her, when he dare not show off there.

"La, John; however can you talk so! I am sure Mr. Courtenaye seems a very nice kind of young man," replied Mrs. Redman.

The impressive lady had been persuaded to hear the young evangelist, and "quite delighted with his preaching," as she told her worthy husband, who found in this simple circumstance a new subject for "making words" between them when others waxed old.

But softly, softly, Master John Josiah, what sympathy is there between the pure and open-hearted and *you*?

What know you of love, deeper and stronger than that courting through your gold-fevered veins for your idolized self?

What do pearls do in your mouth? Lawyers, like "charming women" should not talk of "things which they don't understand," or it may be very awkward.

Move on, Mr. John Josiah! move on! touch not the noble and the lofty—they know thee not—go thou and learn what this meaneth,—

"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour."

Second Voice :—Mr. Flint, rich, pious, bachelor Freemason, who regularly went to church every Sunday morning and prayed for the "widow and the fatherless, and all that are desolate," carefully buttoning up his purse-pocket meanwhile, and allowing an orphan niece to struggle with penury—

"Capital way, young sir, to cramp your usefulness by hanging a millstone round your neck in the shape of a wife, especially such a gay young woman, as——"

Fie, fie, Mr. Flint! what can you possibly know about wives! do you think they are all like Lot's? Why do you not try to induce some sister of mercy, in the shape of "a millstone," to take pity on you, and humanize you a little? You require 'looking to,' depend on it, my good Mr. Flint.

Third Voice :—Miss Envyvina, not very young nor very old, but much given to a little spiritual flirtation in a mild way with young ministers of any denomination. "Exceedingly strange that such a really good-disposed young man as Mr. Courtenaye should select such a very worldly minded young person as Miss Grenville for a wife—such a fashionist too!"

Very strange indeed, Miss Envyvina, but we know something that would have been a great deal stranger.

Fourth Voice :—Curate of Saint Clement's, very "touch-me-not," looking, and not much given to smile—too austere for that.

"So the spiritual Abaris is not above his price! Easier to talk religion than to walk religion when there is a bait of 'loaves and fishes in the way.'"

Excuse us, reverend sir, do you speak from personal experience? Your "good natured friends" say the same of you; hush! hush! don't forget the lovely precept, "*charity never faileth.*"

Fifth Voice :—Mrs. Overstock, well-to-do physician's wife, with seven marriageable "girls,"—

"Miss Grenville will make but a sorry wife for a poor minister, with her expensive tastes and habits, and not the slightest idea of domestic management! How could she have, poor thing! brought up as she has been! I feel assured that Dr. Grenville will never give his consent. What prospect of happiness can there be for her?"

Well, dear madam, and surely this is all Miss Grenville's affair, and need not agitate your compassions so powerfully.'

Sixth and last Voice :—The genius of Discord in the garden of Hesperides, our ancient acquaintance Miss Scandalson.

"Pity the poor girl, who is evidently very weak-minded; has no friend to point out these things in their proper light! If I were on visiting terms with her now I would very soon open her eyes to the young man's real character. I know one or two things about him that if she were acquainted with would soon alter her opinion and make her despise him! Weak, wilful girl, she wants a good influence! I only wish I was——"

Stop, stop for one moment, my good lady—surely you cannot be ignorant of the *on dit*s of your friends [?], they say precisely the same thing of you; 'that there are one or two things about you, and if your character were known in its real phase, people would despise you.' Some even go so far as to do so, and no doubt they are among the excellent of earth; do not, therefore, at the unctious to your vanity by believing your influence so potent as self-love whispers while the high-minded and the pure-hearted ever shun you."

"Oh, that the gods the gift would give us,
To see ourselves as others see us."

If they invested you with this 'gift' of inner sight you would soon cease to apply a monster magnifying lens to the sins and follies of your acquaintance, and a diminishing glass to your own, until they 'appear small by degrees and beautifully less,' at length exhibiting a dissolving view, which you contrast exultingly with the ruins and shattered torsos of the fair structures of character you have leveled to the dust; but you 'reckon without your host,' Miss Scandalson, so you will discover some day!"

Lord Bacon tells us; and as he spoke from experience, may no doubt be relied on, "slander is one of the taxes that excellent people pay to the public; the best are most injured by it, as birds peck at the ripest fruit;" and for the scandal-loving world in all ages Sheridan has recorded a maxim full of the grace that, like an heirloom, inheres in his name,—

"Believe not every idle tale,
As some weak people do,
But still believe that story false
That ought not to be true."

Be sure, good Madam, it is a serious act to trifle with character,

emphatically that of woman, or minister ; it is like "snow, breathe upon it and it is tainted, touch it and it dissolves : " and are not the reasons "why and wherefore" self-evident ?

Neither is it necessary to say in so many words, "I know one or two things about him or her, which if known, etc.," because one of your whispers, an initiated look, a raising of the eyebrow, a shake of the head, a movement of the hand—ay, or of the foot—will insinuate volumes voraciously devoured by certain classes of the community, who reserve to themselves not only the "right of translation," but of issuing a new and improved, at any rate an enlarged, edition of the work ; and what shall be said of that portion of society whose minds are nourished by the minces, ragouts, and fricasees cooked up from the most tender parts of their neighbours' reputation, with the occasional variation of their being "made game of," to suit the appetites of the more charitable, fastidious, and respectable !

Surely this same potent, all-judicial thing, "Society," has much to answer for in this way ?

"If there were no scandal-lovers there would be no scandalizers," did the "genius of Discord" remark ?

A truism, even if it had been propounded by the arch-hypocrite himself, and bears out that quaint, and not very refined proverb, "the receiver's as bad as the thief." But suppose, for a brief moment, we revert to the truism, how simple and come-at-able seems the panacea ; let each do what in him or her lies to clip the branches and stay the spread—nay, to up-root this domestic Upas by erecting between it and character a barricade bearing on its front the Golden law,—

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye unto them."

Many well-meaning but supine people will listen to the most unkind and unlikely tales concerning their neighbours without attempting to check the calumny, though their better natures revolt at it, sheltering themselves behind the mischievous enquiry, "What can I do ? I am only one in society ! my voice would soon be drowned !" and so on ; yet it is true now as ever it was, "where there's a will there's a way," and only *one* influence for good or evil is vast ; it has been finely compared to a "stone cast into a river, the circles form immediately round it ; those which are nearest are strongest and most apparent, but they increase and widen till there is no calculating the extent to which

they reach." Energized by the motive sympathy for a brother's or a sister's weal, if every one did their best ("and angels could no more") to stay this plague there would be fewer wretched homes, and estranged affections, and cold looks, and riven ties, and broken hearts in this world of ours.

Or, reverse the truism : if there were no scandalizers there would be no listeners, and let us each put to herself the question, "Is it I?" and if the black drop of scandal lurks in the veins, wring it out, and—

" Still believe the story false
That *ought* not to be true."

Then as to Courtenaye—his biographer never hinted at the idea of his being a "spiritual Abaris," or a "faultless monster whom the world ne'er saw." Had any one offered him the poison-bowl of flattery he would have turned from the draught with disgust, as all true ones do ; and it is but just to assure our fair readers, Miss Scandalson included, that he had battled undauntedly with his heart's new beautiful guest, ere he sunk vanquished ; and as the effort to forget is but too often Memory's key-note, so the struggle to keep the image of Mary beyond that heart-threshold, only found it nestling with deeper tenderness in its citadel ; yet it is probable he never would have breathed his precious secret to any human ear, much less to her who had enshrined it there, but for the accident which sent the impulsive girl into his outstretched arms, with the terror-cry "Save me, save me !"

Say now, you whose hearts have not been preserved in ice, and are not cutting fragments of flint and steel, never nearing each other to produce fire and warmth, is it wonderful that as her trusting cry fell on his ear, and her gentle bosom pulsated for one moment close to his own as the fair creature clung to his encircling arm, his love smouldering and stifled-down as it was, attracted by its kindred essence, should have leaped out and united with hers into one pure bright flame, destined to burn for ever and ever ? and though, as some frigid beings—who would have made capital inmates for the ice-palace of the Imperial murderess of Russia—declare that it is "very wrong for ministers to have feelings and affection like other people," we prefer appealing to those who have loved, and struggled, and sorrowed to judge our young pastor ; let the sinless cast the first stone.—

"Reader, can you ?"

"No, you cannot?" Ah, 'tis even so. "If we say we have no sin we deceive ourselves."

And now we may go over the old philosophically macadamized road, and add to the skeleton-worn remarks, "what a strange thing the human heart is! How it is ever playing at cross purposes!"

"What a mysterious thing love is, ever eluding the dictates of policy and prudence, and ensconcing itself with a mischievous chuckle into the most unlikely corners!"

"What a singular marriage Miss So-and-so made!"

"Who would have thought of Lord This-or-that fancying such a mere child?"

I wonder—but when we have multiplied these wonders and truisms, *ad infinitum*, we shall at last find ourselves just where we set out on our exploring mania, for there is very little in this great whispering gallery,

"Self-balanced on its centre hung,"

that is not a mystery."

What are the stars, the flowers?

What is Life, and its shadow Love? Death, and its twin brother Sleep?

What is the Soul, and its first-born Thought?

What is Time, and what Eternity?

But is there not a still greater Mystery? a mystery the loftiest Intelligencies of heaven yearningly desire to look into, while we, dots in the vast creation waste our precious hours on aught beside, though joy or woe interminable hinges on our reception of it, the science and the song of all Eternity:—

"'Tis mystery all, the Immortal dies,
Who can explore the strange design?
In vain the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine.
Amazing love! how can it be
That thou, my God, should die for me?"

Only in the light of this wondrous Love can we catch faint streaks of life's lesser mysteries; and when, from her glory-home, the enfranchised soul looks on all the ways (rough and thorny and mysterious though they have been) by which she has reached at last her rest, how will the exulting anthem ring through the abiding city,—

"True, and just are all thy ways, thou King of Saints!"

Conscious even to agony that under the impulse of terror she betrayed her love, Mary shrunk from herself and others, fancying all eyes would turn shunningly on her; but above all she dared not reflect on what "he must think;" she feared to pay her accustomed visits to the poor lest she should encounter the object who occupied her waking and sleeping thoughts—neither dared she to go to the Leslies; how could she meet the enquiring looks that would be directed towards her? and Julia with instinctive delicacy forbore to seek a confidence she felt would be reposed in due time, while Courtenaye, torn with conflicting feeling, longed to pour out his "heart's full tide" of affection, and ask her leave to propitiate the doctor. A trifling and most unlooked for event occurred just then, precipitating the anxiously desired opportunity.

Having passed a week without seeing her favourite, though she had heard frequently from her, and rejoiced in her recovery from the fright she had sustained, and judging with feminine instinct that she might be useful in this delicate embarrassment, which was evidently depriving them of the pleasure of her society, Mrs. Leslie determined to seek Mary, and by judicious sympathy lead her to speak on the subject which so deeply interested them all; next to her own handsome husband she regarded the young pastor as verging on perfection.

"We have all wished for you very much, and are afraid you have suffered more from your fright than you would confess, darling," said Julia, kissing the varying cheek of Mary, "Why did you not come to us last evening as usual?"

Mary did not reply, but throwing herself into Mrs. Leslie's arms, she wept freely, and then over her heart came soothing, loving words, and counsel, until it gushed out in entire confidence, and when her sweet face was uplifted from the sympathising bosom of her friend its deepened tint was brightened with the flush of hope.

"Poor Courtenaye! he spent the evening with us as usual, but was not quite his own cheerful self—he, too, wants a counsellor, but who could advance a step into that quiet heart?" remarked Mrs. Leslie.

Again the face of Mary is on the breast of her friend, and ere her voice had ceased its guileless murmurs the door opened, and the object of their solicitude was announced.

A shade of embarrassment passed over the face of Courtenaye

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but he greeted them both with his usual confidence-inspiring way, and then explained to Mary that his visit was to her father, and he had expected to have been shown into his study.

"Papa will not be home till seven," replied Mary, scarce knowing what she said,—her heart beat almost to agony,—“can I be his substitute, or give him any message?” and she smiled sweetly through her confusion.

"Perhaps you will be a much more successful pleader than I shall," answered Courtenaye in a cheerful tone, for he saw the struggle in Mary's bosom, and, with true refinement, scarce looked into the tearful eyes before him, but endeavoured to restore her usual ease and freedom by explaining at once the purport of his visit.

"I hope to interest him in a plan suggested by a philanthropic friend for ameliorating the miserable condition of the poor in our Unions; he has written and begged me to call immediately on the Guardians and endeavour to secure their interest, when he brings his plan before the public.

"I will not fail to tell him you have called and wish to interest him," replied Mary, "but I warn you, though one of the best of men, my dear papa does not like trouble, and may not——"

"There goes nurse with my bairn!" suddenly exclaimed Mrs. Leslie, springing up; "O, I must shew you his first wee tooth," and before Mary could reply, away she darted as if, like Courtenaye, she had found

"A spirit in her feet."

After a moment's silence he rose, and seating himself by Mary's side, said, in a tone which had a touch of sadness in it—

"I fear I have given you just cause for displeasure, by my unguarded expressions on that never-to-be-forgotten night when the love of my heart burst controul and told on itself; may I hope that love may plead for——?"

Mary spoke not; her face was partly turned from his tender gaze, but her quivering frame told of the emotion within.

Then he continued in a more impassioned but low heart-tone, which thrilled every strained cord of her soul,—

"That event woke me from my false dream of hiding my love from human eye, and revealed the truth, that all my hopes of earthly happiness are——" again he paused, no reply came Mary was deathly pale; the rich blood had deserted brow and

cheek, nerving her heart to look on its wondrous bliss, and for a moment it stood still in that enraptured gaze: she seemed like the old Greek about to die of joy at the prize won.

Courtenaye took her hand in his—'twas icy cold; did the delicate fingers close on his with a leal and lingering clasp, or was it one of Love's sweet fancies born of Hope? He held it between his own burning palms as if to impart some of the warmth and life pulsating so strangely there—he pressed it to his lips, clasped it to his bosom, and murmured, in an agitated voice,—

"Say you will not cast from you a heart that will find a lifetime too short to prove all its truth and tenderness; speak one dear word," he added fervently, as the hush of her soul remained unbroken, "only *one!*" and he convulsively strained the tremulous fingers to his heart to still the tumult there.

Ah! did the beating of that warm heart against her fingers thaw the chained-up current?

She turned for one instant towards the pleading face at her side: the torrent swept its crimson tide over brow and cheek, and the next she hid blushes, tears, and bliss on that true and noble breast.

"My bride! My love!" murmured Courtenaye.

And then they part to dream—not of a father's stern refusal—not of a brother's unnatural villany—much less that, the "*fashion of this world passeth away.*"

Oh, what a vista of bliss opens, which no shadows lengthen! What a zone jewelled and gemmed from Love's exhaustless mine clasps round the entire being!

What wreaths and wreaths of flowers which are never to fade or die, does that loving girl twine and throw round her idol!

With what pictures of rare and rich beauty does she deck his fireside! What a path of roses, not one leaf crushed, should this life-journey be!

Dream on, sweet one! Who shall whisper into thine honey-laden ear,—

"Little children, keep yourselves from idols."

But he, that quiet-hearted man, does he, too, dream?

"Yes, yes! he dreams—dreams of the times when "*holiness to the Lord*" shall fling a glory-robe over her character, gilding all that is so bright and beautiful now!

He will watch and pray, and lead her young footsteps beside

the still waters of the river of life, into the flowery pastures of the love of Jesus!

He will shield that trusting heart from every storm-sweep, from every lightning flash!

He will make her quiet homestead a thing of joy and bliss for ever!

He will —————

Ah, dream on man! Quaff long draughts from Hope's ariel fountain of sunshine and song!

Dream on! such dreams gild life's sky but once, and they redeem an age of sorrow,—

The heart's long-panted for Eureka!

The fabled fountain of Love's perennial youth!

The Phrygian touch transmuting all into gold!

The Caduceus wand brightening all into peace!

The enchanted robe that no arrow can pierce!

The Icarian wings soaring beyond the clouds!

The Iris, without the rain drops, spanning the future!

The heart's long—long sought *Home*!—

Dream on!—true it is now, as when it was penned ages since,—

"Love is strong as Death."

True it is now, as when it first fell from inspired lips,—

"The fashion of this life passeth away."

"Passeth away!" Yes, often ere the midsummer's sun has robbed the earth in her flowery mantle, or the autumn winds howled mournfully over the lonely hills! and it must be so, or who among us would not lie down amid life's flowers, all unheeding the claims of that better, brighter world, whose bliss "it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive," and of whose crowning bliss earth knows not the meaning—it is **ETERNAL**. "No time" 'mid the rush and whirl of Joy's chariot wheels to think of—much less prepare for—the "*City which hath foundations*!"

Ah! the roots of that much-coveted exotic, **HAPPINESS**, cannot strike deep and wide in Time's shifting soil. Unlike those of the stately forest trees, which hold firmer and throw out wider as the hurricane sweeps off the tender branches, the blasts and mutations of earth injure and destroy the delicate fibres of this king of trees; hence it only grows to perfection in that clime where storms and tempests are unknown, and where its roots can strike deep in the "everlasting hills."

Is then, all this wealth of love to perish and pass away—
sometimes at its birth, sometimes ere its April's sun has kissed
away its childhood's tears? Is the serpent ever to trample on
and destroy this last flower of Paradise?

Nay, Love is imperishable!—

“The holy flame for ever burneth,
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest time of love is there.”

“He that loveth wife or child more than Me is not worthy of Me.”

Here is light that pierces the gloom!

Here the key that unlocks the complex ward!

The child of God loves not the gift the less, but the Giver
more, for that pearl of feelings, gratitude, perfumes the ever up-
rising incense.

“LITTLE CHILDREN, KEEP YOURSELVES FROM IDOLS.”

CHAPTER XVII.

Taking Consent.

"There is a close connexion between sound intellectual attainments and the higher elements of duty and enjoyment."

"MR. COURTENAYE, Sir!" announced the pompous footman, who, like the generality of his *genus*, was a vast deal "better fed than taught," and the young pastor entered the doctor's study "to have a few words on parish business," and to lay their hopes on the family board of the Poor-Law Guardian, according to agreement between Mary and himself at their interview.

"Certainly, the idea of such a human machine having a "study,"—which might more properly have been named his dormitory,—was laughable enough; but it was a fashionable and popular delusion, much indulged in in his day; and albeit, the other apartments in the mansion had nothing to complain of, this said study was the best, and best appointed resort in it; a perfect nest for Self to brood in.

What an enchanting vista greeted the eye from the spacious windows! What a classically-designed ceiling! What a foot-burying carpet! What sleep-suggesting chairs, contrived by the united aid of art and science, to foster the idea that the possessor was sitting upon nothing! What capacious, sensible, thoughtful-looking tables! What shelves upon shelves of brain-work, bound in calf and gold; and *fast* bound in brass and mahogany, looking as if for years they had been crying, "We can't get out!" What a massive, grand, antique — — — but why continue the description? No doubt the man's character will suggest some idea of what his surroundings in the material would be; and

though in this favourite room all was very well and very tidy, not a thing out of its place, or a "screw loose" to hang a string of fault-finding upon, one could easily conceive that the earthquake which burst from the Miner's brain could never have been amalgamated in such a retreat; or the deathless dream of the Tinker visioned forth from those luxurious chairs.

It was not the study either of the Poet, those "Hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration," whose gems of thought the gold of Ophir could not purchase sleep hieroglyphically on the unconscious paper, and are scattered hither and thither in "glorious confusion."

It was not the study of the Painter, who from a whole Babel of strange, useless-looking material, creates visions that make the "heart drunk with beauty."

It was not the studio of the Sculptor, who sits before the yielding stone 'till forms of grace start into life beneath his enchanted touch, and Nature stoops down and kisses the beautiful creation that men foolishly said would rival her.

It was not the study of the Son of Science, who with earnest eye and corrugated brow bends over models of machinery destined to unite both worlds.

Neither was it the study of the devoted Servant of God, who, sinking on bended knee before the Book whose lessons shall make him wiser than all, murmurs, "*Teach me Thy will, my God and King!*"

No! it was simply the study of a common-place man, where Self was the deity enshrined and worshipped; yet there were precious things there even in the owner's eyes. There was a bust and two full-length (or folly size) portraits of himself, and another of Mary just after she left school, standing out from the canvas with such a life-like grace and beauty, that it was evident the artist only required the smoke and cob-webs of two or three centuries to concrete over them, and the fashion to be introduced of "rendering unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's," to cry up his paintings as marketable at any price for our national defences against taste and genius,—

"True fame's a plant that seems to need
A body buried for its seed;
And, ere the charlish suckling thrive,
The parent stock must cease to live."

Courtenaye glanced round, rested his eye a moment on the said

painting, and seated himself near our worthy doctor, who put down his newspaper, dropped his gold eye-glass, performed a sort of elongation of his body (or the upper part of it), which he meant to pass for rising, and then seated himself in his easy chair in an attitude which plainly enquired, "Well sir! and I wonder what has brought you here!"

In his own forcible and unaffected manner the young pastor opened up the ideas suggested by his friend, for alleviating the sufferings of the poor in the Unions throughout the land, and entreated the doctor, as one of the Guardians, to use his influence for their adoption.

"I never interfere with any of the concerns of the poor, Mr. Courtenaye; I simply accompany the other Guardians when our presence is required; but we never look into these kind of things; we take the Governor's word that all is managed as it should be," replied the doctor, freezingly.

"Perhaps my friend's proposal can scarce be called an interference," said Courtenaye, persuasively, "inasmuch as it does not purpose to alter or set aside existing arrangements, but simply to add to them—most humanely, I think."

"Neither do I like innovations of *any* kind," significantly sledge-hammered the doctor.

"Will you permit me to leave the prospectus with you? I feel assured, after you have considered the suggestions, you will enter into the views of the excellent proposer," asked Courtenaye, who seemed not to hear the last remark.

"I must at once decline having anything to do or say in the matter, sir; I only accepted the office of Poor-Law Guardian upon condition that I was never called upon to do more than sign the Report, and your friend's plan may entail trouble, which I prefer at all times to avoid; besides, the poor are never satisfied; they are a discontented, ungrateful set, and the more you do for them the more you may do; depend upon it, you will only find yourself fishing in muddy water in the end!" refrigerated the Poor Law.

"I regret that your experience of the poor should induce such an opinion, my dear sir," (doctor grunted); "perhaps you may meet with more gratitude, in this instance, if you would show a deeper interest for their welfare. The little experience I have gathered among them is much the reverse. I have ever found them sensible of kindness, and grateful for sympathy," replied Courtenaye.

"Your experience sir," and the doctor meant the emphasised "your" to pass for a sneer, "must be very different from that of everybody else; and as we shall not in all probability agree on the subject, I have no more to say."

Poor Courtenaye cast a hopeless look at the lump of Honduras before him—his heart sunk for the success of his benevolent friend's intentions, which would have to fight inch by inch through, and over, such stagnant elements of prejudice and selfishness as evinced by this *Guardian* of the Poor, whom, alas! he well knew was only another representative official. Still, his great sympathy for the sufferings and wants of that class whose interests ever clustered round his warm heart, nerved him for one more attempt to melt this iceberg and win him over to the side of "the right and true;" he therefore continued, in an earnest, supplicating tone,—

"But may I not hope that you will re-consider this proposal? our common brotherhood, and the Christianity we profess, plead powerfully in favour of ———"

"Excuse my interrupting you, sir," re-refrigerated the doctor; I have already given you my opinion, and am not likely to depart from it."

"Such being the case, then, I have only to express the hope that you will not oppose the measure by your influence, if it is introduced," demanded Courtenaye.

"That depends upon circumstances, sir," said the Representative man.

Courtenaye was silenced. He felt that any further attempt to wake a ripple on this Dead Sea of stoicism by the soft breezes of Sympathy passing over it, would be a Sisyphean labour, and deemed absolute impertinence; he saw that, like the Imperial Sorceress of Egypt, this hard man had dissolved the most precious pearl of every-day life in acid, and swallowed it, setting all his teeth on edge by the act, and he had now only to deal with his future hopes and happiness. Audibly, even to his fingers' ends, pulsed his heart, under the conviction that the moment had arrived for laying bare its nestling secret before this mechanical official.

Like all true hearts—gathering even from the tree of Despair a twig whereon to look for a bud of Hope, and who can trace in the murkiest cloud a fissure through which a light-ray may steal—Courtenaye raised a glance to the picture of Mary,

which seemed to smile encouragement, and he began his love-tale in a tone that, at first, had a heart-quiver in it, but soon caught strength and fervour from the intenseness of his feelings.

"I would now for a few moments entreat your kind attention, my dear sir (grunt) to a subject intimately connected with your own happiness,—that of your lovely daughter, to whom my heart has long since yielded its tenderest affection (another grunt), and it is my joy to know *that* affection is returned, and we only wait your sanction to an engagement existing between us." He paused, with a flushed cheek and a kindling eye, then added in a softened, earnest, voice, "my whole life shall find a blessed employ in endeavouring to render her happy, and——"

"Mr. Courtenaye," interrupted the Guardian in that slow, cold, hard, precise, measured, dreadful manner, so much better understood than defined, "I believe my daughter is fully aware of my sentiments on this subject already; and while I should not object to seeing her the wife of any man she really loved, I must tell you candidly, and I am a plain-speaking man, sir, that I neither like your character nor your peculiar religious views well enough to give the consent you seek."

(Plain-speaking enough, in all conscience, good doctor, and not over and above polite! but it is unmistakeable and straightforward, and *that* is something now-a-days).

Courtenaye coloured, but he only said, in a subdued tone, something like that characterized by the Preacher-King as "*turning away wrath*,"—

"If there is anything in my religious views at variance with the teaching of Holy Writ, or if you will kindly point out those *traits* in my character which are no doubt inconsistent with its pure and perfect precepts, I will most gladly and thankfully give your suggestions profound attention; and if, consistently with my inward convictions, I can alter my views, I will do so. Many efforts shall be made on my part to gain the esteem of the father of——" Again his eye sought the living canvas, which seemed to wear a brighter smile, and the doctor observing the look, took up a reply, flying into that refuge for the destitute when closely pursued by Truth—generalities and abstractions.

"Why, as to that, sir, your character may be pretty much like others, well enough in its way; but I must say I don't like that way! I don't like your goings on in the town! I can't see what

good is to come of all your preaching and praying, and going among the poor; nor any use in breaking up old customs and habits, as you have! I can't understand what all this education and new-fangled nonsense is to do! Why, sir, if all this humbug goes on, our servants, if we can get any, will soon know better than we do, and what good will come of that, I should like to be told?"

"Do you think any harm can accrue from men being raised from mere machines to thinking creatures?" asked Courtenaye.

"To be sure I do!" quickly replied the Guardian, who fancying the very unargumentative tone of his victim implied inability to cope with his own elenching eloquence, went on with an increased hundred per cent. convincing power,—“to be sure sir, I do! and I am not alone in my opinions! Depend upon it we shall live to repent of these innovations! past experience warns us of this.”

Courtenaye was about to ask the favour of an illustration of the “past experience” alluded to, but the good doctor was firmly seated, and fairly off upon his favourite hack, and he was obliged to stand aside to escape being rode over.

“Many of the oldest and wisest men of my acquaintance think just as I do, that there will be no return to order and the good old times until all this education and preaching, and ranting, is put down! Why, sir, a man can't move off his seat but he is pestered for a donation to the Missionary, or Bible, or Tract Society! He can't go outside his door but a paper is thrust into his hand, begging for some Institution that is to do wonders, though no one ever sees any of them! And what with City Missionaries, tract distributors, and Misses under the influence of Dorcas' charities (out of whose way, by the by, a man never gets until his purse-strings are drawn), beside a whole regiment of other nuisances, a man's life is worried out of him! For my part, I can't think where it is all to end, or what the world is coming to! There was none of this nonsense when I was a boy, and we got on well enough! We had better servants, ay, sir, and better *preachers*, too,”—looking full and inclusive into Courtenaye's face—“men who didn't trouble themselves about their neighbours, or their concerns; they left them to do as they like, and go as they like, there was plenty of room, and the way was broad enough; but now, forsooth, your fanatic must mount up in the open fields, or by the wayside, to hold forth! Their

churches and meeting-houses are not big enough to contain them! Then they must push themselves into every poor man's hovel and garret, if any of them are sick or sorry, as if it was any concern of theirs! What right have these enthusiasts to take upon themselves all this, I should like to know? There was none of this kind of thing allowed when I was a boy! Our parsons could preach in their own churches; there was plenty of room, and to spare! They didn't trouble their heads about all this education, and visiting the poor, and humbug, I warrant them! They didn't hold forth in the fields and highways, or 'enlist,' as the term goes, the women of their parishes to be for ever running about in people's way, and doing all the odd jobs they didn't like to do themselves; and I tell you what, Mr. Courtenaye, sir, that's one thing I don't like in these new-fangled goings on, the women are too much mixed up with everything! They must be collectors and treasurers, and secretaries, and lecturers, and politicians, and writers, and heaven knows not what! What right have they to trouble their heads about such things, I should like to know? Why can't they stay at home, that's their place, and mind their families, and darn their stockings? There will be no return to peace and order 'till all this nonsense is done away with!"

Exhausted for want of breath, not retributive eloquence, demonstrated by the "Well, sir, what-do-you-think-of-that?"-look he cast at Courtenaye, the doctor paused, while the former, utterly bewildered by such a display of the good man's mental chromotrope, sought in vain, from among its evolutions, for a salient wherever to lay his hold and reply; in fact, he felt pretty much like the poor Irish lady, who, having vainly attempted to produce order from a whole pyramid of confusion at her splash season dinner, could only wring her hands in despair, and cry "Oh! Larry! Larry!" Still he was no craven, that Courtenaye, and wisely judging his silence would be construed into consent, he asked, with a smile,—

"But may not good exist and be progressing, though we cannot see it, my dear sir? may not the small seed be——"

"Don't believe one word of it! '*By their fruits ye shall know them,*' interrupted the doctor, casting a look of fierce exultation at his antagonist, as much as to say, "foiled with your own weapons! you didn't expect that, did you, my master!"

A hopeless expression flitted over the handsome face of

Courtenaye, but he returned to the charge with an unflinching courtesy, quite out of fashion now-a-days, and every way worthy of a nobler antagonist, as he enquired,—

"But why should not the glad tidings of salvation be proclaimed in the highways, or anywhere else to perishing souls? Those men who preach whenever an opportunity offers, but follow in the footsteps of the Eternal Preacher, who delivered some of His most practical and beautiful parabolic teaching by the wayside, from objects and similitudes around Him. Surely the great end of all preaching should be *His*—the salvation of immortal——"

"That—" again interrupted his antagonist, who clung with delight to the idea that he had the best of the argument because he had most words—"was all very well in those dark ages, when there were no churches to go to, and no bishops or anything; but do you for a moment believe,—ignorant and fanatic as you are"—he looked—"that if the Saviour were to come on earth again, He would go about the streets and lanes preaching in the open air, as he did in those benighted days! I don't believe one word of it!"

The young evangelist felt somewhat as the men of old must have felt when impious hands were put forth to touch the sacred Ark, as he replied,—

"It is not for a worm of earth like me to speculate on what the world's Saviour would do; we all know what He has done, and what He will do, my dear sir. He laid His glory by, and came to seek and save the lost, and He will come again to judge the quick and dead; and is there not intenser need now than ever for increased exertion among His followers? Should they not untiringly beseech their fellow-sinners to be reconciled to God? Look around and about at the fearful amount of iniquity! men are perishing by myriads, not because they are sinners, but because they are not pointed to Him, who himself tells us ——"

"No doubt, no doubt!" once again intervened the doctor, who thought he saw manifest symptoms of the cloven foot; CANT developing itself—under the head of which he included all allusion by others to Scripture in common talk, or on week days—"you will beat me there, 'tis part of your trade, you know; and 'tis plain as the sun in noon-day, we shan't agree on this point!" (or any other he might have added, for I am not to be silenced or convinced).

Courtenaye flushed to the very temples, but he only replied with a smile, "I hope we shall agree on this point, and many others some day, but if not—to differ as Christian men should; I feel assured you will never see any ill arising from preaching or instruction as long as it is of the right kind."

"I believe it is all calculated to bring the higher orders into contempt, and to make the poor discontented with their lot; and I am not alone in this opinion!"

"Are not the poor discontented now? Is not this very discontent and craving for some unpossessed good a fruitful pioneer to places of dissipation and crime? Why should they be denied the means of elevating themselves, and of knowing they have a threefold nature destined to exist for ever? Why should they not be given the power to gratify the higher part of their natures? For example, give a man of the lower classes a taste for reading, so truly called the 'mind's food,' and it will lift him above low sensuality,—

"Give him a home, a home of taste,
Outbid the house of gin."

Why, I think, my dear sir, if a man can only be kept away from the public-house by means of——"

"Very well! and very poetical! But how will it work?" observed the doctor, "look back a few years,—what did education and philosophy do for ancient Greece?"

Poor Courtenaye could scarcely keep his countenance at this flourish of an argument, which the enlightened man had pirated, ready made, from an antiquated Dean (not *Swift*) of his acquaintance, who was one specimen of the very few then left—and certainly ought to have been preserved in spirits, in the British Museum, as a natural curiosity, before the species became quite extinct,—of a fox-hunting, ball-going, electioneering, "moved-by-the-Spirit" successor of the Apostles; who "hated all innovation" of any kind, and whose stereotyped argument against education was that just quoted by his worthy friend, who continued his philippics against progression and enlightenment with fast-inflating energy,—

"What did ever education do for ancient Greece, I repeat, sir? And what brought about the French Revolution, but that rascally Voltaire, and his educating the people?" (Courtenaye's mouth again twitched nervously); "and, in our own times, what caused the Cato Street conspiracy, but all the education

and ranting let loose upon society? There was none of it when I was a boy; and what it will all come to, God only knows!"

Having, in his own estimation, reached the culminating point of his oratory, the doctor stopped, fully believing he had forever silenced his opponent. Not so—though Courtenaye felt very "Larryish" again, he remarked,—

"If the education given be founded on the Bible, there is nothing in its pure and holy teaching to foster disorder or discontent!"

"Well! well! I suppose, sir, it will all end in the tail getting uppermost, and we shall have every shoemaker, and tinker, and ploughboy sticking himself up to teach his superiors," replied the Guardian testily.

"And why may they not shine if the light is in them?" demanded Courtenaye, very quietly. "It is not necessary to be high-born, or even well-born, as the phrase goes to be high-souled; there are often mighty elements of character and refinement of mind where neither of the former advantages exist. The grandest revolutions the world ever saw have been effected by the working-classes, and we need not go back to the fishermen of Galilee to prove this; and that the dower of genius descends on no favoured class, we may cite Luther from the mine, Zuingle from the shepherd's cot, and Melancthon, the prince of theologians, from the armourer's workshop, to testify; and in our own land, the 'tinker,' the 'ploughman,' and the 'shoemaker,' still live in the world's memory, though they have long slept their sleep. Why, then, should any class hold the key of knowledge? Why should not the means be given for developing talent where it exists? and no doubt but a vast amount does exist, latent, buried under piles of brutalizing ignorance. Let men be taught to think, and by the emancipation of thought from the rust-eaten chains of preju——"

"Notwithstanding these exceptions," again unceremoniously interrupted the embodied Poor-Law, trying hard to look *au fait*, "I cannot but believe that, by making such equality in this respect, we shall be lowering ourselves in the end."

"Do you think that by raising the national character, by giving to genius and talent, where they exist, the power of development, and by elevating the masses to thinking, rational, intellectual beings, we shall be lowering ourselves?" asked Courtenaye.

"All this *sounds* mighty fine! But how do you think I should

like my coachman to quote bad Greek to convince me the great Trojan horse was fed on beans instead of chopped hay, or my footman to give me a scientific lecture on the component parts of Day and Martin's blacking," sneered the doctor.

Courtenaye smiled as he replied, "But do you imagine either that your coachman would drive the worse, or your footman polish the worse for his knowledge? The time devoted for its acquirement may have been redeemed from the ale-house or the gambling-board."

"But what *right* have the lower orders to knowledge and education?" once more asked the doctor.

"Birthright!" replied his young antagonist, "every child born on the ground of Christian England has a birth-right to education, and where the parents are too poor to provide it, that child belongs to the State, which should equally care for it. I have amused myself in my leisure moments by drawing up a short list of reasons why our crime calender is——"

But the outraged feelings of the startled listener could bear no more, and he wildly exclaimed,—

"What! do you mean to say, that burdened as we now are with the National debt, we ought to be taxed to pay for educating every poor man's brat in the parish, teaching them too to know better than ourselves, and paying for the weapons they will by and by fight us with?"

"We pay more to send them to our penal colonies, and thus generate crime, which festers and spreads in all its deadly hideous forms, till hell itself is scarce more terrible, save in duration," quietly answered Courtenaye. But the Poor-Law Guardian kept his seat in his old hack, "still I cannot see what good will come of it!"

The hopeless expression once more stole over Courtenaye's face, but he merely remarked, "*that* will depend on the education itself: if it is good, the result will be so too and every man,——"

"How is it then," demanded the fast man, once more interrupting his guest in the most compunctionless manner, and with an attempt at a sneer, "that the wisest and oldest men of my acquaintance disapproved of all these mighty grand innovations, I should just like to know!"

"I was not aware they did do so," answered Courtenaye, but even though such is the case, my dear sir, it is no argument in their disfavour; all schemes for the benefit of the race have had

to fight their way through opposing legions. Let us turn to Calvary and see their first development; but depend on it there is a great spirit of enquiry throughout the heaving masses of society all over the world, and its root lies deeper than the eye either of Science or Philosophy, piercing though it is, can discover; it is the twilight glimmer of the day that is to usher in the *'light that lighteth every man———'*."

"Of course! of course! *your* party holds the key for unlocking all knowledge chests, however rusty the locks may be!" exclaimed the doctor, with more asperity than he had before displayed.

"What party, my dear sir?" asked Courtenaye, smiling.

"Why, your preaching, praying evangelicals, I suppose, with women simpering about after you, and running all over the country with their nostrums for soul and body, when they had better be at home darning their stockings, and looking after their husbands, those who have got any! For my part, I only wonder you don't set them to preach too, sir, they would no doubt——"

"Win hearts and souls at once," ventured to interrupt Courtenaye, a smile spreading over his face, for he saw the ire rapidly rising, and he could not sit passive and listen to covert sneers or open taunts coarsely leveled at those, for the results of whose mission, he foresaw such glorious prospects; and for whom, in the name of his sainted mother, and hoped-for wife, he was ever the unflinching champion—"beside darning their stockings, and looking after their husbands, if these commodities ever require looking after, which you know but seldom happens; yet seriously—while a woman ever shines brightest at her fireside, are visits of sympathy and compassion to the sick, sinful, and sorrowful of her own sex,—are intellectual pursuits—the cultivation of genius and talent, incompatible with home duties and household occupations? I think not; they refine and gild everyday-life, blending and harmonizing in beautiful consistency."

"Yes! yes! in imagination!" growled the doctor, for certain sentimental rhyming young ladies troubled his memory, and like others of his stamp, he judged of the great world without, by the little one within.

"I think not in imagination only," rejoined Courtenaye. "Depend, the day is not far distant when woman's noble mission will be acknowledged and fulfilled, and when she shall be

recognized as a 'help meet for man,' as at first created by her Maker.' "

" I never heard of, or saw such wonderful women ! " growled his antagonist, again glancing at the aforementioned wee cosmogony.

" But surely such names as—— " here Courtenaye ran over a list so brilliant that it seemed to flash too strong a ray for the mental vision of the one-ideal man, he shut his eyes, leant back in his hydrostatic, crossed his legs, played with his eye-glass, and danced his right foot suggestively ; for if there was one thing on the wide earth discomforted him in argument, it was the sight of a fact ; he never argued for truth, but for silencing his antagonist, and for a sort of victory, as he believed "*coute qui coute*,"—hence these "stubborn things" were accustomed to be flung aside, just as some people fling their religion,—very well on some occasions, but by no means adapted to every day wear and tear,—'too much of a good thing.' "

Taking the hint, Courtenaye once more ventured to plead his suit, and "hoped the doctor would reconsider ere he gave a final blow to their happiness, and allow him to cherish the hope that at some future period he may be less an object of——"

" I have already given you my decision on this point," replied the apathetic Poor Law, "and if, after that, you choose to marry my daughter you can ; I believe she knows what the result of such a step would be, and can enlighten you if you desire it."

This speech, coarse and characteristic of the man as it was, thrilled through Courtenaye's soul, "you can marry my daughter," but he only replied in a sad tone,—

"There remains, then, only that I should express my regret at the non-success of my missions, and to wish the father of Mary every blessing," while he frankly offered his hand to his enlightened antagonist, who took it just as a school-boy takes a turned lesson.

Few persons could have met, in argument, more unequally matched than the orthodox doctor and the heterodox pastor : the former clinging with frantic tenacity to his asbestos robe of antiquated ideas, and nursery-embibed prejudices, on which no spark of Progression could kindle, plodding about in the nineteenth century with the heavy lumbering furniture of the sixteenth in his brain, hating everyone and everything that savoured of enlightenment and improvement, and embodying a capital idea of the spirit that imprisoned as a sorcerer the poor Somersetshire ma-

thematically for daring to invent magnifying glasses. The other drinking in with avidity every healthful stream of knowledge rushing from the giant fountains of intellect, and seeking to spread the refreshing current far and wide over the desert soil of society, till all should be irrigated and nourished by the flow—hailing, with a jubilant joy, every effort made and sustained by the right-hearted, for improving the condition, bodily and spiritually, of the whole human family, and labouring with self-denying devotion, in the sacred cause of humanizing the crime-sunk masses. Perhaps it might have been said of him, as of all master minds, he was as much before his age as the doctor was behind it, and in conjunction the latter resembled those ponderous hay-rick looking articles that still infest our dockyards, yclept “transports,” beside the graceful, easily-moving steam-frigate, gliding to her desired haven like a “thing of life;” or the stagnant bosom of the Dead Sea beside the dancing, glittering, joyous ripples of the living ocean.

After all, it is only the *Christian* man who enters into the height and depth of that imperishable sentiment of the Imperial slave,—

“*Nil humanum a me alienum puto!*”

When the door closed on the young pastor the Guardian shook himself into his easy chair, from whence he had partially risen, and somehow he did not feel quite so grand as he usually did; bigot, and prejudiced as he was, there was something in the manly and graceful forbearance with which Courtenaye had met and grappled the taunts and sneers leveled so unsparingly at him—something in the frank, generous manner in which he took his own unwilling hand that twinged uncomfortably—he coloured, and was not quite so potent and self-satisfied as he was a few hours before.

Young assures us, that—

“The man who blushes is not quite a brute,”

and though this assertion may form a deeply interesting subject of enquiry as to its orthodoxy, it is the very idea just here, our worthy Poor-Law man was not “quite a brute;” there were in his selfish heart *lingerings* of humanity, and germs of better feeling that in the spring-time might have been cherished and cultivated

into beauty ; and now the impression left upon its surface by the noble being just departed, was like the perfume of the scented lilies said to spring up from the hard stony soil swept over by self-destroying genius ; while the chances are vastly in Mary's favor, that had she found a "spirit in her feet," and entered the study at that precise moment, much good might therefrom have arisen ; but the spirit must have been asleep, or at any rate not wide awake.

So there the doctor sat musing—musing—and if the flitting shadows of his mental kaleidoscope could have been caught and stereotyped, they would have stood out something after this fashion :

"Good-looking fellow enough, for that matter
 Nothing but trouble now-a-days Should
 miss her sadly Good little soul, too
 Plenty of sense if it wasn't for his curst religion
 Nothing but vexation now
 Pity he isn't in our church Don't much wonder
 that she likes the fellow Pretty nigh bored
 to death Wonder if there is any good
 in the plan he spoke about *Could* do some-
 thing for that Make a noble pair
 . . . His eyes are not unlike little Papa's
 Curst methodist Call upon that rogue Red-
 man Should miss her terribly
 . . Why don't that impertinent jackanapes Redman come up
 My life tormented out of me
 Could marry again to be sure!" (and here he mentally looked
 over a long list of delightful young ladies of his acquaintance, to
 either one of whom he seemed to possess that remarkable
 instinct born with some men of knowing he had only to hold up
 his finger, and "ask Papa" would immediately follow, though his
 old besetting admirer, Miss Scandalson, was not among the
 number) "Don't half fancy it
 . . No peace since the day she first saw the canting popinjay
 Wish the Leslies had been at Jericho
 Took it all good-tempered enough, for that matter . . . First
 thing to-morrow morning will have *that* Will
 No peace now but to give consent
 Just take a few minutes' nap before dinner
 . . . Bored to death death

hang that fly Redman to-morrow morning
 M-o-r-n-i-n-g Hang that
 fly hang that f-l-y hang
 that Redman hang R-e-d-m-a-n

Ay! and serve him richly right too; my dear sir! but you are only half-awake, and do not recollect that laughable idea of your old friend Sir Roger de Coverley, "none but men of bright parts ought to be hanged."

The half-hour bell roused the sleeper, and he woke, as little babies sometimes wake, cross and red, inclined to shake their heads negatively at everything and everybody, hence very little past between Mary and himself during dinner, but he broke out into a loud discharge of vituperation against "that abominably careless creature, the cook!" who had "almost been the death" of him, by leaving the guilty leg of a shrimp in the sauce, and ill at ease, he was moody and taciturn; Mary full of troubled foreboding, sad and silent, and as soon as she could do so she withdrew to watch with passionate eagerness and anxiety some communication from Courtenaye, on which the whole force of her being seemed to rest. But the evening deepened into night, and still it came not; yet when she laid her radiant head on her pillow, she had found some excellent reason for her darling's silence—some heart bough whereon to hang a wreath of hope.

Oh! gracious child of all times and seasons, enchanting Hope!

With thy sun-lit eye, and thy rainbow locks, thou lookest out on us in life's magic morn, ere grief has chilled Joy's rushing current with the flapping of its raven wing, ere "taking thought for the morrow" has furrowed the brow, or doubt and suspicion, with their sirocco breath, have tainted the trusting heart, which thinks "all is gold that glitters," and speaks as it feels!

Thou lookest out on us in the many-hued mid-day, with its busy steps and its eager voices; when the unmeaning laugh, the stifled sigh, the malignant whisper, the harsh tale, the crushing cares, the withering anxieties, the stinging vexations, the burning tear-drop, and the vacant place all point to thy witching music, thy cheery song!

Thou lookest out on us, too in the shadowy twilight, when the sun goes down lingeringly, as loth to leave a world in gloom, 'erst so brightened by his smile; and even ancient night brings out the

jewels for his regal crown one by one, slowly unfurling his sable banner over life's scenes of beauty; while faithful memory unrolls her dear but blotted scroll, and the loved and lost are beside us as of yore, with eyes of watchful love, and tender clasping hand; when voices long hushed in death's unbroken quiet, go sighing their low sad melody through all her mazy caverns; and forms, over whom the glad flowers bloom, the gay bird sings unheeded, start into mimic life, and we stretch forth our yearning arms to clasp those shadow-treasures, whose vacant place in heart or homestead *none* may ever fill; but

“ Hope still lifts her radiant finger,
Pointing to the eternal home,
Upon whose portals still they linger,
Looking back for us to come.”

“ Oh! if no other hope were given,
To keep the heart from wrong and stain,
Who would not wish for such a heaven.
Where all we love, shall live again.”

CHAPTER XVIII

Gloom.

“What is thought? in wild succession,
Whence proceeds the motley train?
What first stamps the vague impression
On the ever active brain?”

DAY opened with outstretched newly fledged wings of hope to Mary; as it deepened into stirring Noon they flapped heavily; and when Night lay down on hill and valley they folded themselves heavily on her troubled breast.

Thus wore away the second and third day; no word from him to whom she clung with passionate affection, intensified by an indefinable apprehension of coming ill.

“Oh, what could produce this long, strange silence!” Had she given her idol cause to regret the past by any display of weakness or inconsistency? Was he ill, and if so, why did he not write? Had her father refused him discourteously, and his sensitive spirit shrunk from again contacting with him, and hence he silently withdrew?

And Julia—where is her wise and tender counsellor? Have all the world, enshrined in her heart suddenly forgotten her very existence,—and how long is this unbearable suspense to last!” She threw herself on her knees, and burying her anxious brow in her hands, wept passionately.——

Now, she will speak to her father—tell him all she has suffered, and ask him what passed between him and her idol. Then, she shrinks as she remembers that sudden and harsh probing her heart had formerly undergone, and she cannot brave another such ordeal.

Oh, the depths in love's sea can be sounded by no unskilful hand!

The instinctive teachings of true affection are ever prompting to hide its weal or woe in some secret nook of the surrendered heart, and if a name—whose music wakes Hope's song, or falls like Hope's knell on that mysterious thing,—can crimson or pale the brow,—what, when it is handled roughly, carelessly,—what, when it is slandered, blamed!

Mary rejected every plan that one after another rose before her; she had denied herself to all visitors, save Mrs. Leslie; but as the suspense grew, gathering force under the lagging hours, the burden became intolerable, and she hastily threw on her walking dress, intending to visit some of her recently neglected *protégés*, with the wholesome hope, that contemplating or solacing the grief of others would enable her to bear her own with more submission.

True it is, something between pride and prudence, hope and fear, whispered "but if you meet *him*?" and then another something answered, "I shall know the truth, and anything would be bliss to this cruel suspense."

Poor child! Impulsive and emotional, endued with acute powers of feeling—late reeling beneath its intoxication of bliss, now festering under its load of fear,—her undisciplined heart seeks not the one hiding-place from the storm, nor listens to the voice that can whisper, "*peace, be still!*" over the wild grief-billows, and a great calm comes; but alone, and with memory bleeding at every pore, on she goes to battle with the giant Despair. Who is sufficient for these things?

Mary had just reached the end of the flower path leading into the road, when a note from Mrs. Leslie was put into her hand, begging her to "come and sit an hour with her:"—short as it had been, the walk had already undulated the load on her heart; she could scarce look on the world of floral loveliness around her, and the current of her thoughts remain unbroken, or diverted for a moment from their troubled source. Few were more keenly alive to the poetry of Nature and its exalting influences than she was, hence the load moved, but did not roll off; the flowers—love them though she did—ever preaching of purity, gratitude and peace as they were, and whispering that "*the grace and beauty thereof perisheth*" had not power to take the burden away: before she reached Mrs. Leslie's it had

returned, and she had involuntarily invested all things around her with the atmosphere of her own gloomy thoughts.

"I have been anxious to see you the last three days, my love," said Julia, affectionately kissing the pale cheek of her friend, which alarmed her, although she forbore to notice it, "my boy-bird has been so very unwell, that I feared to leave him during Harry's absence in Scotland, for I thought he was a little measlesish, as all mammas do whenever they hear an extra sneeze from the wee thing," and she smiled gaily, adding, "but how is it you have not been to console me in my two-fold trial?"

"How sorry I am dear little Donald is ill! Has he a cold?" evaded Mary.

"Yes, nothing more, I believe; or his teeth trouble him, but he is much better to day. Why have you not called, as usual? Have you not been well, or unusually dissipated? or wearing the willow, like a true lady-love, at Courtenaye's absence?"

"Mr. Courtenaye's *absence*!" exclaimed Mary, starting, her face flushing only to leave it paler than before. "I was not aware he had left the town."

Mrs. Leslie saw the fluctuating colour, but forbore to seek the confidence she doubted not would be given, if necessary, and informed her interested listener, that Fred had that morning received a short and hurried note from the object of her solicitude, containing an account of the dangerous illness of his father; but she asked,—

"Were you not aware, darling, that Mr. Courtenaye had been sent for in great haste on Monday last, just after his return from calling on your father, to the bedside of his own, who had been much injured by a fall from his carriage?"

"No!" replied Mary, "I have not heard anything of Mr. Courtenaye, since——since——" The colour came and went with painful rapidity, and her voice became tremulous, "since the day he——you——" she paused, embarrassed, and Mrs. Leslie added, in the gentlest tone, "the day I gave him an opportunity of telling his love. Was not that what you intended to say, dear girl?"

"Yes," answered Mary, softly, the tears springing into her eyes, and another painful pause followed, which her friend broke by asking if she would accompany her into Donald's nursery, to

which she consented, with an abstraction so unlike herself that it troubled and surprised Julia, and while she felt there must be something very unusual surging in the bosom of the dear girl before her, and longed to sympathise and counsel, she also felt that there is in heart matters a heart etiquette, whose refined barriers the most intimate and beloved friend may not lightly over-step, or turn aside uninvited, even to pour in the needed sympathy and counsel. She did not even evince her recognition of this change, save by the tenderness of her manner towards her young favourite. Mary refused all entreaties to remain and pass the remainder of the day, and she left anxious, troubled, and full of vexation with herself because of her silence towards her faithful counsellor; but how could she confess even to her, the slight she could not now hide that Courtenaye had offered her by his silence.

No! no! others shall not blame him if she does not; and when she reached her home, once more she threw herself on her knees, hid her burning face in her hands, and then came the struggle between Love and Pride, one of those every-day life-battles fought around us, of which others take no ken, being seen only by one Eye, and known but to one Being. The former conquered, for the strife was unequal;—when was Love ever vanquished by Pride in woman's heart?

Now she trusts him all the more entirely for the momentary strife, during which, she has in heart listened again to the deep music of that voice which awoke such wondrous bliss in her soul, as it murmured, "I will save you! *I will* save you, beloved!"

She has lived over those few moments of the past, whose memory will haunt her with their sweetness, till the heart itself is still. Can we wonder Love remained the victor!

Now she is angry with herself for even the little wound in her pride—"of course he has some good reason for his silence—he will explain to-morrow—perhaps return and surprise her. How her pulses quickened at the thought! *He*, the true hearted, the noble, the high minded, influenced by caprice, or the rough words of others? Never, never!

Then she gathers up all the stray rays of Hope reflected from these bright memories, and weaves them into an enchanted robe, throws it around her heart, and seeks her late sleepless couch. Three more days are added to the past, and yet no tidings!

Trouble and anguish again take hold upon the despairing girl, and the enchanted robe becomes sackcloth.

The doctor had returned to his usual animalism; he eat, he drank, he slept, all unheeding the strife going on in the bosom before him, too plainly evinced by the pale cheek and the faltering voice: yet the eye of affection is ever quick to mark a change in that it loves; perhaps the selfish man did notice it, but forbore to comment for fear of a "scene" or "tears." Be that as it may, he never lay down on his bed without fully purposing to call on that "rogue Redman" the first thing in the morning, and do way with that Will, at any rate; but when the morning came, the over-night's resolve had grown faint, and brightened not again till after dinner.

Thus passed away eight weary days! Mrs. Leslie had joined her husband in Scotland, and though obliged to mix in society at home and abroad, Mary was thrown entirely on the gnawing of her own stricken heart: and it required all her strength of mind and courage to enable her, without betraying suffering, to listen to the report of her brother at the tea-table.

"At last the bubble had burst, and the popular preacher Saint Courtenaye, had cut and run to avoid being arrested for debts to a large amount he had gammoned some of his congregation by contracting; that his house was shut up, servants discharged, and he had 'bolted,' no one knew whither."

As soon as she could do so Mary sought the *sanctum* of her chamber, neither waiting to hear her father's comments or her brother's sarcasms, for the latter had quite enough knowledge of the human heart, to be aware that in proportion as obstacles are thrown in the current of its affections, they grow and intensify. He hoped much, too, from the impulsiveness of Mary, whom he well knew would only cling the more confidently to the man she loved when his character was assailed, whether justly or unjustly.

It is but fair, however, to say, that in repeating the above, J. Grenville did not fabricate all the report. The suddenness of Courtenaye's departure, though its why and wherefore were known to all whom it really concerned, presented an opportunity not to be lost by those whom it did not concern, to get up some story to the disadvantage and disparagement of one whose life presented too fair a contrast to their own malformed development of Christianity; hence the monstrous falsehoods forged and propagated by the anti-progressive party.

Mary remained some time alone. Now she bitterly regrets not having confided in Mrs. Leslie, and several sheets are

commenced, "My own true friend Julia," and thrown aside.

Then she will tell her papa *all*, and ask his advice and counsel; but, alas! what can he advise? Are not appearances against her idol?"

It was a terribly blotted page, this dark one in love's young history, and few are the heart-biographies which no tears have dimmed!

That was a sad but beautiful conceit of the gifted bard of Erin, who likened the dawn of Love to the old Arabian straits, "the gate of tears." It is often such, and now, 'mid the lashing and surging of her heart-tempest, Mary pants for a human bosom whereon to lay her head; but she thinks not of the "rest" so tenderly proffered to the "weary and heavy laden" by One who "*spake as never man spake*."

Her own name, pronounced by her father at her door, roused her from her bitter reverie, and hastily removing all traces of tears, she descended, and to her relief found him quite alone, but looking annoyed. He spoke kindly, and requested her to "give him one of her pretty songs," which would do him good, as he did not feel "over well that evening."

"Dearest papa," said Mary, anxiously, for her father looked flushed and feverish, "if you feel ill, pray let Richards go for your friend Dr. Williams," and she passed her cold hand lovingly over his brow, and kissed it.

"No! no! 'tis nothing but a little uncomfortable feeling about my chest; it will soon go off. I have had it before; 'tis better even now, and one of your songs will set me quite to rights," replied the doctor.

"What song shall I sing, dearest papa?" inquired Mary, seating herself at the instrument.

"Something of your own composing I should like best; do you ever sing the one poor Augusta set to music—something about "When love's path grows weary?" She set it for you just before she died—don't you recollect?"

This allusion to her idolised friend brought the lingering tears once more into Mary's eyes, and hastily commencing a prolonged search for her music, though she well knew *that* song was written on her heart, she made an effort to command her feelings, and sung some simple words of her own composing, in a voice so strangely agitating that even the doctor was moved, and when she rose and came towards him, he put his arm round her,

and drawing her close, printed a kiss on her cheek, saying in a heart-tone she never had heard from his lips before, "God bless you, my darling!"

Ah! that kiss and those kind words repaid her for the anguish which wrung her heart while yielding to his wishes!

Let me be loved,—I ask no richer treasure,
 Than one true heart, to heave its sighs for me;
 I seek no music 'mid the halls of pleasure,
 Like that low sigh's soft, murmured, melody;
 No wealth, no fame, I turn from all with gladness,
 To this my watching spirit's long-sought home,
 And meet the eye that casts away all sadness,
 Glancing in sunlight brightness when I come.
 Let me be loved!

Let me be loved,—and if life's path is dreary,
 If friends grow cold, and riches fly away;
 If worn beneath Care's load, my days are weary,
 And Hope's crushed buds bestrew my darksome way,—
 Oh! as to some lone ruin fondly clinging
 The faithful wallflower knows no change 'mid time,
 So may this precious love, its perfume flinging
 Around my soul, in life and death be mine.
 Let me be loved!

When they parted for the night, Mary again entreated her father to see his medical friend, but he declared himself "quite well—never better in his life," and gaily bade her "look more cheerful to-morrow, or he should be obliged to send for him to write a prescription for bringing the roses back into her pretty face."

His cheerful look and manner reassured Mary, and his returned tenderness made her glad, but the weight lay cold and dead upon her heart; nay, it seemed to press colder, heavier, intenser, as one after another the household voices died away, and she was alone with its thick beating.

Vainly she woos "kind Nature's soft restorer," and tries to still the pulsating of her bosom.

Now she starts up, and listens with fixed eye and labouring breath, fancying she hears the voice of Courtenaye calling on her in impassioned accents; but no! all is still—terribly still!

Again she seeks her pillow, but only for a few minutes. Once more she leaps up in the attitude of intense attention. Surely her father called her! and hastily throwing her dressing-gown over her quivering form, she is at his door.————

"Did you call, dear papa?" she asked, as plainly as her chattering teeth would permit. No reply.

"Dearest papa, did you call?" she repeated, with elevated voice, and every nerve strung as if to meet—she scarce knew what. No reply.

She opened his door gently. "Did you call, my own papa? Papa! dear papa!" and her voice rose almost to a shriek.

"Who's there?" vociferated the doctor. What a mountain melted off her heart!

"Only me! I fancied I heard you call, dearest papa—did you?" Mary replied.

"No, you little puss! What should I call for? I am quite well. Go and get into bed; you will catch your death!"

As Mary returned, she fancied she saw the outline of her brother's figure on the stairs. "What could he do there? Why did he not speak? He must have heard her call! Perhaps 'twas only fancy; and, reassured that her father was quite well, she once more tried to sleep, but in vain: that strange unearthly feeling was again creeping over her,—gathering intenseness from the very reaction of its first terror-inspiring hold.

"Oh! what can it be? Is it a mysterious presentiment of coming ill?"

"Is it a phantom voice?" The echo of that last direful name, "DEATH!" uttered by her father—pealing, muffled, with its solemn, strange vibrations, through all the mazy homes of feeling and memory?

The very effort to vanquish the vague terror that had seized her, increased its power, and unable to bear it, she again arose and listened at her father's door. All was still. She opened her window, and bent her fevered brow into the still night, but its very spirituality added to her sense of oppression, and she returned to her chamber determined to while away the dreary hours till day break. On a table lay "The Course of Time," and it opened in that sublime passage, "Redemption." Deeply interested, she lingered over the page, and the distant church clock had just chimed three, when she started violently, hearing, as she thought, a deep groan uttered close to her ear! Seizing the lamp, she again listened at her father's door, but all was still. After waiting some time, and hearing nothing farther to alarm her, she returned to her room and continued reading till the day-streaks brightened the dark horizon; then she sunk into a

troubled sleep, to dream of her father sinking in a storm, and Courtenaye vainly striving to rescue him. Then the latter, his face still pale and solemn, clasping her hand in his; but oh! so, so cold, that her very heart-current chilled!

“ Who the secret can unravel
Of the body's mystic guest?
Who knows how the soul may travel
While unconsciously we rest?

Far abroad it may be flying—
What is sleep, and what are dreams?

Often, in after years, the memory of that strange night rose up before Mary's mental vision, and she read its interpretation by the lamp of Time!



CHAPTER XIX.

Rebelations.

"The sword has slain its hecatombs, so has the lancet, but we doubt if these may not be equalled in number by the pale cohorts of the needle who are flitting hither and thither in the twilight of the silent world."

THE TIMES.

"REFUSE to entertain any idea on the subject," does she my dear, my dear Mrs. Leslie? Well! well! leave her to me, if any one can bring her to reason *I* can;" and Mrs. St. George elevated her Juno-like head, as a self-confident, diplomatic smile stole over her face. "I will take her off your hands," she added, and in an inconceivably short space of time her carriage was seen sweeping towards the first-rate establishment for millinery in the town of D——, whose principal, Madame John's, had shown symptoms of refractoriness, as hinted at above.

"Things can't go on much longer in this way, mother!" wailed a sickly child whose bent figure, narrow chest, hollow eye, and bony fingers, as she crouched at her weary task near a fireless grate, suggested thoughts of the time when the angels should say over the little pauper-grave "*sleep on now, and take thy rest!*"

"Things can't go on much longer in this way, mother!" No! poor little slave of Wrong. No! mother, with thy weary watching eye, they *cannot!* The great Love Spirit broods over the deeps of selfishness and apathy, and the sluggish waves recede, in hoarse murmurs, as day-light breaks and a mighty voice is heard,—"*HITHERTO SHALT THOU COME, AND NO FARTHER.*"

Watchman! What of the night?

"*There is a bright light in the clouds and men see it not.*"

A short time before the events the last chapter chronicles, public attention began to be excited, and the indignant sym-

pathies of the right-thinking aroused for that oppressed and down-trodden class, our milliners and dressmakers. Fearful revelations of mental and bodily suffering, caused by unremitting labour had not only touched the magnetic wire of sympathy which thrilled through the length and breadth of the land, but had made themselves heard in the very council chamber of Legislation.

The fierce thirst for gold, and the rabid speculation it gave birth to—the whirlwind of traffic sustained by, and wrung out of, the souls and bodies of helpless victims—the God-insulting appropriation of the Sabbath in its unholy toil—the sickening details of suffering and inhumanity, ending in despair, guilt, disease, suicide, *death*, had awoke the desires of all right-hearted people for the overthrow of so terrible a system ; and they entered the lists against the Hydra-headed monster, strong in the truth that

“Thrice is he armed, who has his quarrel just.”

Recognizing in this move, so supremely in the right direction, a stirring appeal to God's ministers,—*His* guardians of the interests of humanity, to be on their watch-towers, Courtenaye enters all the energies of his soul unto it, and labours to stay the progress of the social leprosy in the sphere of his own influence ; for the orthodox town of D—— was in no way behind the modern Babylons in the number of sacrifices it annually laid on the altar Fashion ; of which a specimen has been presented in our sixth chapter, in the fate of the self-destroyed Daisy.

Recognizing moreover, with almost prophetic vision, that the Spirit moving over the abyss of selfishness, and silently but surely leavening institutions with a new element, was the overshadowing love of his Master,—tracing this fact not less distinctly in the many simple agencies raising their heads in the flinty soil around, and gladdening them with the smile of meek-eyed Charity and silver-voiced Sympathy, then when the blast of the Gospel trumpet shook the foundations of that philosophic court, where “Athens' wisest son perished, and her most eloquent son thundered,” and deeply imbued with the conviction that all speculations, and theories, and enterprises for the threefold regeneration of the species, apart from “the Faith which worketh by love,” were but “clouds without water,”—many a morning's light-streak found the self-denying pastor suggesting, revolving and organizing plans for the surest method of grappling with an enemy, whose

power and strength he does not undervalue. He seeks the council chamber of the GREAT KING, and he knows that whether "men will bear, or whether they forbear," the thing shall prosper, "*for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it,*" hence he goes out well armed to meet the difficulties involved in attacking a system, and leaving individuals uninjured, and a less ardent spirit would have quailed before the fiery dragons in the way. His first efforts in the sacred cause were singularly unsuccessful; his personal appeals—manly and consistent with the true interests of political economy as they were, fell like a summer shower on the leaden bosom of some inland lake—just a ripple, and all was sluggish as before.

Oh! the terrible petrification of the heart when Selfishness is the master of action, and holds carnival there! Surely nothing less powerful than indwelling grace can sustain the heart and nerve it to rise up again and again, after being "cast down;" and it was this that enabled Courtenaye to return to the charge with revived vigour after each defeat. He recollects the past, and he can trust for the future. He thinks of the noble phalanx of favoured existencies whose small and inadequate beginnings had to fight their way inch by inch, with Ignorance and Sectarianism. He gathers courage as he looks on the God-blessed Ragged School, going on "conquering and to conquer," while nobles catch the inspiration, and princes kneel to plant an acorn from the spreading oak. The "little seed" was not to be pooh pooh'd away! Oh no! It was the right kind of seed, blown by the breath of the Spirit from the granary of the GREAT HUSBANDMAN, nourished by the dews of heaven, warmed by the Sun of Righteousness, watched by the holy stars, and at length it became a great tree, its branches reaching to the skies.

These memories cheer on the devoted man in his warfare against cold-blooded apathy, iron-walled bigotry, and latter-day Egyptian darkness, on behalf of the "right and true," still his heart often sinks, for was not this monster Sin to be attacked, and driven from its citadel, THE HEART OF WOMAN? Alas! that Fashion should be the exacting idol in that holy shrine, and her gaudy car driven recklessly over the souls and bodies of those whom our common Father willeth not "*should perish.*"

"Alas! that woman, sent on an angel's mission, and endued with an angel's powers," should become the abject slave of fashion, and exhibit a soul prostration, rivaling the worshippers

of Osiris and Juggernaut! Their human sacrifices immolated only body; these, body and soul. Their worship deprecated the wrath of devils; this insults and travesties the name they bear, and tramples under feet the legacy of their dying Lord, "LOVE ONE ANOTHER, AS I HAVE LOVED YOU."

"I wish all my hearers were like you, and my own sainted mother," remarked Courtenaye, to Mrs. Leslie, one day after a useless campaign, "then we should soon have to lay down our weapons, and I grieve to say, did the success of our cause depend on the poor instead of on the higher classes, the struggle would soon cease. It is the down-trodden, and over-worked, who feel for the down-trodden and over-worked. It is the poor who know what it is to toil, toil, toil, 'weary, and heavy laden,' hence the difference in the sympathies of the classes.'"

But the power that "moves the Arm that moves the world," could not be long unfelt. Prayer was made without ceasing, and the answer came.

The consistency of Courtenaye's character (and even his enemies could not gainsay that, so they dropped the term hypocrite and substituted fanatic) had given him weight in the opinions of many of the better-taught of his townsmen; for somehow, people are never deceived by actions, though they are by words; and even those who clung with childish delight to the "good old times," and found their

"Ignorance such bliss—'twas folly to be wise,"

qualified their respect for him, with a commiserating shake of the head, and "a pity he didn't belong to their church!" while, poor dear souls! had any one asked them which was the church, *par excellence*, the "high," or the "low" the "one in the house" so often referred to by the apostles, or the "one on the mountain," to which the King of Preachers preached, they would have been as much at a loss as the old woman who, after being plied and mystified almost to bewilderment by questions and linguistic contortions that would have confounded a German neologist, was asked by her Anglo-popish "spiritual adviser," if she knew what was "strictly orthodox?" to which sage inquiry she replied, in great agitation,—

"The Lord forgive me, sir! But I don't know no docks but the London Docks, where my old man works!"

Hence, as before said, among those who went to their religion for their orthodoxy, and not to their orthodoxy for their religion, much of the rough edge of party spirit was fined down, and the hard-working pastor began, to number several hitherto antagonistic families in the good cause; but those "principals" of establishments who can look unmoved on such masses of human suffering as their work-rooms present, and as shewn up in the "disclosures," were not likely to be influenced by the voice of public opinion, however loud and deep. He, therefore, resolved to strike at the root-form of this crying sin, and endeavour to awaken in the breasts of those with whom it rested a sense of their responsibilities, and of their duty to God and their fellow-creatures.

As the Pulpit ever should be the medium through which abuses are dealt with, the young reformer's preaching became the channel for reaching the consciences of the oppressors; and in his efforts he was promptly seconded by the most influential journal in the county. It is promising when the Pulpit and the Press work together; their union produces a fertilizing that many seasons of drought cannot counteract.

The whole of Courtenaye's addresses to women were extensively circulated, and there came a "shaking of the dry bones," and a heaving on the torpid bosom of society that stimulated him and his little band of warriors to increased exertion.

Addressing his flock on the subject, he selected that scathing inquiry of his Maker to the first fratricide,—

"WHAT HAST THOU DONE? THE VOICE OF THY BROTHER'S BLOOD CRIETH UNTO ME FROM THE GROUND;"

and, although it may be profitable to record the whole discourse, noting the skill with which he amplified and adapted it to his purpose, want of space forbids more than an extract here and there.

"As Christ's ambassador, I magnify mine office, and stand between the dead and the living, praying that this plague may be stayed." "I magnify mine office, watching for your souls as one who must give account, and repeat the solemn enquiry, WHAT HAST THOU DONE? but I dare not drop, with morbid and indecent curiosity, the grappling iron of the Confessional into your consciences, bringing up from its depth the polluting disclosure that should be bared to HIM alone who has power to

forgive sins ; rather would I urge on each a solemn heedfulness to the voice within, making inquisition "*what hast thou done ?*"

Has the cry of him "who reaped thy field, and thou hast kept back part of his hire," entered into the ears of the Lord of Hosts, and He has sworn in His wrath, that for this He will call thee into judgment?"

Because "thou wert a hard man, reaping where thou hast not sown," has the tear of the orphan and widow been put into "the bottle of God's remembrance labelled, for this, "WRITE THAT MAN CHILDLESS."

My sister ! has the anguish-cry from the white-lipped child of oppressive toil gone up into the ear of thy Father in heaven, because thou hast not heeded the voices around thee, but "passed by on the other side, caring for none of these things?"

Hast thou lived in pleasure, saying, "I sit a queen, and shall see no sorrow!" while the leprous spot SELFISHNESS has been spreading its virus as a moral gangrene—eating away the tender fibres connecting thee with the Great Sympathizer?

No sympathy for thy sister! "flesh of thy flesh," as she agonizes through the long night hours, hollow-cheeked, and weary-eyed, wasting her life in creating for you Fashion's flaunting draperies, which will cling around and eat into your soul like fire when the "dance and the viol shall be for ever silent."

No sympathy for yon consumptive girl, for the third consecutive night palpitating in the atmosphere of the crowded workroom feculent with death, as she dashes away the tear that blisters her hectic cheek, crying out in her agony, "*How long, Oh Lord! How long !*" while thought has flown back to the king-cupped fields, and the pleasant voices, and memories of a mother-lighted home!

No sympathy for yon orphan, dowried with such witching, yet fatal beauty, as goaded on by despair, she flies with fevered brain, into the outstretched arms of gilded guilt—immolating soul and body in its fearful vortex rather than groan under the galling servitude of the workroom!

No sympathy for the father as his grey hairs go down to the grave in sorrow; nor for the mother broken hearted, and shrinking as the name of her child, which once woke such melody, is branded, and she goes softly in the bitterness of her soul with the shame-spot deepening on her wasting cheek! Oh ! will you not unitedly rise and live down the fast-spreading belief that you "care for none of these things?"

For the sake of dazzling a few fevered hours 'mid the hollow mirth of Pleasure's temple, snuffing up the blood-tainted breath of Fashion, as she sweeps by distilling poison from her deadly wings, can you forego the high and holy mission so emphatically yours, and continue to act the enquiry, "*Am I my Sister's Keeper?*"

Will you not rather awake to the vast and solemn responsibilities underlying that mission, and identify yourselves with those grand-hearted women of old, with whom the world's Redeemer for a while veiled His glories, and tabernacled,—with those true ones "who, when the cold reluctance of man stood aloof, shrinking back with selfish alarm, followed their deserted Lord with outwelling of sympathy, and were last at the Cross, and first at the Tomb."

The fashion of this world passeth away! What is your life? it is even as the flower of grass. "Passing away" is the mournful requiem ever chanting over earth's pomps and glories. A few more setting suns, and where will be her crowns and sceptres? Go, ask the lonely ruins of those Empires that once filled the world with their renown! Go, ask the new-made grave, and the desolate hearth!

I beseech you, then, by all the hopes and fears that will gather around your death-hour, when your remembered deeds will stand out in fearful distinctness, lighted by a fast-coming eternity,—by that tremendous day when *the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll*, and "the dead small and great," shall be judged by their works,—by the wondrous love and mercy that spared not the priceless blood of Christ for you, think on these things!

Come to the foot of Calvary and learn sympathy there, "laying up for yourselves treasures where no rust doth corrupt"

This address, delivered with the solemn eloquence of a "dying man to dying men," "magnifying his office," was hopefully responded to. The young preacher's friends already numbered many of considerable influence, but though promising well, there was room for doubt of ultimate success in the great struggle.

Moved by the power of Truth, some of his hearers, in the heat of their newly-born fervour, mentally resolved to do wonders for the good cause; but alas! when the working, self-denying, portion of their "wonders" was called for, ardour cooled, and resolve

died out ; so easily is the heart, especially of woman, raised or depressed !

No wonder there was "room for doubt," for that most detrimental fallacy shrouded in self-love, and denizenizing myriad graves of usefulness in England's moral cemeteries, "what influence can *one* exert ?" "what good can *I* do ?" exerted its power, hence Courtenaye grappled it, citing the great Apostle's inspired authority,—"*no man liveth unto himself*;" but as his appeals to the women of his pastorate are best adapted to these pages, we will select from them a few words rousing from "dead faith to living works."

"After all that has been proved of the power and capabilities of woman,—after the pages of history, sacred and profane, brightened with deeds of lofty heroism, and self-denial have been enrolled, does she, in this our day, rise up to her privileges and responsibilities ? Deeply regretful, we must acknowledge she does *not* : she listens to the teacher's voice, perhaps thinking he "charms wisely," and while the vibrations of his "song" linger on the susceptible area of her feelings, she makes high resolves and creates splendid projects in her fertile imagination which rarely exist beyond the fleeting hour ; another "charmer" comes by, and the momentary enthusiasm evaporates, and she wonders "what could have moved her so strangely !"

Thus does she allow the "din of Time to drown the murmurs of ETERNITY," gliding onward in "Pleasure's painted pinnacle" towards the great solemn ocean, "*caring for none of these things.*"

Onward she glides, and so does the world around her, with its undried tears ; its unshared sorrows ; its unredressed wrongs ; its disregarded cries ; its unrelieved oppressions ; its unslaked cravings ; its UNSAVED SOULS ! Onward she glides, 'mid sunshine and song, drinking greedily in the "music of Time's babbling rill, and drowning the 'murmurs of Eternity.'"

"No mighty cry, Stay ! oh stay, till I have mourned my foul offence in repentant tears !" as the recording angel takes his unwilling flight to enter in the ledger of heaven, "*ye oppress the poor and the needy ; also in thy skirts is found the blood of poor innocents.*"

Ah, my fellow-sinner ! How will ye bear all the billows and waves of the "wrath of the Lamb" rolling over your naked souls ? —the great gulf between your torment and heaven's eternal

summer fixed for ever!" "*They who would pass from hence to you cannot, neither can they pass to us who would come from thence.*"

"The Master has risen up and shut the door." No more love-pleadings. Come, let us reason together: why will ye die Now? No more mercy-droppings from the bruised and broken heart on Calvary's mournful hill Now! No more gentle strivings of the insulted Spirit Now! The great gulf is FIXED! "Ye would not come unto me and have life." No; ye would not, though I stretched forth my arms all the day long, beseeching thee with tears of blood to *come*, and now the gulf is FIXED! . . .

My sisters, I pray you meet me not with the decrepit sophism 'you have no influence,' 'one can do little amid such crowds of conflicting interests!' 'one voice would soon be drowned!' 'one influence is of no avail!' Shall we turn to history's thrilling records, and trace woman in all its great movements and mighty revolutions?" Shall we gather up every stray beam of thought into one focus, and meditate on the height and depth of that queen of words, within whose horizon lies the germ of the world's moral regeneration—MOTHERS? Shall we invoke the shades of heroes, and philosophers, and martyrs, to yield up the shadowy memory of the first tones that vibrated on the chords of feeling, and moved impressions which, after years had rolled away, embodied themselves in actions that have left their stamp upon revolving ages? Nay, rather shall we not lift Faith's vision beyond the starry worlds where, "seeing eye to eye," and basking in the noontide fulfilment of the promise, 'thou shalt know hereafter,' we shall recognise in those

"Crown'd kings nearest the eternal throne,"

those whose earliest footsteps were planted on the Rock of Ages, by her who obeyed her Lord's command, "*Take this child and nurse it for Me.*"

At the close of [the action in which he received his death-wound, the young soldier was found under a bush, and open before him, the leaves all stained with blood, his dead hand resting on it, lay his mother's Bible, records sainted Gerrard Noel.

"I should have been an infidel, but for the hallowed memory of my mother's fervent 'God bless and keep my boy!' as she

nightly laid her gentle hand on my head," was the instructive testimony of the holy Newton. Yes, man goes out to fight life's mighty battle, whose victories are peened in the Eternal City, with the impress his mother's hand left on heart and brow, and will you tell me "woman can do nothing?" Nay, will you not exert this potent element in your moral being, and enrol yourselves among "whatsoever things are pure, and lovely, and of good report?" Not by an impulsive, undisciplined enthusiasm, cooling down when self-sacrifice is demanded; not by an ephemeral spasm of sympathy, which will evaporate when the world's admiring gaze is turned away, and none can see but the sleepless eye of God; not by the unholy excitement of party zeal, but by arraying yourselves in that most lovely robe, Charity, which one of your sex has finely compared to the flowering capital of the Corinthian column, crowning and beautifying the whole!"

We read that the judges of the Areopagus condemned a man to death for dashing to the ground a trembling dove that sought shelter in his bosom! Shall the instinctive teachings of heathenism shame the actions of those reared amid the humanising precepts of Christianity? Mothers! can you cast away from you the trembling race seeking your sympathy and protection? Come! look unmoved, if you dare, on these dark pictures of suffering sorrow and toiling oppression! How know you that 'mid the strange inconstancies of this shifting life, ere your eye now following lovingly the tiny footsteps that

"Make melody where'er they tread"

is closed in death's midnight sleep, your own gentle girl may not be forced to join the ranks of her down-trodden sisters! Does your mother-heart sicken and frown from the surmise with a shuddering "GOD FORBID!" Listen then: "many of these victims are of gentle birth; most of them have received good educations; not a few are daughters of clergymen, Nonconformist ministers, half-pay officers, merchants once in affluence, but suddenly thrown into adversity; all, in fact, have been brought up in a gentle way, hence little able to cope with authoritative oppression."* Once more I beseech you, by all the most sacred interests of time and eternity, to come to the help of the helpless!

Let your incentives be the loftiest that can animate human nature founded on the Christ-taught precept, "whatsoever you

* Lord Shaftesbury.

would that others should do unto you do ye also unto them." Let your weapons be baptized in that fair Jordan, the "*Love that endureth all things*;" the *charity that hopeth all things*;" the "*Faith that worketh by love*," overcoming all obstacles, as seeing him who shed His most precious blood for you! "Soon shall the warfare cease!" A few, perhaps, to some of us a *very* few, more rising suns and life's race will be run, its labour cease, for there is "neither work nor device in the grave whither we are hastening."

"Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream,
Dies at the opening day."

The God-insulting system of robbing these victims of their only day of rest, the evidence that work was carried on frequently the whole of the Sabbath,* that they slaved eighteen and twenty hours daily, and often the whole night, deeply affected Courtenaye, and he resolved to give no "slumber to his eyes" till he had rescued this "link between the Paradise that is past and that which is to come," from the Maelstrom of business.

Shame! shame on a *Christian* land where this unholy traffic is tolerated! Shame that God's own Day should be swamped in this "Slough of Despond," and these helpless victims doomed to such foul wrong! Surely on *this* day, *they* might share in the blessings it brings, and be permitted to lave their weary souls in the ocean of eternal love. Surely on this day they might be permitted the luxury of uniting with household ties, and be privileged to drink in one draught of pure air and sunshine 'mid the varied glories of earth's fair face!

But no! there are no glories for *them*; they must toil on or starve. The Gold Fever, with its red-hot tongue, is lapping up every rill of creature sympathy, and scorching, with its fiery breath, every blossom of Justice and Mercy.

The rabid Competition must be maintained, and the thews and sinews, souls and bodies, of women and children must be sacrificed to keep its "infernal machine" at full speed!

Oh, if it is not the age of Tetzels, when monks played at dice

* "Work," says one witness, "was carried on till ten and eleven on Sunday morning," and frequently the whole of Sunday."—*Testimony before the House of Lords.*

in taverns for immortal souls,* it is the day of Competition, and men play at *that*, with bodies and souls for dice! If not the day when "Christians were butchered to make a Roman holiday," it is the day when the idol Fashion lifts her brazen trumpet and utters the shrill blast, "come, we will deck ourselves with flowers, and eat and drink, and to-morrow shall be as to-day, and much more abundant," while her votaries stop not to listen to the cry that goes up into the ears of the Lord of Hosts, against her blood-reeking, soul-immolating idolatries from the blind asylums, the hospitals, the penitentiaries, the mad-houses, ay, from the hollow-sounding waves that dash sullenly against the arches of the modern Babylon, as they stifle the death-shriek of unnumbered victims who rush to gilded guilt, thence to despair and self-destruction, from the iron hands of grinding oppression and bitter tyranny!

Alas! 'mid their peals of hollow Mirth, and the rushing of Pleasure's chariot wheels, neither stop these votaries to heed the Voice speaking from Eternity,—

"KNOW THAT FOR ALL THESE THINGS I WILL BRING THEE INTO JUDGMENT."

"One witness stated that they had worked without going to bed, from Thursday morning till half-past ten on Sunday!!" Well may it be said of these white slaves, as it was said of the poor by the late Lord Mayor, after one of his mercy-visits to their dens of misery, and reiterated by another high-hearted philanthropist, "no wonder they resort to crime rather than submit to it." †

Four days' incessant toil!! Then, in the middle of God's holy Day, released for a few grudging hours, the poor victims

* See D'Aubigne's "Reformation."

† "You see in the good city of London tens of thousands of young and delicate girls proceeding every morning to their labour, and continuing it long after midnight; thinly clad, and badly fed, so wretchedly paid as to make vice almost a necessity! Ay, almost a necessity: for how is food to be obtained, clothing procured, and lodging provided, upon a pitiful wage of seven shillings, or at most nine shillings, a-week, especially where no time is given for reflection, where social enjoyments are forbidden, and where even religious thoughts must be usually excluded? for the Sabbath must be a day of physical and not of pious rest to the over-taxed body, and the almost abandoned soul! The same cry comes up from all the great towns of the kingdom; from Norwich, Birmingham, Bath, and Manchester."

MR. S. C. HALL.

throw themselves on their hard beds, worn out and nearly blind !* No time for prayer—no time for reading,—souls as well as bodies chained to the gaudy car of the idol Fashion, and after a little fevered sleep, during which the enfranchised spirit flies back to the green fields and glad voices of early days, wearily they wake into the poisonous atmosphere to go over the same ground,—work ! work ! work ! till at length disease does its foul mission, and worn out in the terrible conflict they lay down to die, or “RESORT TO CRIME RATHER THAN SUBMIT TO IT.”

It was indeed no child's play to enrol a sufficient number of earnest, warm-hearted women, as a “working committee,” in the association Cofdrtenaye laboured so unweariedly to organise, in a town so divided by sectarianism as D——.

Not only had the ice-fringed veil to be lifted from the brow of society—the slumbering embers of latent humanity to be stirred and fanned into a flame, but the many-sided barricade of bigotry and prejudice had to be rooted up and overturned, and no slender lever could accomplish this, nought but the “Arm that moves the universe.”

Many really kind people who were interested in, and wished success to the movement, hung back because they had heard it called a “sectarian one,” or perhaps more emphatically because it did not spring up in “*their* Church,” and they were afraid of

* “Before the grave mercifully closes over them, many of them have passed years of suffering—mutilated, crippled, many of them deprived of sight, and still more of them so weakened in their sight as to be wholly unable to get their living by honest industry ! It is true—as the Bishop of London said—that in cases of private mourning, great demands are made. These extend, however, principally to one or two establishments ; but when there comes—as there occasionally does come—what is ordinarily called a “Court mourning,” that presses equally upon all the establishments ; then it is that the most frightful results take place ; and instance upon instance has occurred in which these young women, during this demand, have been compelled to work by candle-light—during the day and the night, to work too—and this is the frightful part of the consideration—not on that which is necessary to stitch the dress together, that there may be something in the way of wearing apparel, but in embroidering rich flowers upon black ground, merely for the purpose of vain and contemptible decoration—contemptible, I mean when purchased at such a cost ! And often has it occurred that in the process of that operation, young women of tender years have been deprived of sight, and have passed the remainder of their days in total blindness.”

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offending their Popish Rector ; hence, like its sister, the Town Mission, another slip from the same heterodox tree that

“ Could not die, and shall not be destroyed,”

it had to dispute, step by step, with the mildewed delusions of other times, and stem a torrent of stormy, benighted prejudices that would have overborne any less devoted band than that enlisted under the auspices of the working pastor of Christ's church.

“ There is something in the strife of sectarianism reminding of the dream of the holy martyr John Huss, who saw the powers of the world busily engaged in effacing the image of Jesus from one side of his chapel at Bethlehem, and on the other, angel hands restoring it in more than its original beauty.”

The Prince of this world knows that while the “ effacing ” goes on precious souls perish, and he supplies the relays of material that nought be lacking on his part, and but for the “ angel hands ” that come to restore peace and harmony by pointing to the Bleeding Love that flowed for *all*, this world would soon become a vast Aceldama.

Never was the Patriarch's parting injunction to brothers more needful than now,—

“ SEE THAT YE FALL NOT OUT BY THE WAY.”

CHAPTER XX.

Cause and Effect.

"Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?"

IT is always interesting and suggestive to observe how circumstances in themselves so trivial as scarce to wake a ripple on the stream of thought, sometimes bear in them the germ of great events, and how small—called by some—"chance" links, connect the wondrous whole.

Who does not remember the nursery legends of Mahomet's cobweb, and Bruce's spider? And what if they were but "old nurse stories?" they did their work.

What reader of history has not lingered wondering on the simple incident that prevented Cromwell from emigrating, even after he was on board a ship at Blackwall? and he was forced back to virtually wear the crown of the unhappy monarch whose intolerant advisers prevented the Iron Man from leaving his country, where he became a wall of fire between Protestantism and Romanism.

It is equally remarkable to sometimes look under the current of events, and tracing from effect to cause, note how frequently the natural instincts, tastes, turns of mind, and even prejudices or follies (for they are nearly synonymous) of people are overruled, and used as instruments for the furtherance of great events, and the promotion of His glory "*who weigheth the dust in a balance.*"

It happened—we had almost said "once upon a time," in the dear, old, attention-riveting style of our childhood's days,—just about the period named in our last chapter, the manifest shaking

of the dry bones, as the great Love-Spirit blew upon them that the town of D——boasted of a good many little banks, with superfluities of paper, and slight sprinklings of gold, as well as of the banker, *par excellence*,—a noble-hearted, self-made man,—who had risen by a steady course of persevering, honourable industry from clerk to banker, and millionaire to boot, and whose wife, a lady of great influence, a handsome person, unadulterated moral courage, twelve beautiful children, and a patrimony of some ten years younger than her lord, with a fine perception of proprieties managed not only to rule him and her household, but also the bank itself, and strange to say! she found it easier to rule all these complicated machineries than she did to regulate and govern her own strong will. Had her sphere of action been unlimited, and in proportion to her energy, this self-reliant Mrs. St. George would have been a latter-day Alexander in petticoats, weeping because there was nothing left for her to conquer; but she spurned, with superb contempt, the homely idea suggested with delicate consideration by her admiring, though somewhat nervous husband, that she may “turn her arms against herself with some advantage.”

Now it also happened, that without consulting her mother—a thing never so much as even dreamed of before in the family, her eldest daughter, a lovely little papa kind of creature had set her affections (as the phrase goes) on the “nice-looking new Curate” recently imported into the town of D——, to fill the *vacuum* left by the Rev. Mr. Drone, who having duly served his apprenticeship to the Rector, and thereby become thoroughly initiated into the mysteries of “position and imposition, flexion and genuflexion” had taken an affecting leave of Anglo-Popery, and thrown himself—black curls and all—with the most childish, touching confidence into the outspread arms of mother Rome.

This important event (by way of digression, which we earnestly crave our readers to pardon), would at one time have greatly disturbed the mind of our old, but we hope not forgotten, friend and favourite, Mary, who, while she really had not the slightest partiality for the young man, with her accustomed kind-heartedness, always took his part against those members of his congregation dealing in sundry effete remarks, such as “he really carried matters a little too far!” when, in humble imitation of his mystifying Rector, he gave out the hymn in Latin, much to the scandal of those who were no “scollards,” and the jeopar-

dizing their Prayer-Book leaves in the perfect hurricane of turning over and over in the search that ensued; or "I wonder what mountebank tricks next!" when the said mysterious-looking Curate having shaved off his "lovely whiskers," made the bare-faced attempt to introduce holy water into the chancel, with sundry other suspicious-looking charlatanisms, too puerile to mention, adding,—

"He would be a much honester man if he followed the example of other Anglo-Popish shams, and went over to Rome at once, instead of doing her work and receiving Protestant pay."

Perhaps this John Bull remark reached the ears of the Pervert; at any rate, to Rome he went and thereby proved his "honesty," if nothing else.

We stated, this event at any other time would have distressed Mary; just then, however, Mr. Drone had given her great cause for offence, by stoutly maintaining, in one of the little arguments in which she delighted to entangle him, a scriptural warrant for the dogma in our common Prayer Book, forbidding Christian burial to unbaptized children, and committing the tiny fragment of immortality, drifted for a moment on Time's shore, to the grave of the suicide and the murderer—thus doctrinally consigning them to eternal "weeping and wailing."

Revolting as this teaching is to the holiest instincts of humanity; contradicting, as it does, the clearest evidence of Scripture; impugning, as it does, the loftiest attribute in the moral government of the Creator; be-cloud, as it does, that wondrous Mercy-bow, which beamed, though dimly, through the darkness of sin-blighted Eden, brightened in the Manger, and shone out in full splendour on Calvary's mournful height; nullify, as it does, that priceless assurance—"the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin"—hence, as an unavoidable deduction, "original sin," the Curate insisted on maintaining his ground, backing the Prayer Book and the Church against the BIBLE, which, according to his shewing, was lamentably in the dark on the subject.

At length, tired of his displays of ancient learning, which she didn't understand, and irreverently doubted if he did, Mary exclaimed, with her usual common-sense impulsiveness, "But it is a substantiated fact, as you are well aware, that half the human race die in childhood, and only a very small proportion have been baptized. As a teacher sent from God, do you really mean to

say you *believe* what you insist on, and that these souls, sinless as to the act, are eternally lost?"

"The e-x-a-ct meaning of the word b-a-p-t-i-z-e, or b-a-p-t-i-z-i-o in the original," began the Curate, in a pedantic tone and with a mystifying look——

"Pray! pray! do not go into another profound depth, where an ignorant girl cannot follow you, but answer my question plainly. Do you believe what you teach as regards infant salvation?" Mary ventured to interrupt.

Startled from the pedantic narration on the origin of the word b-a-p-t-i-z-i-o he was about to inflict on her unwilling ear; and, closely pressed by his companion, the young man exclaimed,—

"Saved! saved! Yes, most likely they are saved, but they are saved without the covenant of grace."*

"*Saved without the covenant of grace!* I thought all salvation was of grace," mused Mary; then smiling a satisfied smile, she replied,—

"Though I scarce know why it should do so, your answer brings to mind the reply of my favourite historical character, Jane Grey."

"What was that?" inquired the Curate, with a sickly smile and a dreamy unconsciousness of manner.

"Do you not recollect? When in the futile endeavour to argue or terrify the sweet victim out of her Bible Protestantism, the Pope's factotum was insisting on the dogma of his church, which arrogates the power to create God, (Curate winced) she asked what would become of the mouse that should dare to set its sacriligious teeth into the mystic wafer?"

"What then? I quite forget the circumstance, and should think it highly probable it is some story made up by the enemies of the Church of Rome," remarked this very Protestant Curate, with a flushed cheek.

"I will tell you, if you have forgotten," replied Mary, smiling mischievously, as if she looked deeper into the arcana of his mind at the moment than the "Successor" either suspected or wished. The holy Father, thrown off his guard by her majestic calm—

* Fact; word for word. How much longer is this dogma to disgrace the Book of Common Prayer in *Protestant* England?

ness, and not only irritated by the superior skill she displayed in argument, but astonished at the wondrous ease and self-possession she maintained in the strife of words—now stripping him of his flimsy sophisms—now entangling him in the subtle meshes of his own webs, that losing at once his temper and centre of consistency, he angrily shouted in reply, to “what would become of the mouse?”

“Why the mouse would be DAMNED!”

“Alas, poor mouse!” meekly replied the child-martyr; and thus, continued Mary, I say, *Alas! poor babe!*

Now because of the unmaternal fact that our venerable Mother, rolling in wealth, permits her hard-working sons to starve genteelly upon pittances which the burly butlers in her Shepherd’s palaces would spurn with disdain, the “nice new Curate” was not destined to share in the good fortunes of many of his brother curates, who, with incomes varying from twenty to seventy pounds per annum, had contrived to win at one stroke the affections and fortunes of women in all merely worldly matters, as much above them as “bright particular stars;” and, *malgré* the pittance incomes, or the ill-natured remarks of their flocks that they followed the “loaves and fishes,” or the “ladies took advantage of leap year”—(both reports much too delicate for investigation),—wonderful effects followed these unions, inasmuch as some of the “fortunate young men” stepped beyond the mere advance in worldly preferment to the “church patronage in my wife’s family,” shaping into a snug stall worth a few trifling thousands yearly, and no great “spheres of labour” thereunto attached; thus demonstrating the melancholy fact, that gifts and graces, in addition to being “moved” to the important office, would never have been appreciated, much less legitimately acknowledged at head quarters, but for the timely intervention of the “patronage in my wife’s family;” and so poor Mr. Williams, the “nice new Curate,” was sacrificed because of his “pittance pay,” his overtures for the hand of the lovely Augusta St. George being courteously, but in her own firm way, rejected by the banker’s lady, who had much higher views for her favourite daughter, and looked upon the “excellent young man, with whom, as she told the Rector, she had no fault to find,” quite in the light of a third or fourth *pis aller* for one of her younger daughters, as she “really liked him.” And no wonder Mrs. St.

George "really liked him;" no one could help doing that: he was an unartificial, zealous, flesh-and-blood man, that Curate: none of those awful, unapproachable, mysterious ideals, pendulating between the monkish superstitions, and childish mummeries of the mediæval ages, and the chance of a golden bishoprick; none of those nondescript parsons, so Proteus-like in their characters, that when they are *in* the pulpit, men say they ought never to be out; and when they are *out*, men say they ought never to be in it. He was large-hearted enough to express his concurrence in all the various reformatory movements changing the hard features of society at large, and leavening it with the spirit of brotherhood; nay, he even went so far as to subscribe annually, at the cost of much self-denial, a guinea out of his "pittance" towards the funds of the Town Mission, of whose workings he had been a glad eye-witness, during his novitiate in the east of London, though he had not the moral courage to attend the meetings, because he feared to be "seen exerting himself lest he should give offence to Mr. Anstruther, who highly disapproved of any movement not in exclusive connection with his church;" or of any steps taken for the relief of wretchedness and crime, that were not formally stereotyped in the regular ecclesiastical beat.

Moreover, the warm-hearted curate had been heard to speak in admiration of the devotedness and zeal of Courtenaye, in the contest between the oppressor and the oppressed,—

"What does it signify who first agitated the movement so that it is in the right direction? I cannot comprehend why we may not all unite in doing God's work, and leave our differences alone till we get more light to judge by," remarked this simple young man, whose "orthodoxy" must have been in extremest infancy, not having cut its first tooth.

Every one said he was "a good deal too low for the Rector, and would not remain long if he did not mind his P's and Q's, and keep his liberal sentiments to himself." Sad to say, he was in a measure compelled to do this, from motives only inferior to the duty he owed his Master—his widowed mother regularly receiving from this excellent son half of his pittance of sixty pounds per annum (which sum Mr. Anstruther awarded him for doing nearly all the work, which brought him in seven hundred or thereabout, yearly), and he had, for some time previous, been working for nothing, having had to serve nearly two years with-

out any wages, though a workman every way "worthy of his hire"—to gain a "title" to minister in holy things, even after being "moved by the Holy Spirit to the office!"

Thus, poor fellow, it became a serious matter with him to "keep in" with his superior for the sake of an interest, so beautiful and sacred in itself. Oh! that such should have begotten in his noble heart "*the fear of man which bringeth a snare.*"

Some excuse too may be found in his "fear," for in addition to being a fiery Welchman, the Rector was so easily provoked, and so addicted to quarreling, that though he had not obtained the degree of "High Wrangler" at college, he certainly had earned and worn the honour in the home department.

As we stated, the proposals for the hand of the lovely Augusta St. George were rejected, with a courtesy below zero, by the managing committee of the banker's family, included in the sole person of his portly wife; and, a short time subsequently, an aristocratically connected, but not wealthy, Baronet made proposals, which were graciously received, and warmly advocated by the said committee: and with so much *finesse* did she play her cards, taking care hearts should never turn up trumps—that in three months after her rejection of the "nice young Curate,"—spite of the pale cheek of her child, spite of the altered looks of the former—ay, and will it be credited? spite of sundry sharp twinges in and about conscience, "her daughter," as the newspapers said, "became the happy bride of Sir Charles Wilbraham Vane," whose character may be summed up in the words of Cicero, "his instructors were indeed to be envied, who at such considerable expense had made him so foolish."

We must not forget to state, that he was also M.P., by virtue of hereditary parliamentary influence in the Vane family.

Now, though correctly speaking, Mrs. St. George could not be said to belong, *in toto*, to that common species of verdant nature—the parasite plant—she was a good deal too self-reliant for that, nevertheless in fellowship with many of the "stronger sex," she entertained a sort of pleasant hankering for titles and rank, clinging with tolerable tenacity to the precedence awarded her in the town of D —, as great, great grand-daughter to a knight on the maternal side; but she had abundance of that "last infirmity of noble minds, Ambition," and could take in at a glance, the various complicated and delicate machinery, by which her influence and power would be extended, through an occasional

reference to "my daughter Lady Vane, or my son-in-law's uncle Lord Speedaway."

It had long been a matter of regret to her, that family arms were not hereditary on the female side. Soon after their marriage, at her suggestion, her husband had applied at the Herald's Office for the family bearings of the "St. George's," not entertaining in her own mind the slightest doubt but they were in some mysterious way connected with the Dragon and Patron Saint of Old England; and great was her disappointment to find, that while the St. George's pedigree could be traced directly up to that relieving officer for distressed families in search of gentility, the Norman Freebooter, they were simply,—

ARMS—Ar. on a bend wavy between five crowns. gu. three-half crowns.

CREST—Two hands erased issuing from clouds ppr. dexter holding key or. sinister globe vert.

MOTTO—"L'argent fait tout."

SUPPORTERS—Dexter, chest or. sinister, chest wings endorsed.

Still Mrs. St. George well knew that if she could have traced an unbroken descent from either Shem, Ham, or Japheth, and have quartered on her carriage, in the shape of arms, legs, and petticoes, all the hieroglyphics of heraldry, the simple coronet (she had her eye upon one of Cicero's lords for her second lovely daughter, *entre nous*) would outvie them all; every one knew what that meant, and very few understood, or cared about the other, beyond its "*or.*" and "*ar.*"; hence she valued all such affairs just as far as they furthered her ambitious projects, and no farther; she was keen, and far seeing—"cute" as Jonathan would say; she knew pretty well that even more than in the days of the Wise King, "MONEY ANSWERETH ALL THINGS," and a cloth of gold covereth a good many sins; what then would not a title do in addition!

Having obtained her wish, as regards her daughter, it infused a stimulus into her exertions, 'till "Mrs. St. George does this, or that," "Mrs. St. George says so and so," became almost "household words" in the town where her wealth and moral courage had long procured her considerable influence. Indeed to such mastery had she brought the latter, that if any one, particularly her modest husband, had hinted at the improbability of her accomplishing it, she would have set about the discovery of perpetual motion, squaring the circle, or making two parallel lines

meet in the centre, with a cool confidence in her success, that would have delighted the fastest Prime Minister; and yet, will it be believed among her own sex? she had not the fortitude to dare be getting old, or to allow such an *outré* idea to be recognized in her extensive circle!

The poor young wife, feeling that neither husband, rank, nor Stansfield Park could fill the place in her heart, from whence Love had been so hastily driven, sought for some object to gather into its desolate enclosure, and monopolize its unsatisfied affections and yearnings; hence when two ladies of the committee called to enlist her influence in furtherance of the object they hoped to accomplish, viz: the relief of the oppressed milliners and dressmakers, they found her not only willing, but anxious to play a part in so sacred an undertaking; and in the course of conversation—pointing to one of Courtenaye's sermons that lay on a rich marquetric table, she remarked,—

"Those were the means of my conversion. I never felt the luxury of doing good 'till I learnt it there."

Ah! title sacrificed one! Little did she imagine that the withering of her gourd was the "thorny road" leading her from earth to heaven! Yet such it was.

From the circumstance of her being one of the committee, she was brought in contact with the hard working pastor, whose earnest, unwearied exertions delighted and stimulated her, while his faithful teaching poured balm into her wounded heart; and greatly to the annoyance of the Anglo-Popish" Rector, and his wife, (who in addition to meriting the degree of second in command "High Wrangler," was ever armed *cap-a-pee*, to enter the lists at a moment's notice,

"And prove her doctrine orthodox,
By apostolic blows and knocks),"

the startling hatchment-environed pew of the "long line of Vane's," was uncereemoniously deserted for the humble one at Courtenaye's church, not only by its elegant and unhappy mistress, but also by the younger branches of the St. George's family; which heterodoxy gave such grave offence to the worthy pair, that the foam of the "orthodox" breakers absolutely rolled over the breakwater of good-manners, and the lady meeting the decided Mrs. St. George at a dinner party, so far forgot at once her courtesy and Christianity, as to ask—

"How Lady Vane's methodist mania prospered? "sneeringly

adding, she "hoped she would not *convert* all her charming sisters?"

Much "put out" by this unprovoked attack on her gentle child, whose happiness she felt she had failed in securing, Mrs. St. George replied almost up to summer heat, she "only hoped to see all her daughters as good and consistent as Lady Vane had become since she had attended Mr. Courtenaye's ministry, and left Mr. Anstruther's church!"

Here was an out-letting of water! not only her husband's teaching covertly impugned, *that* she could have borne with the meekness of a wounded dove, but her "church," disparaged! Oh! that was the "unkindest cut of all!" and too indignant, as well as too politic to make any reply, she contented herself with looking a galvanic shock of pity at the ignorance of her offending neighbour, which shock *she* took care not to feel, busily employing her vision in examining some rare exotics that flourished in an *épergne* decking the centre of the table; but she took care not to be too unobservant, and soon discovered, like an amateur Delilah, where Samson's strength lay, and resolved to use it accordingly; mentally vowing there and then, "never to darken the doors of Mr. Anstruther's church again!"

CHAPTER XXI.

More Preaching and Preaching, and More Cause and Effect.

"If the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself to the battle?"

WITH some shew of justice our fair reader may accuse us of entering too minutely into the character and teaching of the Rector of D——; but as he is a representative man of a large family not yet quite extinct, and as we regard our said reader as a thinking responsible agent, not a mere scene-hunting, dressing, vapid fashionist, we earnestly beg a careful perusal of the few pages devoted to the portraiture.

Considered by some people "sound," and "moved" rather late in life, by a noble Duke with a few dozens of livings in his gift, to fly through the good town of D—— with the "everlasting Gospel,"—forgetting, if he had ever heard the grand remark of Archbishop Usher, "it requires all our learning to preach plain to dying men," or the inspired avowal of the Apostle,—

"I thank my God, I speak with tongues more than you all, yet in the church I had rather speak five words with my understanding, that by my voice I might edify others, than ten thousand in an unknown tongue,—"

the Rector not only flew over the heads and hearts of his congregation, but often into the clouds altogether out of sight, neither enlightening the former, or lighting upon the latter.

He had a not uncommon way of taking the majestic and eternal simplicities of the Gospel, which inspiration has declared "*so plain that a way-faring man, though a fool, shall not err therein,*"

and after winnowing them through sundry sieves manufactured from dogmatical abstractions and dim perceptions of past ages, he would throw over them a hazy web of his *own* weaving, partly from the said perceptions, partly from subtle essences of obscure creeds, which may mean anything or nothing, that as the text stood before his hearers thus draped and "darkened by the light of excessive learning,"—between which and piety he had long repealed the union, the more educated of his flock were ready to ask, with sneering Pilate, "*What is truth?*" the less learned thought "the Rector a powerful clever man, they hadn't the presumption to understand him," while those who were hungering for the "Bread of Life," left the "gate of heaven,"* which was painted in curious blue and red letters over the entrance of the church to enter into some more macadamised road, and sought to satisfy their souls' cravings at *any* place of worship where they could feed on the "children's bread" unadulterated with the chaff of benighted creeds, and unmixed with the bitter tares of controversy; in short, rejoiced to take refuge in the teaching of any pastor, by whatsoever name known among men, who left untouched their early child-like faith in the Word of Life, which they thought, simple souls! led them nearer to the "gate of heaven" than all the wonderful learning of their Rector, with Fathers and Commentators to boot.

Whoever was, certainly he was not the spiritual Sibyl to decipher the mystic characters on the tablet of their unsatisfied hearts!

He never dealt with the solemn and paramount concerns of eternity, or with "those unfathomed and abiding emotions of their nature, shringing deep instincts written by the finger of God on the soul never to be utterly divorced from it," hence his flock were starving in the midst of plenty—dying of atrophy—wasting their spiritual solids; and yet this man would have carried on "war to the knife" to prove his direct Apostolic descent, and went on with his effete sermons, well satisfied that he was in "the narrow road," no matter whether his flock were,

* After lecturing his flock for frequently preferring a simple, earnest, gospel ministry found in a village near the "sphere of his own labours" within the heterodox walls of a chapel, the writer heard this model Rector use the following arguments one Sabbath morning:—"This church has been repaired and beautified, as you well know, and you can walk to it, amid the graves of your forefathers; beside which, have you not the most beautiful liturgy in the world?"

or were not—shouting over every action, however pure, disinterested, and holy in its object and end that did not spring out of his church, the ancient and hollow shibboleth,—

"The temple of the Lord are we." "Great is Diana of the Ephesians."

'Tis passing sweet to fall back on the sublime and simple teaching of "Him who spake as never man spake," finding its precious truths just as they were in the days of our first love! The soul's hidden springs are touched, and rivers of joy flow out, sweeping away the "refuge of lies," dispelling our momentary doubts, and clearing the mist from Faith's vision!

Oh, *that* teaching! It "fills the hungry soul with good things,"

"And brings our old simplicity again."

Oh, for a revival of Gospel preaching! Preaching like glorious old Baxter, as "dying man to dying men!"

Preaching—not with every human sympathy lulled to repose by nasal intonations, in the arms of a cold, mechanical superstitious mystified theology, ornamented with a semi-Popish, semi-Jewish ritual, but preaching with every sympathy in action—the heart of love, the tongue of fire—on the mountain, in the valley,—beseeching men, as of a common brotherhood encircled by the wondrous sympathy of their dying, risen Lord,—

"TO BE RECONCILED TO GOD."

Instead of "forgetting the sermon, before we recover our faith," we feel somewhat like the kingly old Dreamer,—

"A little from heaven is better than a good deal from man: what is from man, is often tumbled over and over; things that we receive from God's hand, come to us as things from the minting-house: old truths are always new to us, if they come with the smell of heaven upon them."

"The smell of heaven upon them." How quaint! How like the sweet thoughts of the Tinker's poet-heart?

But little, we grieve to say, of this "smell of heaven" was to be found in our Rector's teaching; the "Rose of Sharon" and the "Lily of the Valley" never perfumed the theological stubble he presented to his flock!

The thrilling story of the Cross never melted the hearts, soothed the griefs, or spoke peace to the repentant sinner among his listeners; indeed he openly confessed that *he* did not "see

the necessity of holding up the Cross in these days, as some fanatic though perhaps well-meaning men constantly do."

This mystery of Eternity—"God manifest in the flesh"—*he* does not see the "necessity" of "holding up," as an incentive to a life of purity and holiness.

He has no sympathy with the Angelic Hosts in their intense desire to look into this "mystery," as they bend their eager gaze earthward, waving their snowy wings, while bright and clear in the blue ether that canopied Bethlehem's manger gushed out their soft love-song:—

"PEACE ON EARTH—GOOD-WILL TO MAN!"

He has no sympathy with them, as they follow step by step, the mercy-dropping path of the Man of Sorrows, wondering "where all this love and grief will end!"

He has no sympathy with them as they surround the solemn heights of Calvary, and veil their faces in their wings as the Victor Victim bows his weary head, and—

"IT IS FINISHED,"

rolls over the quaking, sun-deserted, but redeemed earth!

He has no sympathy with them, as they catch up the glory-words, passing them on and on through all the shining ranks and golden streets of the City of God, while the spirits of "the just made perfect" cast their blood-bought crowns before the Throne, and the burst of the majestic anthem,—

"WORTHY THE LAMB THAT WAS SLAIN!"

shakes its jewelled foundations!

He has no sympathy as the echo floats downwards, pealing through the dark caverns of hell, while its great red eye is shut in despair, and all its arches are hung in black!

He has no sympathy with them as they watch at the door of the Sepulchre, where reposed in Death's icy arms the "*Lord and Giver of Life*," till commissioned to "roll away the stone," they form a glittering escort to attend the Conqueror on his triumphant homeward march, clapping their snowy wings exultingly, and shouting as they went up through the sky,—

"LIFT UP YOUR HEADS, YE ETERNAL GATES, AND LET THE KING OF GLORY IN!"

No! our Rector has no sympathy with these glories, and though he lives in the noon-tide blaze of the "day" that the "Father of the Faithful" saw, though afar off and shadowy, and "was glad,"—the "day" that Kings and Prophets desired with yearning to

see, all this is nothing to him! *He* is gone far beyond these benighted angels, and kings, and prophets! *He* smiles at the simplicity of the earnest Paul, who "*counted all things but dross, so that he may proclaim Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.*"

"*Ceasing not for the space of three years in his own hired house, to warn men day and night, even with tears, to be reconciled to God,*" and is thankful he is "no such enthusiast!" Tears, indeed! no doubt this kind of thing was all very well in that state of society, it did well enough in those dark ages; but now, in these days of enlightenment, and in this age of "Fathers," and "Canons," and "Creeds," it wouldn't do for a moment! "That's where St. Paul and I differ," are his sentiments.

Moreover, though our Rector has solemnly vowed himself, in the face "of God and this congregation, to be moved by the Holy Spirit" to his sacred office, he sees no *glory* in the Cross.

The Name that fills all heaven with music is never his theme.

He never felt an answering echo in his heart to the expiring cry, amid the flames of the martyr-pyre,—

"NONE BUT CHRIST! NONE BUT CHRIST!"—

and he preaches anything but this—now his Church, then his creed, anon himself;—but never Salvation by "*the only name given under Heaven, whereby man can be saved.*"

What wonder, then, at the miserable soul-dwarfing that followed his ministrations!

Oh, this pushing aside God's way to make room for man's teaching! What unto shall we liken a Ministry without the Atonement?

It is a Corpse holding in its hand a lamp whose rays serve but to reveal its own decay.

But, however untoward in itself was the little *fracas* recorded in the last chapter, viz., the unprovoked attack on the banker's lady, its results were singularly beneficial to the furtherance of the great work in which Courtenaye so incessantly laboured.

The ladies' committee at this time numbered several of the principal families in the town of D—, from the different denominations of Christians who wished well to this excellent reformatory movement, and who bound themselves strictly to adhere to certain rules, that, after much prayerful study, had been framed by the young pastor, and unanimously agreed to;

but want of space forbids our reverting to more than the mere outlines of the machinery set in motion.

Though "shy" at first, many husbands and brothers, regarding the project as one from which their sympathies were excluded, held aloof; but by and by the enthusiasm became contagious, and one after another, the gallant and the true-hearted found themselves helping-on the fast-widening, deepening stream of compassion flowing towards the white slave in the orthodox town of D——.

A French writer wittily says, "that when a man has toiled step by step up a flight of stairs, he is sure to find a woman at the top."

This may be but an outbreak of the gay Frenchman's constitutional gallantry; still, daily experience demonstrates that woman often accomplishes while man abandons his projects in despair: their untiring patience, and passive endurance (we don't of course deal now, with the exceptions, of whom the indefatigable Mrs. St. George was one) under trials and difficulties, of which men comparatively know nothing, may form the substratum on which they arrive at the top of the stairs *first*; and if 'tis only a myth that the wise Socrates was taught eloquence by Aspasia, there may a good deal of sober, matter of fact truth so poetically shadowed forth in the Iliad, where the Titan son of Jupiter, that "lame Architect" is represented as being given the "silver footed dame" with

"Voice, and sense and science given
Of works divine,"—

and by whose aid (for notwithstanding her peerless beauty, and "sense and science" she seems to have taken the degree of "High Wrangler," and was constantly nagging at her sceptered lord) no doubt his graceful perception of "works divine" was infused into his "hairy breast" and "brawny arm," and displayed in the starry crown of Ariadne, and the unique necklace of Hermione, even if she had nothing to do with the brazen puppy, or woman of clay, rife with fire the Promethean pilfered, to his shame be it spoken! and while our modern Vulcans are ready to accord to our modern Venus's the gift of voice so liberally that a woman's tongue is almost a by-word and reproach, they should not grudge them the balance of power that was bestowed with it,—

"Sense and science of works divine."

No doubt the poor lame Architect often found his peerless wife the "greatest plague in life," but then, she had her redeeming qualities, and he was obliged to bear with her, for the wiser Jupiter had paired them.

Now the premised crusade against inhumanity was, or ought to have been, pre-eminently *woman's*; and unless she exerted all her energies and interest in remedying an evil she had fostered, victory would never crown the struggles of Right versus Wrong.

In the great "modern Babylon," many right thinking men who had thrown their talents and influence into the "move," and who had engraved on their hearts "no surrender," had failed in arousing, to any extent, a sense of responsibility, or a thrill of humanity in the breasts of those of whom a distinguished writer once said, in reference to Hindoo human sacrifices,—

"There can scarcely be a misery connected with human existence, that the piety and the zeal of British women, under the blessing of God, is not able to remove; and if this dreadful state of things be felt, as it should be, in every town and city of the United Kingdom, these immolations would soon cease."

Noble testimony! and so if these wrongs done to their sisters were felt as they OUGHT to be throughout the land, the emancipation of the white slave would be a victory worthy to stand beside those glorious conquests that hallow the memory of a Wilberforce, a Clarkson, a Howard,—a victory reserved for the Women of England!

It is but common justice to say, whatever might have been the under current or primary cause that agitated the surface of society, the exertions and conduct of the ladies in the town of D—— were beyond all praise; those who recognized in the "move," the hand of Him who "*went about doing good*," were as a matter of course in it; and many who never viewed it in this sacred light, and who acted from inferior but still lovely motives—sympathy for sorrowing humanity,—hesitated not to make sacrifices of Self that proved the true woman-heart still beating under tinsel, and gaud, and fashion.

We here furnish an outline of the Rules on which the committee determined to act, craving forbearance for their paucity, as we quote from memory:—

First. That the town of D——be divided into districts, and that

each lady of the committee shall have one district assigned to her to canvass, for the purpose of soliciting every householder therein, of whatsoever grade, to pledge themselves to abide by the rules of the said Committee.*

Second. Never to give orders for any dress, cloak, bonnet, or garment whatsoever, without allowing sufficient reasonable time for its completion.

Thus rendering unnecessary the slave-market system of wringing from the sinews of the helpless victims, an amount of work that would occupy as many days as they were given hours to complete it in, simply because the wearer "must have it home immediately" to display at the next ball, or flower-show, or *fête*, which she has known for weeks would come off at a certain time, but held back from giving her orders 'till the last moment possible, lest her costume should be one shade less fashionable in texture or "cut," than her neighbour's or friend's, never deigning to think at what a cost her momentary and small-hearted gratification was purchased.

Third. Never to permit any dress, bonnet, cloak, or garment whatsoever, to be brought home from any milliner's or shop of any kind, after seven o'clock in the evening, or on SATURDAYS, after two o'clock in the afternoon.

Thereby ensuring to England's white slave, not only the blessing of a half-holiday, but the free untrammelled Sabbath; man's and woman's *unalienable birth-right*, which they hold direct from the God of the Sabbath, and

"Woe to their kindred, and woe to their cause,"

when they shall surrender their birthright!

Fourth. Never to shop themselves, nor permit any member of their household to do so, after seven in the evening.

Thereby ensuring to white slaves of both sexes, the free use of their limbs in the fresh pure air, so imperatively necessary for healthy functions of the human frame, and for the cultivation of mental capabilities and home sympathies.

Fifth. Never themselves to purchase, or allow to be purchased by their households, any articles whatsoever, at establishments whose principals refused to comply with the requirements of the

* Difficulties are not impossibilities, and what has been may be. Every woman in England "whose heart is in the right place" may become the nucleus for uprooting this crying sin, and in one year the evil would be among the things that flourished in the dark ages.

committee; and that such names be published, to prevent the friends of the anti-slavery movement encouraging, by their patronage, the abominable existing system.

Like all human compilations, undoubtedly these Rules were not infallible, but an impartial judgment should be given of them by their beneficial working, of which more remains to be said; while we beg respectfully to remind our reader, that 'tis not the machinery, however perfect it may be, that does the work.

The initiatory efforts of Mrs. Leslie, and a friend, were very discouraging, as they encountered a virulent rebuff from no less a personage than Mrs. Johns, the principal of one of the largest, if not *the* largest, millinery and dressmaking establishment in the town of D——, who, secure in the custom of fashionable patrons, and in her orthodox religious views (for she was a professing woman, that Mrs. Johns, and regularly "attended the table,") absolutely refused to listen to any proposals, or submit to any interference whatever, either for the sake of justice or humanity, remaining firm against entreaties or arguments, as the Great Wall of China.

"Cast down but not destroyed," the two ministers of mercy departed, and as soon as they were out of hearing, the Lady-principal commenced a sort of jerking apostrophe,—

"*Rights and feelings!* What rights and feelings belong to these creatures I should just like to know! arn't they *born* to work? what else do I feed and pay them for, I should just like to know?"

"*Rights and feelings!* the lazy, tiresome baggages! half their time asleep over their work!"

"Like to catch myself letting 'em out at *seven* to beat the streets! No, no! Mrs. Leslie! These fine ideas about feelings, and rights, and nonsense, may suit *your* religion, but I am thankful to say they dont *mine*, nor never will while my name is Johns!" and with a significant toss of her well-arranged head, she swept into the workroom, looking daggers at the ghostly girls augmenting her gold, and declared, in a voice apparently well understood by her slaves, that "Miss Fitzjames's three dresses should be finished and sent home that night, before one of the 'prentices steep her foot outside of the doors!"

Hopeless looks, expressive of loathed submission, were exchanged by the cowering sempstresses as their tyrant swept out of the room, seeming to convey the idea, that her law was like that of Darius.

But the day that frowned so unpropitiously on earnest Mrs. Leslie and her friend, smiled on the efforts of Mrs. St. George and Mrs. Smythe Hope; they assailed the proprietress of the French millinery and dressmaking establishment, whose rivalry with "Madame" Johns had long been a matter of agreeable dispute between their respective admirers and patrons, in proportion as they each hated "everything English," or couldn't "endure that flippant Mam'selle."

As soon as Mrs. St. George had stated the object of her visit, which she did with an off-hand eloquence and ready argument really most admirable, the little Frenchwoman, with the instinctive *tact* of her nation, foreseeing, from the energy and talent engaged in the movement it was likely to become popular, determined to coquet and temporize with it, and thereby gain time to watch the signs of the struggle, and fall into that side which proved to be strongest. To this end, without appearing to do so, she artfully contrived to draw from her loquacious visitor all the knowledge she possessed on the subject, as well as the names of those engaged to support the move, assuming to be much struck with the idea and interested in it, promising to "tink well de matter over before Madame did her de honor to call again." By some of those hidden and singular agencies, through which people's affairs get talked over, albeit, each listener has been told the circumstance as a "great secret," the same day, the little Frenchwoman scented that her rival had positively refused to have "anything to do with the matter;" which at once determined *her* to fall into the plan, and thus increase at one stroke her popularity and her trade by securing the undivided patronage of the influential names before referred to on Mrs. St. George's list.

There was another gratification, too, last and not least to be ensured, viz., a triumph over Mrs. Johns to whom she owed several business-grudges for real or imaginary injuries received; not the most trifling of which was her arrogating to herself the title of "Madame," instead of plain "Mrs.," on her perfumed, highly-enameled cards. Indeed, at times—such as Spring and Autumn—after the return of each party "from Paris" (they *said*, but they never got further, *en route*, than London), so fierce did the stream of contention roll between them, that it would not have been difficult to realise the assumption of some old feuds, ripe with the memories of Poitiers or Agincourt smouldering in their national

q

breasts; just as if there was not plenty of room in this great world for French and English people too to live and let live.

Now Mrs. St. George, having a large family of very expensive "girls," and an incalculable number of friends, set her heart upon using all the influence these facts vested her with, in an endeavour to enrol the two great rival houses as trophies of her successful diplomacy, and this not only from a real love to the cause she had undertaken, but from a certain naughty gratification of spleen she intended to wreck on Mrs. Anstruther for the unprovoked insult she had received from the tongue of that lady at the dinner-party before alluded to, the remembrance of which had rankled in her heart, and she had soliloquised herself into the belief that her dignity called on her to evince an utter disregard of the opinion or wishes of one "who could so far forget herself as to presume to dictate to *her* daughter where she was to go to church."

The Rector's lady—looking upon the whole affair as a "decided low church movement," and moreover fully believing "from the nature of the case that all this enthusiasm and fanaticism would cool down, and render its advocates the laughing-stock of the wise and prudent,"—not only firmly resisted the many attempts made by the members of her own church to interest her on the side of the "right and true" (a circumstance much to be desired, because, whether for good or evil, a minister's wife is a potent influence), but was unsparing and open in her censure of those who did, and perhaps her opprobriums were not the less loud and angry because she felt sure that any cause advocated *con amore* by the active and powerful Mrs. St. George, was sure to leave the opposition in a minority; and while she had not the remotest intention of coming to "daggers drawn" with her potent neighbour, whose carriage was the softest, whose dinners were the most *récherché*, and whose purse was in no danger of dying of a consumption, she claimed the privilege of animadverting *ad libitum* on her and the rest of her acquaintances, who presumed to follow the dictates of their own consciences in the important matter of worship.

From an excellent rule of dividing her patronage, Mrs. St. George had no small amount of influence with the magnates of these rival houses. Ma'mselle Josephine Marie Deille supplying, at the trifling expenditure of about two thousand per annum, the multifarious items (including the almost microscopical fabrics *then*

called bonnets) which made up the millinery account against the Banker's lady and her "large, very expensive family of girls;" while Madame Johns furnished the more weighty articles, such as robes, shawls, etc., at an average outlay of ——— we are almost afraid to put the sum on paper, and indeed we have no right to name it, seeing the Banker, though by far the most interested of the party, knew nothing about it, and the Bank itself had a great deal to do with it.

"Refuse to entertain any ideas on the subject, does she, my dear Mrs. Leslie? Well, well! we shall soon see! Leave her to *me*, if any one can bring her to reason, and manage her, I can!" and the self-reliant Mrs. St. George slightly elevated her stately head, as a confident, diplomatic-looking smile stole over her face:—

"I will take her off your hands," she added; and, concurrent with her determination, her handsome carriage rolls towards Madame Johns, deposits its active mistress and departs, thereby intimating that her stay would not be a "transient one," but like Venus when she paid a visit to Sappho at her "lodgings," 'twas to be "long and confiding," a circumstance Madame Dacier considered something "very pretty."

Qy. Did Madame Johns think the same after Mrs. St. George had commenced her attack?

Perhaps she thought her more like Cacus, the terrible son of the "lame Architect," who, we are told, breathed nothing but flame!

Some writer shrewdly observes:—

"A man who is furnished with arguments from the Mint will convince his antagonist much sooner than one who draws from reason or philosophy: gold is a wonderful clearer of the understanding; it dissipates every doubt; accommodates itself to the meanest understanding; silences the loud and clamorous; and brings over the most obstinate and inflexible!"

Perhaps Mrs. St. George had an eye to this sentiment, and it produced in her mind those sanguine convictions as to the result of her persuasive powers on Madame Johns, when other applicants for mercy's sake had failed. Perhaps, too, it is scarcely fair to enter into a detail of circumstances that produced this conviction, as it is expressly a "business transaction;" and yet it may serve to illustrate the trite remark prefacing a former chapter, and as *she* has told her herself twenty times, whenever she has plumed

deeper into the banking concerns than sat easily even on her elastic and easily-pacified conscience, "it is really no harm," why should we think otherwise? Surely she must know her own affairs best, and every one is aware, who looks round with eyes open, that there must be a good many "wheels within wheels" going to make up a circle in such odd days of display, rivalry, and fashion as those we are describing.

Not that had no such "wheels" ever turned, our self-dependent friend would have been daunted by the difficulties that menaced her in her attack on her milliner's slave-trade. No trifling droppings, even though they heralded a thunderbolt, could have done *that*!

At the close of an unusually brilliant season, which had compassed many bridal, and more funeral orders, beside balls, private theatricals, and frivolities unknown, Madame Johns had the exquisite gratification of placing a snug sum in the bank; an achievement she had driven, and scolded, and killed in the work-room to accomplish—panting for the moment when she would be able to roll the sweet morsel "my banker" off her tongue—give a cheque now and then where she knew it would "tell," and her credit would rise considerably therefrom; but as this pleasant mode of elevating herself in the eyes of the uninitiated could not hold out with the constant drain occasioned by the long credit system, she determined to make a bold stroke, ere the last plank of her temporary altitude, which had long been an inclined plane, down which she was sliding with no pleasant emotion, gave way. She therefore contrived by the most obsequious flattery, flourishing statements, and professions of eternal gratitude, to represent to Mrs. St. George "what a mutual accommodation" would result if she would use her influence, and allow her cheques to be honoured *ad libitum*—balancing accounts at the end of the year through the easy channel of the millinery department: and as the lady—flattered by Madame's artful, and evident acknowledgement of her powers (for she was not insensible to the syren voice—even though the uttering lips were mean, and would by no means have been satisfied with Plato's four kinds of flattery), saw nothing in this proposal but a fair and honourable accommodation, she at once consented to it.

Most fortunately for the cause just now so near the banker's lady's heart,—though in the same inverse proportion, *mal apropos*

for Madame Johns, the latter had through the negotiation just named, drawn a large sum to liquidate the cost of a plate-glass front, for which she had long sighed in secret, of such startling dimensions that it promised to stand substitute for the "appalling sacrifices" that annually decorated the old one; and moreover threatened to out-do, in quantity, if not in quality, the fanciful and elegant "Magasin des Modes" of Mademoiselle Delille.

In furious scarlet and ultra marine, "the force of taste" could go no farther in the embellishment of the good woman's shop; and though she had decided on gothic letters in which to convey to her patrons an idea of the extent and variety of her show-rooms, she found it less easy to re-baptize the same shop in its improved and remodelled state. She turned over in her mind "Emporium," "Establishment," but they were "too common:" she had gone far beyond *them*. She liked "Magasin" amazingly, but she scorned to take pattern by that "contemptible little French minx," not having learnt the noble sentiment,—

"'Tis wise to learn, even of an enemy."

They were not the days of "Symposiums," "Aqua-scuteams," "Sponsalias," "Towers of Babel," "Multum in Parvos," etc., but the inkling for fine names in ancient, dead, and living languages had just begun to show itself; added to a foreshadowing of the violation of those wholesome and safe rules laid down with such perspicuity by Sir R. Phillips, in his "Plain Instructions for Young Tradesmen," which ultimately threatened, in the extravagant rivalry it produced, to realize the old idea of "all outside show," and to have caused the worthy propounder thereof to "turn in his grave," if such could possibly be.

Having, as already stated, promoted herself from the old English "Mrs." to "Madame," why or wherefore nobody knew, she sighed to distinguish her house by something "quite out of the common way," in the shape of a name; unfortunately she didn't dabble in Greek and Latin, and her knowledge of French was none of the profoundest. She was, therefore, thrown entirely on her own resources for the same, which at last came to her relief; and one morning her admiring neighbours looked out upon the very racy announcement that Madame Johns had reopened—

"THE FISH WITH GLITTERING TAILS,"

"groaning under the richest products of the four quarters of the world, to which she "warmly invited her patrons of the nobility and gentry to feast their sensibilities on the display.(!)"

How this very *unique* baptism came to pass is as follows :—

In her school-days Madame was marvellously fond of learning rhymes, or sentences with hard names in them, and she liked them all the better because she didn't understand them; just as the old woman who exclaimed, on coming out of church, "What a beautiful sermon! that blessed word, *Messopotamy*, it did come back so often!"

Thus, the little maid would repeat her acquirements with a pompous gravity to her honest country parents, who looked upon "our Mariar," as quite a wonder of the world in a small way—a sort of "Infant Sapphire."

Now it chanced that in "our Mariar's" spelling-book, those well-known signs of the Zodiac "done into rhyme," existed, and were admirably adapted to her peculiar idiosyncrasy; hence she committed them to memory, and would not only frequently fascinate the worthy couple by repeating them, but absolutely go to sleep in her little patchwork-covered bed, saying them over and over again, as some little mother-taught ones do,—

"See the kind Shepherd."

While "Madame's" mind was in a tornado of inquietude, and uncertainty as to the startling name she yearned to bestow on her shop, she had occasion to have recourse to the old spelling book to "find out how a word was spelt," when lo and behold! the said book "opened of itself" in the well-thumbed page of the favourite lines of her childhood, which piles of rubbish had almost buried in the grave of her memory; and, from habit, she at once commenced the familiar jingle,

"The Ram, the Bull, the heavenly Twins."

She had no sooner pronounced the last words, "heavenly Twins," than some most mischievous mental Puck whispered, "wouldn't that be a lovely name for the shop?"

She caught at the idea as "quite a providential discovery,"—looked at it in all its varied bearings and aspects with a most critical and connoisseurish eye. "Do? to be sure it would! It was just the *very* thing!" The heavenly Twins should be engraved on her cards as Fashion and Economy, in the most romantic

and inviting style, all in red, and purple and gold ; and she would have it over the door, too !

" Oh ! what a triumph over that contemptible little French interloper ! "

Madame paused suddenly in the midst of her upward flight, as if idea-struck—a cloud seemed to come down upon the bright picture.

" After all, she didn't *quite* like the word " heavenly ? " Wouldn't a certain party in the town—fond of talking about that kind of thing imagine she was toadying *them*, and wished to curry favour by paying them a compliment ? Perish the thought ! But could she not substitute some other word for " heavenly ? " Wouldn't " sky-blue," " celestial," " azure," be as well ? No ! So on she goes—" something else may turn up. "

" And next the Crab, the Lion shines,
The Virgin and the Scales. "

" The Virgin and the Scales ! "—Would *that* do ? It would form a very classic group. The Scales could be Fashion and Economy, and the Virgin—Taste.

It would look uncommonly imposing, too !—But (Ah ! those " buts " and " ifs " they are among life's little chasteners)—wouldn't she run the risk of offending all her *mother* customers, who paid by far the best, if she bestowed the palm of " taste " exclusively on their daughters—a good many of whom she knew didn't dare to be better looking, certainly not younger looking, than themselves.

Beside—wouldn't the Rector think her very profane if she took any liberties with the name of Virgin ! wouldn't he feel hurt, too, if she didn't consult him ? What will the world say ? "

The idea is abandoned, and on she goes—

" The Scorpion, Archer, and Sea-Goat,
The Man that holds the watering pot. "

(" Whatever could they have put him up in the consternations for ? One of the greatest plagues of her life—always throwing the water over the nice clean brass letters, and windows, from holding the pot so high, though she has told him of it dozens of times——. ")

" The Fish with glittering tails. "

Poor Madame was in a quandary : evidently she differed in

opinion from our great Dramatist when asking "What's in a name?" and seemed to know the modern value of fine sounds as well as most people,—

Why wouldn't this last do? She could have a beautiful, fashionable-looking mermaid painted with two "tails" instead of one, all glittering with spangles, and embroidery, to imitate the *real* tails or skirts of the ladies' dresses, and thrown out with steel, and cane, and crinoline no end!

Oh! *that's* it at last! That will do! It will neither be toadying the canting party—nor wounding the vanity of her Ma customers, or paining the feelings of the sensitive Rector.

That will do! So, fortunately for the artist, she sketched her own design, and forthwith came—

"THE FISH WITH GLITTERING TAILS,"

and while no living or deceased naturalist could have recognised the idea of an animal, even though well acquainted with the formula of all the pre-adamite or post-deluvian creatures (Ichthyosaurus included) that ever flew through the air or swam in the sea, Madame considered she had achieved a threefold triumph over invention, art, and the "contemptible little French Mam-selle!"

The facts relative to the "mutual accommodation" between the two aspiring ladies were something substantial for Mrs. St. George to go upon, and it was perfectly refreshing to see the bright smile that overspread the somewhat angular proportions of Madame's face, as the superb carriage of the female banker drove up to the startling plate glass. She always kept a relay of these April smiles ready-made for her carriage customers, and on this occasion she came forward—absolutely *came forward*—to meet her patroness and best customer, a stretch of courtesy she so rarely displayed,—never to walking ladies,—that it betokened great deference and profound respect, to say nothing of the extra hyper-smile power she put on for the occasion, little dreaming of the attack meditated upon her free-will by the magnificent looking being on whom she showered both smiles and civilities.

As a legitimate conclusion to which she had arrived by a train of subtle and logical reasoning, arguing from cause to effect in true forensic style, Mrs. St. George felt perfectly confident of victory. She therefore opened her subject with a bold confidence, born of the said conclusion, that perfectly paralysed

Madame for a moment, as she saw her citadel in danger of being carried by a single *coup de main*; as, however, the former continued in the same bold, dashing strain, she secured breathing time, and determined to "have a struggle for it."

It would be useless to follow in the wake of all the *pros* and *cons* that issued from each party in the gentle strife.

Like a true orator, the advocate of Right never lost sight of her subject. She put it in a most masterly manner through all its varied ramifications and bearings, moods and tenses, thereby hoping to move the *better* part of her antagonist by an appeal to the higher instincts of human nature ere she descended to use the power she knew she possessed. The great cause in which she was embarked cast a reflex splendour over her little follies and weaknesses that almost extinguished them, and she never shone brighter than at the moment when, with flushed cheek and beaming eye, she pleaded for the oppressed of her own sex.

But the more Mrs. St. George expatiated and expounded, the more Madame didn't comprehend; she seemed suddenly innoculated with a wonderful talent for misunderstanding, till at length worn-out by her dogged determination not to be convinced, as well as by a display of contradiction quite new to her, her powerful antagonist delicately hinted at "closing accounts before the ensuing year commenced."

Taken aback, as she saw her concerns—startling plate glass window and all—caught in the golden meshes of her best patron's web, and tenderly alive to the conviction that her custom involved a sum "not to be sneezed at," Madame rallied the smiles that had taken flight all at once, like a covey of birds at the report of a double-barrel, protested she had never given the subject a "serious" thought; Mrs. St. George had "certainly put it in a very different light from Mrs. Leslie;" she would turn it over in her mind, and no doubt be able to fall in with the "enlightened and humane views," of which such a powerful exponent stood before her. She therefore attended her most obsequiously to the entrance of the "Fish with glittering tails," and in a few moments, fast as the sinews of her horses could carry her, the potent lady was winging her way, flushed with victory, to another refractory subject.

Many were the writhings and tossings that agitated Madame's frame ere she could bring herself to "give in." How would her guilty gains be curtailed!

How would her slave trade, just now so intensely thriving, be cut short!

What should she do with the soiled and damaged goods, out of which she reaped such an abundant harvest by gas-light, and no one would buy in day-light if she closed at seven!

True, if she persisted in her non-compliance, her custom was imperiled. She would have to swim against a marvellous strong current; but had she "not a right to do as she liked?" "What had people to do with *her* business ways, she should like to know! She would soon let them see, or her name wasn't Johns!"

Poor woman! her mind was quite a commercial Acteus devoured by its own dogs; and to such a boiling pitch had she stirred up her wrath, by adding such fuel to fuel as the above "*reasoning*," that it is more than likely she would there and then have sent in her non-acquiescence, but that the memory flashed across her of certain hints thrown out by Mrs. St. George in the course of her oration, to the effect that "*Mademoiselle Delille* had promised to be guided by the wishes of the committee, which would of course greatly increase the number of her patrons, almost all the families of any real importance in the town having advocated the good cause."

What was she to do? Let her rival triumph? Never! NEVER! Brutus' spectre at Pharsalia was a toy to this!

She is in a terrible strait—a small Scylla and Charybdis.

Her gains (that is, certain kind of gains, the nature of which *she* could best appreciate) put an end to!

And then—her new plate glass window, which she intended to "get out of the next year's St. George's millinery account!" Oh! 'twas too much!

Tears of rage and disappointment took the place of those recent smiles: still they had a good effect on the inner man; she can look coolly on both sides of the question, now her anger has subsided, and, with the feeling of an "injured angel," she sends in her resignation to the will of her best customer, Mrs. St. George.

Here it is well to remark, that all the likely-to-be refractory portion of the trade community were given in charge to the most influential canvassers; no doubt the committee was moved to this arrangement by witnessing—and who has not done so on similar occasions?—the magic effect of the key of GOLD.

There were many in the town of D——, and it is to be feared there are but too many like them elsewhere, who laid down their opposing arms in the selfish fear of losing custom, who would have strode with stone-like indifference through a whole file of pale, hollow-eyed diseased young creatures, while wringing from their toil-worn fingers the metal at whose shrine every feeling of common humanity is blunted; every instinct that elevates man above the brute creation is sacrificed; every sense of right and wrong is prostrated; every fear of God—insulted through his broken laws and mocked by a profession of *His* religion—is hushed.

It will not, however, be imagined that an evil which seemed entwined with the fibres, and incorporated with the very being of the body commercial, could be out-rooted at one stroke, however powerful the arm that dealt it. "The great and crying sin of denying to the working classes feelings and sympathies and rights in common with all God's rational creatures, has produced the tendency in all ages, and in all states of society to look upon them as mere instruments and machines for the creation of luxury and wealth;" but a better day has dawned, destined to go down no more.

Our committee had the satisfaction of seeing, at the end of one year, their humanizing rules reduced to practice by almost the entire trade population in the town, who were considered respectable enough to exert any influence; those few who had determined to hold out, with a sort of dogged, ultra, hyper-radical spirit—resolved "to do what they like with their own,"—seeing their trade falling off, their shops being deserted by their better and richer customers, at length gave in, without even the plausibility of some of their brother traders, who made a "virtue of necessity."

There was in our committee this sterling feature: its sympathies were not spasmodic. "He who says 'enough,' is lost," observes Augustine, and it would not rest in HALF-measures; there was no truckling to expediency; the principle they warred against was wrong; God said so: God's men said so; hence their unflinching determination to fight to the last in the defence of the eternal truth, that man has no right to oppress his fellow.

Though often buffeted and hardly set on by the Hydra-headed opposition that met him at his outset, Courtenaye was not disheartened, and he rose fresh from any apparent triumph over

him with invigorated energy. Having intensely and prayerfully¹ studied the subject in all its complicated and manifold aspects—deeply anxious not to fall into the error of “staining one duty with the blood of another,” while striving to fuse the cold iron of political economy with the fine gold of humanity, he sought to secure the interest of the employer as well as the rights of the employed, each being dependant one on the other. This desirable, and certainly indispensable result he argued *must* follow, if unanimity among the former could be effected; he foresaw that the issue of the proposed measures would lead to a steady, firm increase, instead of diminish in capital; but it was no easy work to infuse this belief into a body of money-getting men, who looked upon the movement as involving and infringing on their born *right* to do *wrong*.

It would be beyond the limits of a tale like this, to follow the devoted Pastor through the process of calculation, from which he so clearly deduced this desirable result: it will be more to the purpose to state the encouraging facts themselves.

At the end of two years from the commencement of their labours, *voluntary* statements were made to the committee by those enlightened principals of the different houses of business who had entered into, and carefully carried out their humanizing rules, that so far from trade having declined, capital diminished, or labour suffered, they found themselves in *all respects* in a better position under the new, than under the old system, having a greater amount of work more cheerfully and solicitously executed—the idea of repose and respite from toil at the close of the day, and the prospect of a half-holiday at the week’s end, infusing into the labourers an inspiring energy, and an active healthy industry, not in any way likely to flag by reflection on the gratitude they owed, and the requital they were bound to render to their master, who by this act of justice and brotherhood, had identified his interests with theirs, in a bond no English or any other national Legreeism ever yet attained unto.*

* See testimonies to this effect borne by Sir M. Peto, Messrs. Price, Cookson, Shoolbred, and other distinguished philanthropists, to be obtained at the Early Closing Office, 15, Ludgate-hill, London.

CHAPTER XXII.

Ready?

“God’s eye seeth every precious thing.”

JOB, xxviii. 10.

“Has Stephenson been into papa’s room?” was the question that sprung involuntarily to Mary’s lips, as her maid entered her chamber, on the morning following the foreshadowings related in chapter eighteen.

“No ma’am, the doctor ordered him not to come ’till half-an-hour later than usual, as he said he wasn’t quite well,” was the reply.

Mary was dressed and leaving the room, when she heard her own name uttered in a quick, agitated voice by the doctor’s servant; and, with a terrible feeling of indefinable apprehension, she was in the act of flying to her father, when she met the domestic’s look of horror, as he pointed to his master’s room, his stiff lips refusing to give utterance to the intelligence she subsequently learnt, that he had found him quite dead, when he went to call him half-an-hour later than usual!

Alone, in the solemn stillness of the night-hour, the strong man met and grappled with the grim Foe, but was worsted!

Whether in the second or third watch no record remains: whether at the eleventh hour, when the waves and billows were passing over his soul, like Peter beginning to sink, he cried out “*Lord save me! and immediately Jesus stretched forth his hand,*” no voice may tell; or, whether when standing shivering on the crumbling precipice of Time, with the unfathomed ocean of Eternity outstretched all terrible and dark before him, he gathered his robe of orthodoxy round him, and took the tremen-

dous leap—whether, as the receding shore gave way under his shrinking feet, he clutched, with the energy of despair, at the loose rocks of his self-righteousness, or the rootless bushes of his morality to save him, and found them “broken reeds” that pierced through his soul—none may tell; he past silently away with his intentions for “to-morrow” all unfulfilled, and who may count the cost?

Alas! for that phantom ship “to-morrow,” with its argosy of hopes and intentions never to be havened! Alas! for that shadowy Phoenix rising from its own ashes, and flapping its misty wings over the grave of high resolves, and bright aspirations;—

“BE WISE TO-DAY.”

We learn the lesson in every sighing breeze that whirls the seared leaf to the ground, in every receding wave that leaves the pebbles dry; dirged in the moaning grass over the early grave, distilled in the fading twilight, and the autumn glory,—

“BE WISE TO-DAY.”

The sudden death of Dr. Grenville was soon extensively known; no lack of kind enquiries, nor scarcity of notes of condolence, nor want of sympathy for the young mistress of the mansion, as Mary was believed to be; but nought from him whose slightest token of remembrance would have been more precious than aught on earth. Oh, how alone she felt! Her friend and counsellor, Julia, in Scotland; between her brother and herself no sympathy of thought or consonance of feeling; no kind breast whereon to lay her throbbing temples, and weep her load of agony away.

How she yearned and yearned, poor smitten child! She has not yet listened to that invitation and promise of matchless tenderness—

“Come unto me all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”

Deeper, sterner is the crushing of her being from contrast with that dazzling dream of bliss, which so suddenly and meteor-like lighted up its whole horizon, and as quickly past away leaving ten-fold darkness for the momentary brilliancy; just as the mirage-led traveller thirsts all the intenser at the quenching of the delusive hope that nerved him on.

“Oh, my dear, dear father!” she exclaimed in a burst of

uncontrolable anguish, "why did you leave your broken hearted child alone in this bleak world?"

"Why did you not take her with you?—all, *all* gone! leave me not too—my God! my God!—and falling on the senseless clay—it seemed as if death was indeed about to take her into his icy arms so terrible was the faint that seized her.

Gently removing the sorrowing girl from the dead body of her father, the sympathizing domestics conveyed her into her own room, and she slowly recovered to find her burning brow pillowed on the bosom of Mrs. Leslie; this true-hearted friend having left Scotland immediately on receiving intelligence of her favourite's bereavement, and travelled with the greatest speed, to minister comfort; and how gently and judiciously did she pour into her willing ear the lessons of the great Sympathizer! How tenderly into the ground broken up by the ploughshare of bereavement did she hopefully scatter the seed of Eternal life.

Precious is the whisper of affection, mingling with the wail of sorrow, like a seraph's song 'mid the lash and howl of the storm!

Precious is the murmur of a friendly voice, when death has dimmed the firmament of earth, and the soul's eye cannot pierce through the storm-clouds, to the everlasting light beyond!

Dear reader, hast thou a friend? Poor indeed is the heart which owns not the God-given treasure—much "fine gold" may not purchase it, for the "price is above rubies." Ah, cherish thy friend! Let not whispering lips poison thy truth, or rear a barrier of cold suspicion concerning the faith thou hast tried and not "found wanting." Has the faithful one clung closer when the waves beat pitilessly against thy straining bark? Hast thou listened to the loving song,—

I have thee in my heart, when lone and low.

Thy young head bows beneath its weight of woe,

and wilt thou cast the treasure from thee?

Nay, nay! cleave to the tried breast, and—

"Still believe the story false
That ought not to be true."

Very deeply did Mary feel the kindness of Julia, who at much personal sacrifice had returned to D——, and she wept unrestrainedly on her breast, as her heart thrilled gratefully at words of sympathy and counsel, nerving her to rouse and grapple with the stern life realities that demanded attention, and the

many sad duties devolving on her. She must order and wear the garb of woe; and never was it more faithfully emblemed than when it draped the elegant form of the orphan girl.

Not that she had ransacked the milliner's brain, and magazines, and shops, to enable herself to mourn fashionably and becomingly; she felt that in the heart where true grief keeps vigil there is no room for the tyrant Fashion, with her sensibility-deadening brood, to enter.

The name of Courtenaye had never been spoken by either: Mary tremblingly hoped that her friend would break the silence that sealed her lips, while the latter thought it better to wait for the confidence she felt would not be long withheld.

Contrary to the wishes of her fashionable brother, she resolved to pay the last sad tribute of love and respect to the remains of her beloved father, by accompanying them to their last resting-place; and leaning like a bent lily on his arm, she stood beside the "narrow house appointed for all living," where those dear remains were soon to rest in that mysterious sleep from which nought but the last trump shall rouse them.

As the bearers carried the coffin towards the vault, one of them stumbling, fell forward, and but for the strong hand of J. Grenville, who, being near, caught him, the man would have been precipitated into the open earth. The suddenness of the action startled Mary from her reverie of sorrow, and with a faint shriek she was in the act of darting after her brother, in the bewilderment of the moment scarcely knowing what she did, when a firm—but, oh, how gentle an arm, restrained her! and she felt that *he* was beside her, though no whispered word broke the solemn stillness in that conflicting moment.

When her brother returned she was as tenderly relinquished to his care, and her supporter dropped behind, but she knew in her heart that her beloved was near her, and even from that "broken cistern" she drank a draught to nerve her for the closing scene, and the smothered agony she endured as "*Dust to dust*!" fell witheringly on her ear.

Many hours passed after her return ere Mary could admit even such a friend as Julia into the sacred ground of her sorrow, or she could command herself sufficiently to enter into the desolate room where so late her father sat in health and strength.

When at length she sought her friend, she glanced with an involuntary shudder towards his well-known chair, almost expecting to see him and meet his smile, as of old; so like a dream she could not realise did the events of those few dark days seem; and deeply did she feel the thoughtfulness that suggested to Mrs. Leslie a re-arrangement of the mute but eloquent furniture, so that the "vacant place" was less observable; and as she entered, she rose and put her arm tenderly through that of the trembling girl, and in the gentlest manner led her to the spot from which she had at first shrunk in agony.

We often meet with the sentiment of sympathy and feeling where neither exist in reality: both should be measured by the extent of the sacrifices of self that are made in the trifling events that make up every-day life. Few are called to do great things in the world's acceptance of the term; but the heart that is loyal in the lesser—in "the small, sweet courtesies of life," as Sterne aptly calls them—may be safely trusted for all times and seasons. Put it into the furnace of bereavement or poverty, and like that of the blessed old martyr, it will come out entire from the flames.

Mary could not speak, she only convulsively pressed the kind hand that clasped hers, clinging to it with a touching sadness that wrung her friend; and, at length, in the hope of rousing her from the settled gloom that seemed to overpower her, Mrs. Leslie suddenly, but softly remarked,—

"Poor Courtenaye has sent twice to enquire for you my love: he returned home this morning; have you no message for him?"

Mary started, and replied in a low desponding tone,—

"What message *can* I have for him?" but the ice was broken, the flood-gates of pent-up feeling beaten down, and 'mid many tears out-gushed the confidence so long struggling for utterance.

Much surprised and pained was Mrs. Leslie: she at once saw that by some unseen fatality a mistake had arisen, teeming with such trying results to her favourite; and not doubting for a moment, but that under any circumstances Courtenaye would have written, and had done so, she endeavoured to inspire the heart of the dejected girl with her own sanguine hopes that all would be satisfactorily explained, and not a shadow of blame rest on the conduct of her beloved.

Mrs. Leslie was right in her suggestions: on Courtenaye's

return from his unpropitious visit to Dr. Grenville, as before recorded, he found a summons, hastening him with all possible speed to his father, who had been so severely injured from a fall, as he was stepping into his carriage, that his life was in imminent danger; and hastily penning a few explanatory lines to Mary, which he concluded with, "let us cherish hope that all will yet be well, my darling; we shall have nought to fear, if we roll the future into the hands of Him who has loved us with an everlasting love," he left D——.

The bearer of this note was accidentally met, as he entered the gate leading to the house, by John Grenville, who took it, remarking, as he did so,—

"Miss Grenville is not at home, my good fellow, I will give the note to her when she returns," and putting it into his pocket he entirely forgot the circumstance.

Arrived at Exborough, Courtenaye found his father's danger had not been exaggerated, but he recognized his son, and could not bear him to be absent from his side, even for needful rest.

Four days and nights did he minister, and watch, and pray; but at the end of that time he was borne away insensible; a cold caught while traveling, and neglected (oh, those wholesale slayers, neglected colds!) had induced an attack of inflammation on the chest, to subdue which such severe measures were resorted to, that consequent weakness threatened to destroy the precious life disease had spared.

Surprised and anxious at receiving no reply from Mary, and pondering sadly on the probability that her father had forbidden any communication between them,—to which cause he attributed her silence,—prostrate in body, and hope-blighted within, never did he rest more unreservedly on the promise of the weary one's Friend,—

"*Cast thy burden upon me, and I will sustain thee;*" and never did he realise so entirely its faithfulness. He was rapidly gaining strength, when the melancholy intelligence of the sudden death of Mary's father reached him. Intensely shocked, and anxious for her he so deeply loved, he wrote to Mrs. Lealie; but his letter, being addressed to Scotland, was returned, and only reached her on the morning of the funeral, when she did not think it well to speak of his illness to Mary, and thereby add to her load of anxiety.

The improved state of his father's health gave hopes of a

speedy restoration, and as his son's stay was no longer necessary, he took a tender leave, and returned to D——, arriving in the town at the very moment when the knell commenced its solemn toll for the man who had dealt so hard by him. But did Courtenay think of this as his heart thrilled to the core at every stroke of the bell?

Oh, no! fervently and incessantly had he borne the hard man on that heart at the mercy seat, wafting on the pinions of prayer the name of his enemy,—and who may tell the effect of that wrestling with INFINITE Mercy?

“Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die;”

and if the first act of the startled soul, as the grim eye of Death stared out upon it, was to cast itself naked, helpless, and sinking on the Saviour of the “lost,” might there not, at the eleventh hour, have been mercy, “even for the rebellious?”

“Who can deal with the mysteries of a passing soul, but its Maker!”

Does not the cry still echo over the sin-groaning earth,—
“Behold, now is the accepted time!”

“SHALL NOT THE JUDGE OF ALL THE EARTH DO RIGHT?”

Such thoughts swept through the mind of the young soldier of the Cross, blending sadly the past, present, and future; and hastening forward, he reached the old church, where the doctor's vault lay, just as the sable train gained the gates of the graveyard,—reposing in its still instructive beauty, beneath the golden eye of the young Spring sun.

Here was the wee grave with its “daisy quilt,” which had cast such dark shadows over the household mirth, when its little inmate spread its glad wing to join the dashing throng, and learn to hie—

“The blessed speech of Heaven.”

Here was the lone resting place of the tender and the true—the mother who, when she went home to God, left in heart and at hearth, a vacant place that nought on earth may fill.

Here was the rest of the aged pilgrim, whose cheerful greeting and kindly smile will long linger on the memory of joyous sunny youth!

Here was the narrow home of the strong and brave, cut down in life's flush and pride, over whom the widow's heart has broke, and “brokenly lives on!”

Here was the vault of the rich and the noble, over whose silent dust the marble weeps in "frozen poetry!"

Here was the last home of the pauper—whom, perchance, "nobody knew,"—for whom perchance "nobody cared!"

Death is a marvellous leveler! No conventional distinctions here!

"The rich and poor meet together," waiting the moment when "*the harvest of the earth shall be ripe*, and the great reaping Angel shall put in his sickle, and all things shall be revealed! Who can, untouched, contemplate such a scene?"

Yonder mark where the hand of sorrowing love has planted flowers over the precious one that slumbers beneath! Listen! the spring-bird is caroling its glad song, but they sleep on all unheeding.

Oh! what memories gather and cluster round the heart, shaking its inmost depths as a "reed is shaken by the wind!"

Does the worm indeed "feed sweetly" on the cheek that nestled in our bosom!

Is "corruption the sister" of the form that walked in brightness, shedding sunshine on our souls!

Are they cold and dead!

"I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me:"

"That which thou sowest, is not quickened, except it die:"

"We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed:"

"The mortal shall put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass, the saying that is written,"—

"DEATH IS SWALLOWED UP IN VICTORY."

Meditating thus with thought's subtle swiftness, Courtenaye started, and involuntarily moved towards the procession, as with mingled surprise and pleasure he saw the elegant form of Mary closely veiled, descend from a carriage, leaning on her brother's arm; but he checked the momentary impulse, desiring not she should recognize him at that solemn moment. In following the remains of her father he had gratified an instinctive feeling of respect to the departed, and of sympathy towards *her*, which he well knew she would understand, however others may not; for though perhaps few men ever lived more entirely in an atmosphere beyond all the petty scandal and back-biting that agitated the town of D——, Courtenaye valued to their full extent the opinions of all Christian people, studying to "give no offence that the ministry be not blamed."

Worn out with anxiety and fatigue he returned to his house, his love all deepened by the thought of that dear one's grief; he longed to pour out his heart's sympathy, but alas! it could not be; and not knowing that Mrs. Leslie was with Mary, he passed through a sea of conflicting emotion.

"How should he act? Oh, for a mutual friend!"

Once, as for a brief blessed moment, his arm supported her near the grave, he fancied 'twas tremulously pressed, but he could not build hope on so frail, yet so passing sweet a fancy. The moments deepened into hours, the hours seemed growing into ages, and still he sat leaning his fevered brow on his hand, striving to hush the inexorable beatings of his heart, and insensible to the thought of all save her sufferings so tenfold dearer had those trials made her.

A few hours had thus slowly passed when he received a note from Mrs. Leslie, who had heard of his return, telling him that "Mary was bearing up under the blow as well as could reasonably be hoped, and bidding him trust to her friendly offices to do all she could for the happiness of both."

This communication restored Courtenaye to his almost lost hopes, and though still yearning to whisper words of sympathy and hope, he schooled himself into patience, resting on the graceful sympathies of Julia, who he well knew would do all that was "wisest, discreetest, best."

Early on the following morning, the anxious watcher was surprised at receiving a letter from J. Grenville informing him of the existence of the "Will," with its conditions, and concluding by suggesting that "no doubt *prudence* would induce Mr. Courtenaye to cancel at once any engagement existing between Miss Grenville and himself, as the contents of the said 'Will' had for some time been known to her," etc.

The appeal to his "prudence," which had been thrown into the letter by way of goad, suggested by the infinitesimal lawyer Redman, fell powerless at Courtenaye's feet, equally so the proviso of the Will; but the assurance that Mary knew of its existence, and had done so for some time, troubled him, and the belief expressed by her brother that "no doubt she would act with her usual good sense," went like an ice-bolt through his heart.

"Could this, then, be the cause of her long mysterious silence?"
: Had the love that (measured by his own) he believed was en-

twined with the very fibres of existence, shrank from laying wealth on its altar, a willing holocaust ?

"Was the unutterable affection he bore her not worth this sacrifice ?"

"Had he decked this beloved image with the costliest flowers in his heart's garden, and had she thrown them off for chains of gold ?"

"Oh ! when will that blighted heart know a second Spring ?"

Sadly he mused, and

"O'er his brow, so downward bent,
Oft his beating fingers went."

Unlike Mary, who under similar circumstances never permitted a shadow of doubt for one instant to dim the brightness of her entire heart-trust, Courtenaye did her wrong : but then, man never trusts and loves as woman does ; his love is not his "whole existence" as it is her's, hence though "one of the best of men," our young pastor was but "a man at best," and worn as he was in body and mind it is scarce fair to blame him for a doubt, born of his very love : do they not often follow each other, like light and shade, this Love and Doubt ?

But higher, nobler thoughts soon resume their sway : his well regulated mind swerving for a brief moment from its centre by the strong inseting current of unlooked-for events, and untoward influences, was like the needle to the magnet, true and constant ; and he gathers up its truant energies to look calmly on this blotted page of his life's history ; he knows that the cup, though bitter, has been filled by his Father's hand : and shall he turn from it ?

Now begins one of those conflicts for victory over the shrinking heart, which are hourly fought by tens of thousands on the world's great battle-field, of which it takes no note.

It sympathises not though the life-strings crack, and the face grows prematurely old in the stern struggle !

It shouts not when the victory is won, that has cost more than many defeats !

It smiles not approval, though the recording Angel exults as he inscribes the conquest in the archives of heaven ?

Night found Courtenaye victor over himself ; and now he can find numberless excuses for the conduct of her whose love had shed such a tender but evanescent halo over his life-path.

"She had no doubt well reflected, and could not act otherwise :

guided by a sense of duty she had been able to sacrifice her own wishes to those of her father, and who could blame her?"

"Had she faltered too, and could not make known to him the cruel decree that separated them—how deeply must she have suffered! A love like her's was no childish dream that the first passing pageant would obliterate from memory."

Oh, how this thought melted his inmost soul! and he resolved to hear from her own lips a record of the past—he "will offer her his friendship, and be to her the truest, the tenderest of brothers; he will sympathize with her griefs—joy in her gladness"—he is resolved.

Replying courteously, but shortly, to the vulgar missive of J. Grenville, he also sent a few lines to Mrs. Leslie, entreating her to intercede for him, and secure a few moment's interview with Mary.

Alas! for the faithful heart! How often is its footfall amid briars and thorns on duty's narrow highway! may-be when the skies were bluest, and the flowers bloomed fairest, they have suddenly sprung up, lacerating the feet, and tempting them to turn aside awhile, into the quiet plains below; but, "onward" is Faith's banner-cry—"onward," though the thorns pierce, and the flowers fade, and the light grows dim, and the lions roar—there is no halting-place till the goal is won: the voice of duty echoes loud, "this is the way, walk ye in it;" but there comes, too, the whisper, sweeter than the songs of angels,—

"I am with you always, even to the end."

Often, too, lies duty's path over a stormfully howling sea; may-be the out-setting was calm and joyous—not a wave but rippled low music—not a breeze but it swelled the soul's outspread sails with hope; but, anon, a storm comes down upon the lake, and like the little church of old on Tiberia's tossing sea, we are in "danger of perishing every moment."

Ah! if Faith's anchor be not now on the "Rock of Ages," it will not hold; if she hears not above the shriek of the tempest, and the lashing of the blast, "*It is I, be not afraid,*" the hapless bark is lost.

"Do you think you feel equal to see Courtenaye this morning, my love?" asked Mrs. Leslie, her heart touched by the look of

- hopeless sorrow that sat on the pale face of Mary. "May I send and tell him you will be happy to see him after luncheon?"

Mary did not reply, but the crimson that mantled on her cheek convinced her friend that she would not regain the quietness of heart she so deeply needed, till all the mystery that shrouded the past should be cleared away, and she continued,—

"Am I to consider your silence an assent to my inquiry, darling? I think it will be best for the happiness of both that you *should* meet, and all these mistakes be explained: may I say 'yes,' in your name, to his anxious wish for an interview?" she repeated, affectionately kissing the varying cheek of Mary, who assented; and it was with a heart pulsating almost to suffocation, that she heard the rich, low tones of Courtenaye inquiring for Julia, with whom he remained in conversation during the time she was summoning strength to meet him.

At length, with footstep noiseless as the falling snow-flake, she enters the room where he was standing, sadly gazing out on the velvety lawn—bright with the variegated hues of Spring's early flowers, that turned their glowing breasts to the sun's warm ray, all unconscious of the solemn change that had passed over *him*, who so late they, with all the costly varieties of nature and art around them, owned as lord.

'Tis ever thus: the sun shines as bravely, though our old life is gone—with its household melody—its cheerful hearth.

No change passes over the outer world when the storm-blast desolates the lesser world within.

Nature sympathises not when our life is shrouded in darkness by the sudden out-going of one lamp, that flooded it with light and gladness.

The summer-bird tunes its notes as blithely, though the ear that so late drank in, with us, its harmony is cold and dull.

As Courtenaye thus mused, his thoughts involuntarily flew back to the "sudden death" that had come down upon the mansion; the loud call it was to him and all to be "ready;" and so entirely did the solemnity of the event engross his thoughts, that he was not aware of Mary's presence till his name, uttered in a low heart-tone, caused him to start, and turning round he met her tender but troubled eye, and in an instant, with a smothered cry like to a wounded dove, the impulsive and trusting girl sprang towards him, and threw herself into his out-stretched arms. All the past is forgotten.

she reads in that momentary gaze his undimmed faith and love; she sees before her the only breast on which she can lean in weal or woe; the only being in whom her life-pulses live and move—nay, who is that life itself; and as the young child nestles on its mother's bosom, so she clung to the true and manly heart beating close to her own.

And Courtenaye? Ah! he, too, yielding to the bliss of that unmistakable outburst of trusting affection on the part of her he so fondly loved, forgot all his previous intentions of offering her his "friendship," and "brotherly regard," and murmured into her willing ear love's own words of undying tenderness, which fell on the over-tasked spirit of the confiding girl like a sweet song of the morning bird, awakening the sleeper from a dark and fevered dream.

Raising her loving eyes, filled with tears, to the noble face of Courtenaye, Mary said, with touching grace and tenderness,—

"And can you take such a wilful, unworthy creature to your heart, who has nothing to bring but a lifetime of love?"

Courtenaye's answer was so low that it did not reach us, and in good truth we had no right to listen; but it may very fairly be inferred that he did not refuse this reasonable request on the part of his new-found treasure, for we fancied we heard Mary's voice murmuring "where thou goest, I will go,—and thy God shall be my God!" and when he left the house, (which he did in an inconceivably short time to our ideas of "making it up,") his fine features wore an expression of tranquil joy to which they had long been truant; while Mary sought the bosom of her faithful friend and counsellor, whom she shortly after accompanied into Scotland, for the change and rest her tired frame so much needed, and at the end of twelve months she became the blessed wife

"What!" exclaims some fair reader, "is the matter-of-fact-author going to cheat us of 'all about the wedding!'" "How many bridesmaids there were?" "What was the color of their bonnets?" "What dress did the bride wear?" "How did she look?" "Was she married in a veil?" "Who gave her away?" "Where did they go for their wedding-tour?" and so on.

Yes, dear reader, for it was very quiet—just a heart-scene, nothing more; and perhaps you who have been accustomed to "such splendid weddings" might have pronounced it "a very stupid affair."

Beside, if your tastes lie in the opposite extreme, you know you can almost on any day gratify them (especially if you reside in London, by whiling away an hour in the sacred precincts for fashionable weddings, "St. George's, Hanover Square"), and moreover you might have thought it "very odd"—or "exceedingly silly" of Mary, to countenance such a "homely wedding," and allowing, as she did, the cost of a "splash" to be given to the poor and aged and sorrowful of her native parish, in the shape of the necessaries of life: thus gladdening their hearts and tuning them to gratitude and love.

Beside, fancy for one moment that quiet though very distinguished-looking young minister of the Cross with a whole loom of Honiton or Isle of Wight lace hanging on his arm in the shape of a wife! The thing is impossible!

Not but lace is a meet and exquisite attire for a bridal—not but "splendid weddings" seem almost among the necessaries of society as it is at present constituted—but both depend on circumstances: and as our unassuming Mary's happiness could not have been in the slightest degree increased by oceans of show and grandeur, we just repeat the old assertion, earnestly craving pardon if it gives offence, that at the end of twelve months she become the blessed wife of "that canting, methodistical fellow, Courtenaye"—her worthy brother immediately availing himself of the circumstance to get release from some of the disgraceful embarrassments his abandoned] career had involved him in; all the rich and costly appointments of her late home—of which he had gained possession in so dishonourable a manner,—being "brought to the hammer," and he left the town of D——, to settle in London; while his respectable coadjutor Redman was compelled to rest content with a moiety of the booty promised as his reward—"that, or nothing!" being the concise alternative, with which his friend answered the abject whine of remonstrance John Josiah set up. Had he dared, he would have sought redress; but he found it much easier to "lay down the law" before his simple little wife than he did before the stern madam, yclept "Law," herself: added to which he had just then another troublesome affair on his hands in the shape of an action, to which he had exposed himself by a most illegal, and underhand attempt to nullify the will of a near relative; and in his eager desire to clutch the few hundreds therein bequeathed to a party who would not submit to any of his shuffling, he trod

over the verge of legality, instead of walking as he had done all his life on its borders, and thus brought himself into "pleasant confusion," face to face, with a law suit; and dreading to add exposure to exposure, and thus accelerate a catastrophe the moral police had long since convicted him of deserving, viz., being struck off the rolls, he submitted to his friend's terms, "that or nothing," *nolens volens*, the whole transaction between the legal pair forming one of those brilliant exceptions to the rule so eloquently insisted on by popular writers, of

"HONOUR AMONG THIEVES."

CHAPTER XXIII.

Life and her Duties.—Pastor and his Antagonisms.

"He who would do some great thing in this short life must apply himself to it with a concentration of energy, that to those who live only to amuse themselves looks like insanity."—FORSTER.

THERE is ever a feeling akin to sadness in the pleasure with which we contemplate perfect creature-happiness; a whisper echoes through the heart,—

"Here we have no abiding stay."

Who, when quaffing delicious draughts from the gem-studded chalice of earthly bliss, dreams that the "golden bowl" must be broken? Who, when Love's starry mantle wraps existence in its shining folds, dreams that the "silver cord" must be loosed? Who, loving and beloved, can seek a brighter world when the present is strewn with flowers, and Time bears on his perfumed wings the incense of honey-laden hearts? Ah!

"The close is dim,
Bringing the wrong heart back to Him."

They must go into the "training school for immortality," and, in the cloud, learn the great life-lesson that could not be learnt in the sunshine so mercifully sent *first*. The rain-drops must come ere the bow shines forth.

There must be a vacant place at the heart's hearth, and household voices must be hushed ere the spirit listens to the solemn whisper, "THIS IS NOT YOUR REST."

Such thoughts came unbidden as the eye rested on the picture of Mary's wedded life; it seemed all too bright to last; Love had planted an Eden around her, and she walked in the midst of the seventy palms of its Elim, plucking enticing fruits from their loftiest bough: how could she dream of a worm at their roots!

She drank at the gushing stream of creature-bliss: how could she dream of a "broken cistern!"

Ah! those delicious streams must be dried, or she will never seek the Eternal Fountain, and nought but "living waters" can slake the soul's thirst. Yes! the mutations of every earthly happiness, "passing away" stamped upon all—from the meek-eyed daisy to the star-worlds—proclaim it must be so. *The stream must be dried.*

Then comes the peace that nought can mar, nor serpent blight, nor change affect, nor earth-born care corrode, nor death destroy—the heart fixed on Jesus. And though the bird of woe may brood over the heart when fond hopes are crushed, and precious joys are withered, and the remorseless grave lies newly tenanted in the sun's warm ray, yet the believer sorrows not "as others who have no hope;" anchored within the veil, his heart has none of its sensibilities deadened—nay, they become acuter by his union with the tender Sympathizer who wept over Bethany's lone grave, and

"He learns to kiss the chastening rod,
But feels its sharpness still."

"Alas! it is only in adversity we learn the important lesson prosperity never teaches:—

"He builds too low who builds beneath the skies."

It is a hard lesson, learnt amid heart-shakings and heart-breakings; so hard that the temptation comes to throw it all aside, and rush into the halls of pleasure, and drown the sorrow-cry; but softly, over the waste and desolate places, from the far-off land breaks a light arching them with sunshine, "*these afflictions, which are but for a moment, work a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.*"

What though the road be thorny, and the skies stormy, and the events mysterious, 'tis "but for a moment." Nor is this all: as regards the life that now is, the believer can trust the Father's hand, he cannot at each variation trace: he looks abroad into the world with its conflicting interests, its down-trodden virtue, its

triumphant guilt, its giant oppressions, its mighty wrongs, its surging sorrows: he looks into the narrow circle that bounds the horizon of the lesser world around him, and sees the same jarring elements, and conflicting strife between right and wrong, but instead of the sceptic's enquiry, "can there be a God that judgeth aright?" he trusts, though he cannot trace, knowing that at best he "sees through a glass darkly," and that the finite cannot follow the INFINITE. He feels it is as if a child-hand should lift a corner of the veil spread over Time, and confused with the tangled mazes and many-coloured hues of the wondrous web, let it fall, exclaiming, "I cannot tell whence it cometh, or whither it goeth!" Then a bolder and maturer hand turns back another fold, and after days and nights of sleepless toil, writes the epitaph of its labours:—"All that we know is, nothing can be known:" but the believer's trust fails not. Faith, with meek eye fixed on Calvary, sees the veil rent in twain, and on either side the Eternal promise, "*what I do, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter,*" and on eagle's wings she bears aloft the immutable words, which shine clearer and brighter as she soars above the mists and clouds of earth, sweeping the stars with her silvery wing. Ah! it is only the Cross that sheds a ray strong enough to illuminate the strange writing on Time's mysterious scroll.

Troubled believer! thou on whose heart life's storms have beat fiercely, take the promise into thy trembling hand—examine it—cling to it—it was spoken for thee in gentlest accents, "thou shalt know hereafter." Yes! thou shalt know why

"A cloud was sent to darken all thy years."

Thou shalt know why thy sheltering gourd was blasted; and like the smitten prophet, thou hast said in thine heart,—"*it is better for me to die than to live!*"

Thou shalt know why

"Hearts from whom 'twas death to sever,
Eyes the world may ne'er restore,"

sleep their long sleep, but thou canst not read that "why" with mortal vision. "*I have many things to say unto thee, but thou canst not bear them now.*"

How involuntarily the heart takes with it into the better world those who made so much of its heaven below! and surely

our merciful Creator intended it to be so ; did He give us precious ones only to tear them from us for ever ? Did he consecrate household affections and sympathies, and griefs with His presence ? Had He counsel for Martha, and tears for Mary, meaningless ? Did He restore the son of the widow, and the brother of Bethany's sister, and the fair child of Jairus, and not intend to teach us eloquent lessons ?

Oh ! foolish thought ! *"If in this life only we have hope, we are of all men the most miserable,"* but *"all things"* are the believer's, *"whether things past, or present, or to come."*

But to return to Mary. Yes, it was pleasant to look on her in the sacred and responsible character of wife, and above all, of Pastor's wife—she has no neutral ground, being either a "savour of life unto life," or of "death unto death," as his help-meet.

Thus the young creature entered with all the heart-energy characterizing her, into the efforts and plans of her idolized husband for the threefold regeneration of the locality in which he laboured, devoting herself to the blessed work of reclaiming the degraded, neglected outcasts of her own sex, many of whom she would gather round her ; and as she hopefully sowed the seeds of virtue and honesty, not a few were won into the right way, through their gratitude to *her*, who so lovingly sought them out amid their guilt and misery.

Then it was with no diminishing glass we peeped into her nursery, where, seated with her first-born, on her lap, a merry cheerful-faced girl, and with her finger on her lip, pointing silently to her boy just betraying symptoms of waking dissatisfaction at the ringing laugh of the former, she played another part.

The advent of these little pilgrims on the bustling, matter-of-fact life-stage (where they were destined to ———, but we ought not to anticipate) had filled the cup of Mary's happiness to the brim : she even held it herself tremblingly, feeling it was too full, too sparkling to stay !

The Mexicans thus salute their new born infants : "child, thou art come into the world to suffer ; endure, and hold thy peace !"

Terrible salutation ! but what mother who "day by day watches her little bud put forth its leaves," can realize the stern teaching ? What mother would be wise if she attempted to do so ? the thought indulged would poison the holiest springs of creature-

affection at the fountain-head. Oh, no! strong in maternal tenderness, full of faith and hope, she hears the voice of the bountiful Giver of this new well-spring of joy, saying "take this child and nurse it for me—" and her head is bowed—her entire mother-life an embodiment of the principle that will enable her, at the great reaping day to say,—

"Behold, here I am and the children whom thou gavest me." But then, to attain unto this, she knows she has a sinful nature to train, and a spirit prone to evil, and that bears indigenous every unwholesome weed, to purify and make meet for glory; she feels that the first lasting impressions of her darling's moral existence must be written by the mother-hand, and she "begins at the beginning:" she has seen in her father's family, as well as in that of others, the fearful consequences of allowing every weed to run into luxurious rankness in the heart of the child, while its mother deludes herself into the belief that "When Harry, or Freddy, or Jenny gets older, he or she will know better, and not do such naughty things." No such thing! when Harry, or Freddy, or Jenny gets older, he or she may know better, but will not practise better, because the twig has been bent crooked, and crooked it will grow, unless a mighty hand interfere to set it straight, and so Mary "begins at the beginning," spending all the time she can spare from her manifold duties with these cherub-like candidates for eternal life, who have already learned from their bright young mother the wholesome normal lesson, that "No" means "no," and "Yes" means "yes." It is a simple, but most important beginning.

Not that under any circumstances she could have degenerated into one of those blots on human nature—an indifferent, fashionable, pleasure-hunting mother: she had too much *heart* for that! she recollects how pained and surprised she once was at being told, by a specimen of these singular creations, on her enquiring the age of one of her beautiful children, to "ask Williams the nurse, for really I have forgotten!" and she had heard of another, who replied, when a bright boy with flushing cheek and dewy eye, asked, "Mamma, will people who are buried in the ground ever get up again, and if they do will grandpapa and Willy and Lilly get up too?"—

"Run away child, and don't ask such foolish, silly questions!"

Ah! how many an opportunity has been lost for sowing seeds

to blossom in eternity by the mother's spirit-chilling "don't ask such silly questions,—run away!"

These lessons have not been lost on the young mother, as she sits there, with her finger on her rich lip, ministering to the wee pilgrims, who, spite of their sinful natures, look like "two stray babes from Paradise," and she "begins at the beginning," that the end may be with "joy and not with grief."

"Mother! watch the little heart,
Beating soft, and true for you;
Wholesome lessons now impart,
Keep, oh! keep that young heart true,
Harvest rich thou then shalt see,
Ripening for eternity!"

Few places, in some respects, could have been much worse adapted for successful labour among its dense, dark population than the town of D——, arising from the dissensions among the religious sections before named, *unity* being the very forecast and secret of success; still the legion antagonisms did not overbear the spirit of the [right-hearted; and never was there a finer demonstration of the vast amount of good *one* real devoted influence may effect than the improvement sprung rapidly up therein.

With true insight into the secret springs of action and character, Courtenaye had early discovered that the way to the soul was easier through the heart than through dogmas, or creeds, or any ecclesiastical machinery.

The religion he practices is one of Love; thus, when he looks on the large flock "over whom the Spirit has made him bishop," and marks the forest of bronzed weather-beaten faces, reading "spirit and life" in the intelligent eyes fixed on him, as he points them to the "true Bread that came down from heaven," and the "Living Waters" that no thirst succeeds; whatever others may do, he cannot "resolve the whole terrestrial existence into an affair of mechanics, chemistry, and physiology, cut off from all influences human and divine." No! he recognizes beings capable of being raised, by the powerful lever of Redeeming Love, from the lowest depths of human degradation to the heights of the eternal hills; and he meets his poorer brother as his fellow-

pilgrim in the "narrow road," giving him the right hand of fellowship. What, though the hand be soiled, the "horny palm" shall some day sweep the chords of that majestic harp, whose lofty song no note of discord jars! *God is no respecter of persons, but willeth that all men should be saved.*"

Then, too, in Courtenaye's visits and dealings with the poor—the terribly poor, those who "aint got no clothes to go to church, among they there fine folks," and who never go to any other sanctuary "for fear of changing their religion," (poor, ignorant souls!)—he never attempted rudely and dogmatically to drive them out of their prejudices into those of some other self-sufficient teacher. His whole life was a walking sermon, stamped with the Cross; and he was ever ready to commiserate their ignorance, and sympathise with their wrongs. Little did he care to which place of worship they went, where the Gospel was faithfully proclaimed, so that they could be induced to leave their soul and body-destroying habits, and go at all. He didn't want to hear the party shout of sectarianism, but to see the sinful reclaimed, the miserable happy, the careless awoke, the dead alive. He laboured to arouse them to a sense of their dignity as immortal beings; and strove to induce the clean home, the tidy apparel, the decent appearance; while probably the consideration he invariably evinced to the feelings, and even prejudices of his fellow-sinners, helped to render his success among them so signal. And it is surely not wonderful that it was so; his refinement was *heart-work*, and ecclesiastical etiquette is (or ought to be) very much like social etiquette, the offspring of right feeling. To go among the poor with ill-disguised superiority, and an evident sense of immense condescension towards them—to wander round their guilt and misery, as some superior planet mysteriously out of its orbit, shot into an uncertain region amid lost and wandering stars, will *never* win its way to the soul. And when our earnest young man, his face beaming kindly feeling, would sit down on the old crazy stool, or the rickety box turned upside down, beside the bed of the aged, the dying, the friendless, and point the sinner's eye to the sinner's Saviour,—when he would kindly call about him the tattered, shoeless, neglected urchins of the squalid hut, asking their mother "all about them," and thereby paving the way to the humanizing Ragged School,—when he hastily withdrew from the cottage or hovel, if he saw the unfinished meal or the scanty repast in their bony hands, lest his

presence should add to their sufferings a sense of shame,—when he treated them as “flesh of his flesh,” was his success much to be wondered at? or was it surprising they should name him with tears of affection, and determine to do all they could to meet his wishes? *They* to be treated with respect and sympathy!—*they*, the outcast, the needy, the unfortunate! *They* who, if ever they had thought of a parson at all, fancied him some wonderful ideal in silks and lawn, that flesh and blood (poor flesh and blood!) presumed not to contact with!

Was it astonishing, we repeat, that this house-going minister should be blessed with a church-going people? Hence hundreds of the poorer sheep were unanimous in the opinions of a wretched widow, who, as skirt-runner to a fashionable milliner agonized a skeleton living for herself and four white-faced wee things who called her mother,—

“He’s one of the right sort for a parson! He knows as how poor folks has got feelins’ as well as the rich, and don’t stick hisself up above us, and tell us we be ‘poor, miserable sinners.’ We knows that well enough ourselves.”

“Lor, he talks to me just as if I was his own flesh and blood! and if I lives till Sunday I’ll go and hear ’un preach, for he says he loves to preach to we poor people, because his Master loved the poor!”

Follow him into the wretched ‘abode of that’ “out-of-work” labourer; mark how the sickly wife strives to hush the clamour of those young voices wailing for bread which she has not to give. He knows a bundle of tracts won’t meet *that* want, or a homily on patience still *that* cry, and then, from the well-husbanded store of his charity sermons, he meets the body’s great need of food. Here was an argument that went straight to the most sensitive part of human nature, an appeal which touched the springs of feeling, and gratitude gushed out of wasting hearts long unused to sympathy’s sweet voice. Now, ’tis easy to point to the “Bread of Life,” so forcibly and feelingly illustrated by the “bread that perisheth.” Ah! his fellow sinner bears about with him a mysterious trinity that is to exist for ever, and shall he meet him only on the grounds of his spiritual nature? Shall he divide what God has joined?”

“*Whosoever seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?*”

Perhaps few understood better than our young pastor the

softening effect produced on the poor by respect shown to their feelings and prejudices.

To win, with unconscious ease, the hearts of all who came within the sphere of his influence, 'mid his equals, seemed part of his very nature; what, then, when he contacted with those to whom sympathy and kindness were new; and instead of meeting his fellow-sinner with the sickening truth, none knew so bitterly as he did, "you are a poor, guilty, lost, miserable soul!" "you must do this or that;" he ever met them with, "we all need the same precious Saviour! we—my brother, my sister. Has he not at all times an indwelling sense of his own need as a sinner? Has he not ever before him the gulf from which Infinite Love snatched him?"

Shall he assume a sanctimonious superiority in his dealings with his fellow-worm! Who made him to differ, and what has he that he did not receive? Forward, then, he goes, invigorated by his Master's promise, "I am with you always," and encouraged by the help and devotion of his true-hearted wife; so that when hostilities threatened to overwhelm his ardent soul, or ridicule shot her subtle arrows, tipped with "Folly!" "Fanaticism!" "Madness!" (oh, glorious madness—beside oneself for God!) vain was the attempt to bring down or transfix his upward sweep: he had but to turn to these sustaining fibres, "and all was right again."

Like all well-tuned spirits, Courtenaye was not insensible to the witty sarcasm, the covert sneer, the lying tattle, and the coarse insinuation, but they had no power to reach his loyal heart; *that* never shifted its moorings when the black squall of intolerance or bigotry lashed fiercely against its gallant sides; the narrow, one-sided religionism, the party strife, the incessant attritions that surrounded him, what were they to a soul whose wings were ever sweeping the horizon of Eternity? Hence he blows the Gospel trump, and "*whether men will hear, or whether they will forbear,*" he knows its echoes shall reverberate till "*every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain made low,*" for "*the mouth of the LORD hath spoken it;*" and he breathed an atmosphere of peace and joy in believing. With him life's key-note was not ever a monotone, its skies of a neutral tint, or its seas of a leaden hue; he did not clothe Religion in the gloomy garments of asceticism, or embody it in a morose, exclusive bearing. No! such a development is a travesty: God is "Light" as well as "Love," and

true Religion incorporates these glorious essences. It is the "un-pardoned" who should be gloomy, not the man who walks with his Maker as a "fellow-worker" with Him; and while the faithful pastor laboured and prayed for those who would not listen to the messages of salvation, he cheerfully worked with all who worked for his Master—whatsoever men called them little affected him; full well he knew that it is the presence of Christ that constitutes and consecrates a church, not any superstitious rite or denominational distinction, for he reads in the unchanging record of the Great Head of the Church,—"*wherever two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in their midst.*"

"WHEREVER",—on the lofty peaks of the snow-breasted Himalaya, or in the sultry savannahs of swarthy Africa; whether "in Greenland's icy mountain," or in the Prairies of the far West;" whether in the lowly valley on the burnside, or 'mid the "garments rolled in blood" on the battle plain; whether on

"The ever sounding and mysterious sea,"

or in the miserable garret-home, if "two or three are gathered together" in the name of Christ, He is in their midst, and there is a consecrated church!"

But, like other right-hearted men who are now nobly breasting the war-tide in the front ranks of Right against Wrong, and bearing the "heat and burden of the day" which will close in a sunset of glory, Courtenaye soon found that ardour and enthusiasm in the most important of all interests was not only at a discount, but absolutely in danger of being scared away altogether by the hydra heads that dogged his every step in the right direction; and while he might have been an enthusiastic supporter of his favourite candidate on the hustings, or an ultra, energetic better on Sky-Scaler in the race, or a rabid speculator on 'Change, or an impassioned pleader for the life of the double-dyed murderer; while he might have poured forth a lava-torrent of eloquence in praise of beauty, wealth, or power, and men would have clapped hands, "encoring" and "bravoing" no end; to be an enthusiast in the work of God, and earnest in guiding immortal souls into the peace-pastures of forgiveness; to be zealous in seeking the "lost," and bringing them back from the gates of hell; to follow Him who wept over suicidal Jerusalem, or the prophet whose

"eyes ran down rivers of water" over sinners in the hundred-gated city, Oh! what a host "up in arms" opposed him!

First,—ever "loving to 'have the pre-eminence," comes your "orthodox" religionist, traveling by parliamentary train, with his *one* idea, all bound round and round with old musty ecclesiastical red tape, and with a marvelously Smithfield-infusing sensation, he exclaims;—

"All this abominable ranting ought to be put down! Such low fanaticism is disgraceful! This ignorant enthusiasm only inflames the minds of the vulgar and lower orders! 'Tis the height of folly to let it go on! They'll be coming to 'take away both our church and nation' if it is not put a stop to!" and so on.

Poor man! He cannot believe in the possibility of a flame ascending to heaven, unless the altar whereon it is kindled be of carved-work, covered with purple and gold.

Next flutters in your fashionable religionist, who travels express, and he exclaims,—

"O, but I say, that's a good deal too bad! Coming it too strong! These modern hot gospellers are a terrible nuisance! Too much of a good thing, by Jove! Pweaching down all our amusements! Wighteousness over much may do well enough for the poaw, but weally, for us, it is going a little too far!" etc.

Then struts in your commercial, reasoning religionist, poor fellow! and, although his brain is only a portable counting-house, and his body a locomotive ledger, he fondly believes that he is an "angel of light," and one of the very few specimens left; so he prefers a creed of expediency—one that allows a compression of all the sanctity of life into a couple of hours of church-going on the Sabbath morning. He has no idea of devoting the loftiest and noblest powers of man to religion, not he!

"*To do whatever his hand findeth to do with all his might,*" he obeys only with his cash-box before him, taking his business into his religion, but never his religion into his business. Sometimes our reasoning religionist is a sort of First Form metaphysician, and he delights in abstractions that would confound a German psychologist, having practically ignored the teachings of the Bible, and, like the Jews of old, "will not have this man to rule over" him, he is trying hard to pooh! pooh! away his soul, and now and then gets up a little controversy with his conscience

about the "possible myth of its being immortal;" but somehow conscience always gets the best of the argument, and speaks louder than all the metaphysical abstractions in the world. Reasoner says—"What's the use of all this stuff and nonsense about salvation? Who knows if there is a soul? No one ever came back to tell us so, and why should a man give up all the pleasures of life for visionary ———?" But conscience whispers, "*Man, thou art immortal!*"

Reasoner parleys a little at the mysterious voice he cannot hush. "And, even if there should be a hereafter, and a God, no doubt He is very merciful, and won't condemn a man for enjoying the things of this life, or why did he give them? It doesn't stand to reason! Besides, are we not told to be 'diligent in business?' and what's the good of all this fuss about neglecting the soul, when in reality we are not sure " Again, conscience whispers, louder than before, "*MAN, THOU ART IMMORTAL!*"

Yet, notwithstanding all this hard trying to ignore his immortality, there are moments when even our Reasoner feels a strange gracious softness steal over him, which all his prosperity cannot satisfy, though he looks upon it as a proof of his being in high favor at the Court of Providence. There is a craving inner-want, his flourishing estate and sumptuous *entourage* will not answer—they are not *heart* things.

One day a tear dimmed his eye, as he read an account of the heroic death of one of his boyhood's companions in the vain attempt to save a drowning shipmate. On another—when from among a whole Babel of papers, there dropped a weeshining curl, which he had cut from the unconscious head of a young sister, ere—

"All its wavy looks of gold,"

were laid in the narrow house, and this Reasoner trying so hard to pooh-pooh away his soul! bows his head over the mute, yet eloquent relic of his playmate and boyish idol, weeping like a child, while conscience whispers in gentlest accents, "*Man, thou art immortal.*"

Ah, listen "Reasoner!" and through the chinks of thine iron-ribbed heart shall flow in as a river, "*the peace that passeth all understanding!*"

"Well, but what are all these trite, threadbare ideas about men and things to us?" exclaims some impatient reader. "We do not care about the moralizing, or the nerve and sinew of a book; we prefer the lighter reading—scenes, poetry, and so on."

Nay, dear reader! surely this is "writing hard things against yourself," and kind! Surely the "nerve and sinew" of a book ever touch an answering chord in woman's heart—or what meant the simultaneous burst welcoming to her mother-land that uncompromising conservative of human rights—Mrs. Beecher Stowe? Bid her tell you whose hearts thrilled deepest, whose compassions gushed out in generous deeds and noble aspirations, as her master-hand awoke an electric thrill, destined to vibrate till the blood-cemented slavery system, whether in sugar, cotton, or millinery shambles, shall cease to blot the brow of mother and child. Ask her whose sympathies swelled and hallowed the ovation waiting her on Britain's shore! Ah! it was not alone the melting pathos, the intellectual sweep and compass, the burning eloquence, the brilliant and artistic variations of light and shadow scintillating on her pages, that appealed to England's women—it was her close contact with the sufferings, and sorrows, and wrongs of oppressed humanity,—it was the power-grasp with which she seized, and the skill with which she grappled the Cerberus in her dauntless advocacy of the rights of human kind, that touched the magnetic wire running through the warp and woof of woman's existence, and linking her to the skies—demonstrating the premise: and not only so, but proving that her heart is ever the same, whether pulsating in anguish, as the quivering flesh follows the bloody thong from the back of the first-born, in that great lash manufactory, whose motto is ("Give ear, Oh Heavens, and listen, Oh earth!")—**ALL MEN HAVE EQUAL RIGHTS**—and with these swelling words of sham freedom on her lip, burlesques them by intertwining **SLAVERY** in her legal constitution! "That only nation upon earth, professing the Protestant faith, where slavery is found standing a foul blot on the Christian firmament." The heart of woman, we repeat, is ever the same, whether bleeding and broken in the judicial slave-markets of America, or in the anti judicial shambles of Britain—the mother sinning in act, the daughter in principle; and while there are streaks in the cloudy horizon prophetic of a bright mid-day, surely it well becomes the daughters

of both great countries to help on, by influence and prayer, that promised hour when all nations shall learn the grand truth,—

“He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside.”

“Truth,” propounded by the Maker of all men, from one blood, and kindreds, and tongues, and nations,—

“WHATEVER YE WOULD THAT MEN SHOULD DO UNTO YOU,
DO YE ALSO UNTO THEM.”

CHAPTER XXIV.

Daisy's Story.

"And wilt *thou* judge one whom her God forgives?
Oh! man, bethink thee how beyond yon sky,
Pleading for such as *these*, thy Saviour lives,
Covering the sin of which He bore the pain."

"DEAREST Mrs. Courtenaye," remarked Lady Vane, "do you remember promising me the history of the poor girl whose distressing death cast a gloom for a while over our spirits? Will you redeem your promise now?" she asked, seating herself in Mary's cottage drawing-room, and taking from a curiously wrought basket a garment she was making for the sick baby of a labourer on the impoverished estate of her husband.

"I will tell you all I know," replied Mary, "though you must scarcely receive my account as fact; part of her history I heard from my maid, and part from the woman with whom she lodged at the time of her painful death. But why are you anxious to hear a mournful chapter from the book of human life, when there are brighter and happier?"

"I seem to have no sympathy now in the bright things of life," sadly replied the title-sacrificed wife; "my greatest pleasure lies in doing what I can to lighten the trials and griefs of those who, like myself, seem to have been born to prove the truth of that mournful Scripture, '*In the world ye shall have tribulation.*'"

Deeply touched by the desponding tone and words of the elegant creature at her side, Mary took her hand, and pressing it, replied in a very gentle voice,—

"But, dearest Lady Vane, if these trials have been the means of weaning you from the unsatisfying pursuits of pleasure, and leading you into the footsteps of Him '*who fed the hungry and clothed the naked,*' will you not rather try and look on the bright side of the picture? It is not all gloom; you still have many blessings. You can feel satisfaction in these things, and can point the sinner's eye to the sinner's Friend. You might have been '*without God and without hope in the world.*'"

"Not if I had been *his*———" She did not liberate the word "wife." Her cheek burnt for a moment as she heard herself giving utterance to her thoughts, and then became deadly pale, while she continued rapidly and sorrowfully,—

"Oh! what should I have been had I rushed into frivolity and dissipation to drown the cry of my heart? I should have gone mad! It was your husband saved me, and directed my weary soul to the sure Resting-place. He taught me how to make life's pressing burden bearable, by filling up its desolate hours in employment for those more wretched than myself. He stimulated me in my efforts for those ill-used children of toil and oppression, the milliners and dressmakers; and, indeed," she added in a less excited, but still very sad tone, "I do try to banish thought. I know it is sin now to dream of old joy-days, and it was only your look of sympathy that involuntarily drew from me that precious, yet sinful thought;" and she laid her beautiful face shudderingly on Mary's shoulder, weeping like a chastised child.

Mary allowed her to weep; she put her arm softly round her, and printed gentle kisses on the flushed, throbbing brow.

It was a heart-sight those young wives; a painter might have caught inspiration from it, and embodied Sympathy on deathless canvas. One in the flush of full-blown happiness, like some rich, damask rose, so dew-laden, the beholder trembled lest the first breeze should scatter dew and leaves together; the other, in her titled sorrow, like a lily over which the storm had unfolded its scathing wings, beating its graceful head to earth, never more to lift itself in the glad sunshine.

Ah, Mrs. St. George! with all your successful diplomacy, are there not moments when, looking on that melancholy wife, you feel you have much to answer for? What right had you to turn the sweetest stream that murmurs through the heart, and divert it into a rugged embankment? See you not now it is too late

that the stream has flown back, foaming and hissing, upon the parched soil—all its gushing brilliancy dimmed—devastating what it erst made glad with its sparkling smile?

Look on the wreck of that young heart, ye title-craving mothers, and sacrifice not the sweetest flower blooming this side Paradise on the empty shrine of a sound, lest it become a thorn piercing through your own soul when "there is none to help!"

After a pause, Mary said, in a confidence-inspiring but gentle voice—she found it easy *then*—"Cast all your care upon Him, for He careth for you!"

"I do! I do!" meekly replied Lady Vane. "What would become of me if I did not! But oh! dearest Mrs. Courtenaye, if my husband would only take some interest in me, and talk to me as he does to his groom or his dogs; if he would say anything but sit hour after hour with his sporting paper or racing calendar, I could, I *would* be happier!" And again tears of blighted affection gushed from the heart that might have been such a banqueting-house for Love, but for the curse of ambition.

Now that the ice was broken, Mary ventured to step on that exceedingly delicate ground, the exclusive property of man and wife, and she remarked,—

"But, dearest Lady Vane, Sir Wilbraham is very kind, he never seems to oppose your wishes; you may yet be the means of interesting him in behalf of 'whatsoever is true;' and as you know he loves you, let this assurance animate you to increased, prayerful exertion for him; perhaps you had never directly asked him either to accompany you in your visits of charity, or to hear your favourite pastor;" and she smiled a happy smile.

"No, I am afraid to do so," replied her friend, "he is so cold, so uninterested in anything I say or do now. If I ask him to walk or drive, he answers, 'Just as you please;' if I say, 'Shall we dine with mamma to-morrow?' 'Just as you please' is all the response he gives me. Can you not fancy how trying this indifference must be?"

"Well, but you know he loves you, and this very willingness to do 'just as you please' may be easily wielded for good. Suppose you try, the next time you are going to visit any of your poor *protégés*, to induce him to accompany you," affectionately replied Mary.

"But he never cares for what I do now, and I should be afraid

to ask him ; he would betray no interest ;" was Lady Vane's desponding response.

" But will you not try and interest him, my dear friend ? Love is a powerful pleader, you know, and suppose the next time you are going to church, or to visit some of your poor *protégés*, you put your arm through that of your husband, and ask him to accompany you ? I feel assured your efforts would be successful," and she added in a cheerful tone, " what a blessed reflection it will be if you are made instrumental in weaning him from his frivolous, unsatisfying pursuits. Do you recollect the long conversation we had a little time ago about 'influence,' and the 'indwelling principle ?' "

" Oh, yes," replied Lady Vane, " I remember it perfectly well, and I tried earnestly to reduce the principles to practice ; but it is so *very* hard ; I will, however, do as you wish, and God grant the result may be———"

Ere she could conclude, a cheerful voice from the garden, called—

" Mamma ! mamma ! do come out, and see what a fine new flower I have brought you !" and then came a low, ringing laugh, stealing into the heart like the music of a wedding-bell.

Mary knew that voice, and rising, she put her arm through that of her friend, gently drawing her towards the window, leading out on the smooth lawn, and a smile played once more on the pale cheek of the titled victim,—while Mary laughed outright at the "new flower" Courtenaye had brought. He had entwined the curly head of their little girl with some of the most beautiful flowers from the garden, and she was sitting on her constant playmate, a large Newfoundland dog, that was crouching in the centre of the lawn, the intelligent eyes of the docile animal seeming to express his share of the fun, while she clapped her little hands, shrieking "Papa! Papa! Make Jet wide me! I want to wide on dear Jet!" And then, at Mary's request, Lady Vane "held on" the joyous child, while Courtenaye, as pleased as either, led them round and round the garden ; thus the child became a ministering spirit to the sad being who "held her on," and the young pastor's dignity was as little imperiled as was that of the old Spartan warrior, who rode on a stick for the amusement of his children, while dictating terms of peace to the ambassadors of a powerful state. Oh, no ! it is refreshing to see a mine of affection spring in the manly, yet tender heart, at the clasp of a wee hand, or the kiss of infant lips—pleasant to look

on the out-gushings of home affections and sympathies from the breast that bares its unblenching front and quails not when dangers threaten. Like some stately rock defying the tempest, and smiling at the storm, yet cherishing at its base fair clustering flowers, whose perfume rises an incense of gratitude for its sheltering care. It is at home that man as well as woman shines brightest; in this Hesperides he throws off for a while the cares and trammels; he forgets the disappointments and vexations of life, and becomes a child once more.

At the reiterated request of Lady Vane, Mary repeated all the knowledge in her possession of the unfortunate dressmaker's every-day history; but as her information was gathered from sundry sources, and as frequent questions from her interested auditor interrupted her, we think it better to give it in a consecutive form.

At the age of twelve, Elinor Snow was considered by all who knew her, as the "prettiest creature, either, in the village of Dale or in the adjacent town of D——." The poor child's entrance on the busy stage of life was but the harbinger of her future sorrows; her mother died two hours after her birth, from continued grief, it was said, at the loss of her husband—killed by a fall from a scaffolding four months after their marriage. Ere "the pitcher was broken at the fountain," the dying woman pointed to the helpless little stranger just drifted on the shores of Time, and in a faint whisper, thus besought for it the care of her own faithful mother, who bent in speechless grief over her.—

"She will soon be your *only* child, mother, dear; bring her up for God as you did me."

This sacred charge was faithfully kept, till the grey-haired guardian, too, went home to God, and then the little Elinor, now six years of age, became the sole care of her grandfather, William Snow, who exclaimed, as he lifted the wailing orphan from the dead bosom to which she clung, twining her child-arms round the senseless clay, as the young flower wreathes the broken column,—

"Come to your grandfather, my poor little Daisy!—There, lay yer head down upon his old heart, and it shall be a rough storm that tears thee away!"

In a snug cottage, or lodge, as it was called, at the entrance of the estate of Colonel and Lady Emily Arlington,

lived the said William Snow in the capacity of gardener; and much was he respected by the great family in whose service he had spent his life, and who were not above taking a kindly interest in the concerns of their humble dependents. The "almond blossom" had entwined itself amid the dark locks of the good old man when he became the sole protector of the orphan: "Daisy," a name he bestowed on her because, to use his own words, "she is just as meek-like and welcome as the little flower." As the child grew in years, she grew into his heart, becoming part of it—a honey-suckle clasping round an aged tree, stealing its tender fibres into the gnarled weather-beaten trunk, and shedding on it a perfumed glory, as of early youth; and no wonder, for "Daisy," all grace and beauty-laden as she was, would have crept into a less susceptible bosom than that of William Snow, and he gratified at once his affection and his pride, by sending her to the best day-school in the romantic village, where, at the small cost of threepence per week, she learnt to read, write, and crochet, beside "grammar;" but she had soon imbibed the entire stock of the good dame's knowledge, who, never imagining any of her pupils would require words of more than two syllables, considerably allowed them to "skip" all and any that chanced to monopolize more than the given number. Naturally quick, the child sighed to learn something more; and was ever enquiring about things that interested her of the said dame, who would shake her head and become quite ruffled, because Daisy looked "just as unbelieving as can be."

Poor child! and well she might look "unbelieving," when gravely informed, in reply to her question, "Please ma'am, what makes thunder and lightning?"—

"The rheumatics in old people's bones,—and that's why they always knows when bad weather's a coming!"

The dear old grandfather instilled into the ear of the little inquirer many beautiful lessons of natural philosophy from his "best friend," as he called his Bible! and she would stand, with her eyes fixed in solemn awe, "as he told her" all about the "morning stars that sung together," or the "clouds and winds that do His pleasure;" but to her hundred-and-one eager questions, such as a little spirit thirsting for knowledge would ask, he was wholly adrift; and he could only turn up his eyes and hands in wondrous admiration at "such kind o' things coming into her head," while, to say the truth, we don't believe

he would have cared one fig to have fully understood the "physical construction of the rainbow;" the exact depth of the exhausted lunar volcanoes; or how long it was ere the light from certain stars reached our planet. The single-minded Christian read in these glorious creations only the power and wisdom of God. To him, the rainbow was a gracious pledge of love and mercy, nothing more; the moon "walking in brightness," talked of his home above the skies; and the stars ever seemed but rays from the glory of the Crucified; he saw, nor sighed to see, aught beyond. Simple William!

Thus poor little Daisy's mind went into itself, and she would often think herself to sleep about the "Why's?" and "Wherefore's?" dear old Parley has made so plain for us; and those seed pearls, "Line upon Line," and "Mimpres' Mothers' Conversations," were not feeding craving little spirits in those days.

Not that the unlettered rustic ever threw over the enquirer the corrosive acid, "don't ask such foolish questions, child! run away, do!" He left these displays of enlightenment to the "learned, scientific, and polite;" he knew there were such things as fountains of knowledge, but not for poor people like them; he had never drank deep, he could not therefore quench her thirst; and one day when, wearied with thought, she came to his side, and resting her little hands on his knee, demanded,—

"Will you tell me, grandfather, why God ever lets the flowers die?"

He exclaimed, patting her fair head,—

"Bless thy young heart, child! how much thee will have to learn when thee gets to heaven!"

Then, William had some excellent orthodox notions about not liking to give the little thing "too much learning, for fear the family should think as how he was bringing her up above her place, like." He would not have displeased Lady Emily by such a crime for the world! She was so kind, and took so much notice of Daisy, often giving her childish story-books—the best to be had in those days—and William was grateful, though he evinced his feelings in rather a cramped way, inasmuch as the large-hearted woman, of whom he stood in such wholesome fear, would not have dreamed of interfering to prevent the child being educated to the best of his means, for she took a warm interest in her; the extreme loveliness of her orphan face, the elegance of her rounded limbs, awakening her admiration, simultaneously

with the old man's fears, and he never cared about her mingling with the village children "after school." Neither did Daisy herself desire companionship. When her two-syllable lesson was got by rote, she spent her time in tending her "lambs," as she called the flowers; and oh! her love for them! it was poetry's essence. She would talk to them about God, "who made them such beauties," bending her sweet head down to them, as if listening to their spirit-whispers. To her they were things of life and joy. She went to sleep with them in her hand, wept over them when they withered. Perhaps living, as from her birth she had done, among them, had given her mind its dreamy, spiritual turn. She breathed an atmosphere of beauty, and what wonder if she imbibed its tone!

The only thing that had power to wean her from her "lambs" in the bright summer-time was the sound of music brought into the village by some itinerant musician; then she would bound towards the gate, and stand with her full eye fixed, pensive, and humid; her beautifully modeled lip tremulous with the intensity and depth of every varying emotion, as the melody changed from grave to gay.

Sweet Daisy! methinks I see thee now, as of yore. That flushing cheek, that brow of deep, but childish thought, those wavy locks, gently lifted by the summer breeze, as it played 'mid the shining bands.

Sweet Daisy! What must thy beauty be now, if 'twas all we dream of an angel's here!

No doubt her eager delight at the rude melody would have excited a contemptuous smile from the accomplished season *belle*, whose ear had been accustomed to correct, scientific displays of music-power; so accustomed, indeed, that she thought "nothing" of talking incessantly, if not too loud to be well bred, during the whole performance of some marvellous piece, to master which the poor performer had spent a whole hecatomb of hours, and fondly calculated on winding up his audience to electrifying pitch; but better days have dawned, and the majority of our readers will sympathize at once with Daisy and the performer. The sylph-like figure of the child decided William that she would never be able to "go out to service to earn her living," when he was "dead and gone;" he therefore decided on apprenticing her to the dressmaking and millinery business, which not only seemed to him an easy way of getting her living, but also

secured the little sunbeam near him, whom he frequently vowed was the "best housekeeper in the world;" beside, he "should like her to close his eyes whenever it pleased God to take him." Poor old man! He did for the best, and little did he dream that the very means he took to keep his sunbeam near him, would bring down a cloud of grief, and end in dark despair. It is often thus with the best concerted human plans. Overturned! overturned! Why!—"thou shalt know hereafter."

At the age of thirteen, Daisy was duly victimised for two years as apprentice to Miss Frillins, the Frillins of the village, who, though she was no worse than more stylish principals, such as Madame Johns or Ma'mselle Delille, was quite as bad in the exaction of a vast amount of labour in an inconceivably small space of time, from the hands of her "young ladies;" and for several consecutive weeks, at the gay season, when race and subscription balls, concerts, open-air breakfasts, etc., etc., deluged the county, she would extort sixteen, eighteen, twenty hours' work from them. Little Daisy soon began to droop under this Legree system: the transition from the atmosphere of flowers and purity to the close work-room, the incessant sitting, the hurry and drive to accomplish orders that at these times poured in, "to be done and sent home immediately," told fearfully on the body and mind, both too tender for such an ordeal; and at the end of ten months, after vainly striving against the inroads of languor and pain, she was obliged to give up all employment, and could do nothing but sit and watch her grandfather tend his flowers.

"I be sadly afeard I'm agoin' to lose my poor Daisy, too, my lady," said William one day to his kind mistress, wiping away the tears with the back of his hand, as he answered her inquiry for the child's health, "I be sadly afeard she is agoin' after the others in the old churchyard, my lady!"

"You must not be desponding, my good William," replied the high-born woman, in a kindly tone, "I will go to see her, and if she is as ill as your fears seemed to imply, I will send Dr. Armstrong; but I am sure you will keep up your spirits for Daisy's sake."

"God bless and reward your ladyship for all your goodness to me, and them that's gone!" fervently responded the old man, and as Lady Emily turned towards the cottage, a tear dimming her eye, he leant his white head on the top of his spade, and

from the depths of his overflowing heart went up the prayer for a shower of blessings on that gentle woman's path.

At the door of the lodge Lady Emily involuntarily paused to look on the sweet picture its interior presented. Before a chair, whereon a collection of rare flowers lay scattered, as if arranging them into something like order, on her knees was Daisy, who though now nearly fourteen, looked scarcely more than twelve, so innocent and childish was the fair face peering out from a mass of golden hair, which lassitude had suffered to float wavily almost to her waist; her eyes, of the softest hazel, wore that dreamy, spiritual expression which brings into the gazer's mind thoughts of heaven; but when any passing word or event touched the tremulous chord of feeling, they would kindle and dilate, throwing into the countenance a radiance from the indwelling fineness of spirit, that reminded the beholder of those vases painted by the Chinese that require inner illumination ere their exquisite penciling becomes visible.

Lady Emily paused to contemplate the cottage child; weariness had given to her figure a touching grace; and as she leant over her flowers, unconscious of any observant eye, she seemed to the gazer too fair and fragile to battle with life's stern realities.

Gently tapping, Lady Emily entered the little room.

Daisy rose, blushing, to receive her distinguished guest, and placed a chair, enquiring as she did so:—

"Shall I run and call grandfather, my lady?—he is only in the garden."

"No!" answered Lady Emily, "my visit is to you to-day; he told me you were not quite well, and I am come to see if I can do anything for you; sit down near me", she added kindly, "and tell me all you feel."

Obedying the considerate command, Daisy sat down, tears springing into her eyes as she said:—

"Oh my lady! how kind of you to take such notice of a poor girl like me that isn't worthy of it!"

"You must not think that, my good child," responded the noble woman, in the softest tone, "you know we ought all to be kind to one another; our blessed Lord left us an example, and we cannot be his disciples if we take no interest in our suffering fellow-creatures; tell me, then, where you feel pain," and she laid her jewelled hand encouragingly on the meek young head at her side.

Re-assured by the manner and words, Daisy answered, "I haven't any pain, my Lady, I only feel very tired indeed, as if I must lay down and die; and if it wasn't for dear grandfather, who would cry for me sadly, I would like to sleep in the quiet grave beside my mother."

Lady Emily asked many questions, and elicited from the child's replies the fact, that she was now suffering the re-action of her over-tasked energies, and at her departure she promised to "come again very soon." Consulting first the honest servitor, and then her husband, the thoughtful Lady Emily proposed that Daisy should be transplanted at once to their house, placed under the care and training of the housekeeper, and as soon as her strength was sufficiently restored, be instructed by her present maid, in order to take *her* place about her own person, Mrs. Simpkins, the said lady's-maid, being about to be transferred to Miss Arlington on her marriage—then on the *tapis*.

This arrangement was hailed with gratitude by William, who saw in it an earnest of his grandchild's future maintenance, when he should be gathered to his fathers; and as Lady Emily begged him to come "whenever he liked," and always to dine at the great house on Sunday's, Daisy left the peaceful cottage, shedding fewer tears than she would have shed but for the kind consideration shown towards her.

The entire change, healthy, active employment, and nutritious food soon restored the weakly maid to vigour, and at the end of the year she accompanied the family in their stated visit to London! Never did a purer creature enter that head quarter of iniquity than Elinor Snow.

Shortly after the above migration, the youngest son and pet of Lady Emily—a fine, promising lad—came from Harrow to spend some time with his family, previous to his departure to one of the Universities to be duly qualified, or to qualify himself for the Church; his maternal grandfather, a noble Earl, having twenty-nine livings in his gift, the richest of which he prudently reserved for the youngest, or stupidest sons in the Bamborough family, who he piously hoped would be mysteriously "moved to the office" the moment they had imbibed *quantum sufficit* of learning: and as it is just possible our reader may not have any idea of the no end "curiosities of literature," the said imbibing grasped and grappled with in those dark ages, suppose we give a passing glance at its most remarkable *traits*, it may not only

amuse, but be a source of rejoicing that "matters are managed better now-a-days."

"*Facere aliquid ad veram pietatem seu doctrinam, Græcè potius quam aliâ linguâ loqui*," said a wise man, centuries ago; and we hope we may not pain the feelings of our fair readers by giving a translation as well as we can,—

(For) "it cannot be supposed that speaking or writing in the Greek language, in preference to any other, can have any peculiar efficacy in promoting the interests of true piety or learning."

Now, *malgré* this sentiment had been propounded and insisted on by many good men, whose grief it was to see such undue proportions of precious seed-time wasted in the acquisition of ancient knowledge, which neither fed the flame of piety, nor promoted the interests of the highest learning, these young candidates for honours were expected to exercise the most unheard-of industry in the said acquisition, ere they could attain distinction; to wit, an incalculable amount of knowledge about heathen gods and goddesses, in the original, imbibed simultaneously with the art of smoking, drinking, and gambling!

Ditto of ancient geography: giving the exact position of the site of Heliopolis, or any other City of the Sun; measuring, to a hair's-breadth, the dimensions of the famous fountain formed by the kick of the winged Pegasus, with the art of shooting, racing, and "boxing made easy!"

Ditto of "doing" Greek hexameters into anti-Saxon rhyme, (emphatically small "curiosities of literature"), and confiding tradesmen at the same time!

Translating the tragedies of Euripides into uncouth English, and the reversionary interest of their estates (those who had any) into the hands of Jews!

But we really cannot follow these young heroes "fast" enough in their career at these seats of ancient learning. We must pause, leaving our readers to be the best judges of their capabilities for solemn and responsible offices, and finish with one laughable anecdote demonstrative of the extreme utility of these kinds of learning:—

"Eustace, can you tell what hail is?" enquired a bright-faced little girl of her brother, just emerged from one of the Universities with the degree of M.A., strong in the classics and self-importance.

"Drops of water frozen, you little goose!" answered M.A., laughing.

"Then, what is snow, Eustace?" demanded the child.

"Drops of frozen water too, to be sure," M.A. responded.

"Then, why is one soft and the other hard? What makes them so different?" asked his tormentor.

"By Jove, I don't know! Do you, Miss Sharp-pins?" exclaimed M.A.

"Yes, yes!" shouted the delighted child, clapping her hands, "nurse told me all about it, and what makes the wind blow, and the rainbow!"

M.A. declares he must "invest" in a catechism of "Common Things," which soon supplants Anacreon and Ovid at his usual hours of study, viz., at mid-day, in bed, luxuriating in solitude and meerscham!

But the early youth of Charles Arlington bade fair for a bright meridian. Fond of study, quiet and thoughtful, with talents of the highest order, added to great generosity of disposition, he seemed well calculated to shine in the profession chosen for him by his doating mother.

On the first morning of his arrival home, the youth was struck with the innocent loveliness of the child-servant, as she rose from her knees at family prayer, and he made many inquiries concerning her of Lady Emily, who spoke with all the warmth of kindness she felt for the orphan. A few hours later and he was in the housekeeper's room, with a bunch of flowers which he had brought to introduce himself, and he could not have chosen a better medium.

"Lady Emily tells me you are very fond of flowers," said Charles, as Elinor rose, blushing, and "I have brought you a few—much better than those," he added, pointing to a glass of withered beauties; "will you allow these to take their place, and I will often bring you more: I doat on flowers."

"How beautiful they are!" involuntarily exclaimed the girl, as she recognised her old friends, raising for the first time her meek eyes, beaming with that peculiar expression for which we can find no nearer definition than lighting up from within; but she immediately added, "Does Lady Emily know you have brought them, sir? Will she like you to give them to a poor girl like me?"

This question, prompted by an instinctive sense of propriety, spoke at once to the heart of the generous youth, and he replied, with a bright smile, "it was such a trifle that I did not ask her, but I certainly will, and bring you some very often."

True to his word, he constantly supplied the room with choice flowers, all unconsciously to himself giving affection with them; and in the orphan's gratitude, love meekly blended, though not one word had been spoken, nor one love-look exchanged.

Short-sighted lady-mother! How could she contact two such young, inexperienced beings?

True, she looked upon them as children; she knew the undefiled purity of the orphan's heart; she rejoiced in the open, noble character of her favourite boy, while the disparity of rank presented to her a barrier nought could leap over, or throw down, and if she thought at all of his question,—

"Mother, your little waiting-maid seems quite as fond of flowers as I am; may I take her a few sometimes?" it was only to admire the kindness and thoughtfulness of the action; and rejoice that he could find pleasure in such a simple act, at an age when the majority of striplings were caricaturing manhood, by an extra profuse use of "Latakia," a conventional drawl, and excessive nonentityism.

Poor Elinor! just as she loved and looked upon the flowers, so she loved and looked upon him who brought them; no thought of the future clouded her mind; she never sought to know whether he, who, by trifling acts of kindness had planted in her unsophisticated heart a seed that had taken root, striking out fibres in that rich soil, soon to overrun all beside, ever gave one thought to her, or knew how every pulse quickened as his footsteps fell on its pure depths. She knew, nor sought to know, aught of him beyond her own ideal world peopled with his image, unconscious that the chains now so light would some day become iron and eat into her soul.

And Charles? Prompted at first by the desire of giving pleasure, so natural to the young and generous, he had simply gratified his felings. Lady Emily's account of the orphan appealed to his romantic nature, and interested him; and as day by day he saw fresh *traits* of the innocence of her character, his interest deepened till at length, all unconsciously, he found her fair young image blended with, and looking out upon, all his boy-dreams of future glory and bliss.

Ah! how frequently these dreams—pooh-pooh'd as “boyish” and “childish”—colour and influence the after-life! nay, colour Eternity!

Never, by word or look, had either of these ingenuous beings betrayed the secret nestling deep within, while happy months flew by, and the departure of Charles drew near.

On the morning of his departure he sought the well known room, and hastily placing two or three of her favourite flowers on a table near which she sat working, he said, “I am going away, Elinor, for a long time, and I have brought you a few flowers—perhaps the last I may ever bring you. I hope you will not forget me, and will be as happy as I wish and pray you may be.” He did not wait for any reply, but casting a look full of love on the face of the agitated girl, he left the room.

For some time after he left, Elinor sat statue-like, then tenderly gathering up the last gift of love, she pressed the fragile treasures to her quivering lip, placed them in her little trunk, and continued her work, none reading in her meek eye and paler cheek aught of the pure passion smouldering within.

Lady Emily's health becoming a source of apprehension to her family, she was induced to visit Malta, whither Elinor accompanied her; and as Charles spent much of his leisure at the seat of his grandfather, which afforded him more amusement than the quiet maternal home, some time passed away ere they met again; and what a change that period had wrought!

The pure-hearted boy had grown into the bold young man—all the “fine gold” of promise that strataed his early character had been smelted down in the crucible of ancient learning, and fused with grosser metal. The freshness and beauty of those sacred feelings that nestle in the breast of generous youth had become sullied, and when he again met the subdued glance of his “old flower-girl” as he jocosely termed Elinor, there was an expression in the passionate gaze of his beautiful eye that brought the blush of offended innocence into her face, and then receding, left her deadly pale.

From that moment Elinor determined, if possible, never to see him; that look desolated and scattered the bright mosaic of her ideal world, and opened up a gulf of woe; and as the delicate leaves of a rose-bud, which has been carelessly plucked and thrown down to be trodden on, fold closer round the crushed heart they erst shielded from the storm, so, over the ruins of

her entrancing dream she drew the veil of purity—pressing its many shrouding folds closely on her heart, from whence she resolved to wrench the image which had so long reigned there its imperial lord.

Ah! what a moral grandness did that resolve display! what a refinement of soul, whispering such a sacrifice was necessary! No mother's gentle voice of warning or encouragement! no faithful hand to wipe away the burning tears! no warm, loving breast whereon to lay the brow, as the dew of sympathy falls on the parched soul.

The admiration of Charles was only increased by her evident avoidance. In vain he sought an opportunity to pour into her ear the love that was becoming every day wilder and stronger. Not that even, in idea, he then had any intention of polluting her with the words of unholy passion; he had not yet cast off all generosity of youth, and respect for virtue. No man becomes a profligate at one bound; step by step he reaches that goal, from which he looks back on all life's purposes counteracted, its noblest and best aspirations trampled on and destroyed by the iron heel of brazen-fronted Vice; and what devastation and anguish attend its footsteps!—"grey hairs brought down with sorrow to the grave;" shame's burning spot scorching the cheek of youth; the desolated hearth and homestead; the tale of untold suffering in the meek mother-eye; the ——— but why describe a progeny too fearfully numerous and well-known! Oh, what a scene the life of the profligate presents in his (sometimes how short!) journey to that Eternity where "*every man shall be judged by the deeds done in the body!*"

A few months after the return of her favorite son to College, Lady Emily, who had long been declining, died almost suddenly, and Elinor lost her kind protectress, the establishment being immediately broken up. She therefore decided on returning to her grandfather, but was strongly advised by her *ci-devant* friend, the housekeeper, to apply for employment at one of the "fashionable West-End houses," where her "long services in Lady Emily's family would be a recommendation."

No doubt this was but sorry advice for the friendless, inexperienced girl; but in addition to her real "liking" for her, Mrs. Goodenough had private reasons for not wishing her to take as "fresh place." No one more duly appreciated, or encroached on the good taste and skill the little milliner displayed, not only in

her art, but in making-up and remodeling sundry suspicious remnants of lace and ribbon, dignified with the name of "dress-caps," than the worthy woman; and she did not like the idea of these supplies being cut off, which would be the case unless Elinor located in London, where she had already domiciled herself in a snug coffee and eating-house—set up for life out of her savings and "perquisites" during her servitude in Lady Emily's family, and where she fully intended to be sought in marriage by the obese butler, who called the Earl of Heedless master, but who in reality was master himself.

When the sad intelligence of the death of his kind mistress reached William Snow, he wrote to his grandchild requesting her to return to him, as he was "kept on" till the place was let, "and if you can find a little work just to help, dear Daisy, we shall get on well enough; He that took away one friend will raise us up another," said the trusting old spirit; and Elinor had decided to yield to the wishes thus expressed, when the good woman before-named over-ruled this intention, by representing in glowing colours, what a "miserable life she would lead, shut up all day stitching and slaving, and never earning her salt after all," for she "knew very well what the village of Dale was; whereas, by following her advice, Elinor may be able to get a nice little business of her own. She would recommend her to all her friends, and by and by she could have her grandfather to live with her, when he was past work."

We need not adduce all the items of special pleading, which appeared to the young girl so very plausible, or the vivid remembrances roused in her heart of the weary days and nights of toil that had reduced her almost to death's door, when the kindness of Lady Emily rescued her; or the fond hope held out of comforting the declining days of her grandfather; suffice it, that like many a country novice, Elinor thought the streets of London were "paved with gold," and that she would be "sure to get on" in the vast emporium of trade, where there seemed work and employ for all, and to spare; thus overborne by the influences from without and within, her first intention of returning to Dale was set aside, and under the auspices of Mrs. Goodenough, she engaged herself for six months to a very respectable dress-maker and milliner; and as work was termed "slack" the first few weeks, only twelve hours' labour—ACCORDING TO ENGLISH LAW—was exacted from the employed, she felt rejoiced that she

had listened to advice, and at the expiration of her engagement would have her usual "nice little sum" to send her dear grandfather.

But, alas! poor, sanguine Elinor! By and by the yearly sacrifices in the temple of Fashion, named the "Season," commenced; orders "to be done immediately" hourly poured in; the principal of the establishment, unable to engage extra hands—her own being tied by the trade-paralysing, long-credit system—exactd of her work-women, first sixteen, then eighteen, and twenty hours consecutive labour! Vainly the skinny nervous fingers, the weary and sunken eye, the drooping dejected figure appealed; the work must be done, or custom lost.

"The Countess of Vanity would never forgive her if she kept her waiting!"

"Lady Pride would take away her patronage if the ball dresses were not sent before such a time!"

"Mrs. Heartless wanted her bonnet and mantle in time for morning service, and if they worked till the bells struck out it must be done!" Thus out of the thews and sinews, souls and bodies of these victims, was wrung the attire wherewith the votaries of fashion decked themselves for the show; and when, yielding at last to Nature's stern demand for repose, the hot and strained eye-lid dropped for one moment over the blood-shot eye, the tremulous hand stood still from very powerlessness to move, or the exhausted energies found relief in a blessed faint, bringing at least forgetfulness,* exciting drugs, artfully introduced into

* "*The fourth week* it was much the same, till Friday, when we commenced work, as usual, at eight o'clock, and went on till between four and five on the following morning. It was near five when we went to our bedrooms. During the day we had our meals as usual. At midnight we had a cup of coffee brought us. I am sure something improper was put into it to keep us awake, as when we went to bed none of us could sleep, which was invariably the case after taking coffee at midnight; whereas the coffee which was given us those nights when we could retire to bed at eleven or twelve o'clock never produced this effect. The young lady who lay with me said, on the particular morning referred to, 'What shall we do till eight o'clock, as we cannot get to sleep?' We walked about the room till six o'clock, when I went out and called upon my sister at ——. The other young persons (with the exception of one who managed to sleep an hour or so) endeavoured to employ themselves, some by writing, others by looking over their boxes, and such-like, till breakfast; after which we continued working till twelve o'clock. This was Saturday night. Five of us occupied one bedroom. The apartment was very small and close—very close—and not clean. The ceiling

some domestic beverage, were given them, producing a terribly restless and fevered state of nerve, and they plied the needle with half-maddened rapidity, till the reaction began. Then—oh, what a sad picture!

Look at those white, haggard faces, moving, spectre-like, restlessly up and down the small, dirty, stifling closets, called sleeping apartments, where only one can dress at a time, and where none can stand quite upright! Look at those brows bound with wet rag,* in the vain attempt to still the fevered throbbing and the scalding agony of the drugged, over-excited brain.

Mark here the sunken, lustreless eye of spirit-broken doggedness—there the glittering glare of reckless despair!

Listen to that wailing voice calling piteously on the long-mouldered mother!

Hark to that half-shriek, half-oath exclamation; “ANY thing rather than this!”

As we have stated, poor Elinor, ignorant of the excessive labour extorted from the slaves of the needle, had engaged herself for six months, stipulating for “Sundays to herself;” this request was readily acceded to, and at first respected; pleasant

was so low, that when I stood upright, tip-toe, I could, by a slight additional movement of the body upwards, touch it with my hand. We were so crowded, moreover, that we could not all move about and dress at one time; and what made it still worse, it adjoined another room in which two others slept. These young persons were so cramped for space, that they literally could scarcely move. They were obliged to have the door kept open that led into our room, or they must have been stifled, as there was no other way of their getting air. We were thus, as it were, seven persons sleeping in one apartment. In their little room there was no fireplace; in ours there was, but there was a chest of drawers against it, for which there was no space in any other part of the room.”—*Condition of this oppressed class of England's Daughters.* By JOHN LILWALL, *Honorary Secretary of the Early Closing Association.*

*“I made up my mind that I would not work later that night, come what would. Indeed, I felt that I could not do another stitch. During the afternoon and evening, as it was, I had to leave the work-room several times, to try to get relief by drinking, and by washing my face and forehead with, cold water. We also had a smelling-bottle on the table, or we never could have kept awake. After retiring to my bedroom, I was in such a feverish state as to be obliged to apply wet linen to my head. On the Sunday morning, when I awoke, my tongue was so swollen that I could not speak. My eyes, also, were so bad that I could not see.”—*IBID.*

was it to see the young girl wending her way to the one sanctuary of earth, "where there is neither high nor low" in His eye who looks on the heart and judges therefrom.

After service the intervening hours were spent with her friend the *ci-divant* housekeeper, who duly congratulated herself upon being a religious woman, because she was tolerably punctual in her "going to church always in the mornings," and in imitating her superiors by "staying away" all the rest of the day; making it a species of half-and-half time, or heaven in the morning and earth in the evening.

But, alas, for poor Elinor! and shame to the law that is too weak to protect those who are not strong enough to protect themselves! soon this God-given day of rest was dragged into the work-Maelstrom, and many weeks elapsed ere the friends met again—too exhausted, when released for a few hours from toil, to attend to sacred duties, the poor child dress-maker threw herself in helpless weakness on her comfortless bed, and a short death-like slumber prepared her for the following morning's four o'clock recurring slave-trade.*

* "I have so recently as within the last few weeks had interviews with several young persons engaged in these businesses, and I have been pained to find from the inquiries which I have thus instituted that their present state of suffering and oppression is precisely analogous to that set forth in the startling evidence given before the two special Committees of the House of Lords, and from which your Lordship and the Right Rev. Prelate have severally quoted. As one instance of the present enslaved condition of, I will not say all, but a vast number of these young persons, I hold in my hand a statement furnished me by a gentleman that I have long known, on whose veracity I can rely, and who is nearly related to the would-have-been victim, had she been obliged to continue for any length of time in the employ of the inhuman woman in whose establishment the case occurred. It appears that it is there the custom of the hands (as they are called) to breakfast before commencing their day's labour; and they are expected to be in the work-room by eight o'clock each morning, and, in the regular way, to continue toiling on till eleven o'clock at night, and frequently till twelve, one, and even two o'clock on the following morning. Within the last week or two, these young persons were kept at work during the whole of three successive nights. (Cries of "Name, name.") You will excuse my not acceding to that request, which I would gladly do, but that I should thereby incur the risk of an action for libel—such is the anomaly of the English laws. During the period that they were working those three entire nights, one of the young persons asked permission to leave for a few hours to meet her mother, who had come up to town to see her sick son. She was told she might go, but that they "quite wondered how she could have the face to ask." She returned about eleven o'clock, not to retire to bed, but to resume her toil in

Many weeks passed in the hot race, but at length a respite to the rush and whirl of business dropped in—in the shape of “Lent,” during which ascetic period it was then the fashion for the great world to “keep quiet,” and prepare at one and the same time their souls and bodies for the impending avalanche of gaiety and frivolity; hence, poor Elinor was again at liberty to seek the abode of her friend Mrs. Goodenough.

“Why, bless my heart!” exclaimed the latter, as she entered, “whatever have you been adoin’ to yourself—where is your flesh gone to?—why, if you ain a perfect skelenton! do sit down, child, and tell me all about it!”

No wonder such exclamations found voice, for the helpless girl was sadly altered; the nutritious food she had been so long accustomed to, and which seemed needful from the delicacy of her constitution, had been substituted by course provisions scantily supplied, and hastily swallowed, forbidding the healthy functions their legitimate office,* and hence turned into poison.

Some explanation having been given, and counsel vouchsafed on the part of her friend, Elinor departed, promising to spend part of the following Sabbath with her; and in pursuance of this promise she had scarcely left her place of servile toil on that day, ere she

the work-room. This is the last case which has come under my notice, but I have in my possession some six or eight others, differing in detail, indeed, but of an equally aggravated character; all of which are so many illustrations of a state of things which is a foul blot upon the character of the heads of the establishments where this system is carried on, and scarcely less disgraceful to a country which does not rise as one man, and demand the immediate suppression of that inhuman system. I do feel, my Lord, that these oppressed young persons have the strongest possible claim upon the sympathy—I mean the practical sympathy—of the entire English people, more especially because, from the very circumstance of their sex, they are utterly powerless to extricate themselves from the intolerable bondage to which they are exposed.”—MR. LILWALL

“* *The first week* I was there we began work at eight in the morning, and worked till between eleven and twelve o’clock at night. There was no fixed time for meals; we had to take them as fast as we could, and return to the work-room directly we had finished. *The second week* there was a Drawing-room. We worked on Tuesday till twelve o’clock, and on Wednesday we continued at it till between three and four o’clock on the following morning. We then went to bed, but had to begin work again at eight o’clock, and continued at it till twelve. The following day (Friday) we worked from eight till between eleven and twelve o’clock at night. We always breakfasted before we began work—that is, before eight o’clock.”—*From a case by J. LILWALL, Esq.*

heard her name pronounced by a voice that swept and agitated every note of her young heart's diapason, and in a moment the hand of Charles Arlington grasped hers, as he exclaimed,—

"Where did you spring from, my charming flower-girl! How long it is since we met? It seems an age to me! But —, Ah! I see you have forgotten your old friend," he added in a subdued melancholy voice, as Elinor withdrew her hand,—not before he had exultingly felt it tremble in his grasp like a captive bird, and turned her drooping eye from his ardent gaze, which reminded her of the last time they met, exclaiming—

"Oh, sir! please let me go! what would Lady Emily have said, if she had seen you shaking hands with a poor girl like me in the street!"

This suggestive appeal to the memory of his mother, checked for a moment the current of his feelings, and in a tone which long haunted his victim's heart, Charles replied,—

"I see you have indeed forgotten me, Elinor! I will not distress you by my presence; good-bye for ever!" and respectfully raising his hat, he cast on her a look of tender reproach, and past on; while—full of self-condemnation for her ingratitude (as she thought) towards her former friend—the poor girl turned, intending to ask his forgiveness, and entreat him not to think she had forgotten him, when she saw he had been joined by a friend, and they were both looking after her: hastily averting her burning face, she hurried towards Mrs. Goodenough's with a torn and bleeding heart.

"By Jove, Charlie, you would beat old Job out of the field dead! Do you mean to say you have been prowling haw for the last two howas to catch a glimpse of that little Madonna-like phiz!" exclaimed young Viscount Brace to the superb dissipated looking "Charlie."

"Verily, yes! Is she not a lovely creature?" asked Charlie.

"Too pale, too *spirituelle* for me," responded Viscount; "your Guido faces are not exactly to my taste. I pfer a little moaw flesh, and——"

"What an unromantic animal you are, Brace!" interrupted Charlie, laughing. "Give me my little Lily, and you may have all the Rubens and Lawrences and Court beauties in the world."

"But she is so terribly pale and swagile-looking," persisted Brace.

Wait a while, my dear fellow, and you will see the colour come back to her face ; and then, by heaven, she is the most angelic creature you ever saw !" answered Charlie.

"But not for *you*," observed his chum. "Depend upon it you have no chance with your flowery gal, Charlie ; she is as cold and insensible to your perfections as ———"

"Time will show ! Wait a little !" again interrupted the accomplished youth ; who having long since cast off the restraints of conscience, and crushed the rising promise of his youth, had begun a career of vice in companionship with several others of his stamp, sad indeed.

"Wait a little. Do you recollect your bet about the pretty little confectionary girl at Oxford ?"

"'Pon honah, you are too bad," laughed the Viscount. "What a glorious parson you will make, if you go on as you have begun. When do you mean to commence a reformation ?"

"Mum's the word !" replied the incipient "teacher," laying his finger gaily on his lip. "I'll have my game out first, and then settle down 'quite proper' to the work of winning souls, as Dr. Culling calls a parson's life."

"Winning hearts, you mean, you sad dog," rejoined Brace ; "or most likely you intend beginning with them, and the oaths follow as a matter of course."

"In season and out of season," said Charlie, with an expression of mock-sanctity on his fine features. "Enough of this, by and by. I hate the very name of 'orders,' and only wonder what could have induced my poor mother to bind me to a life I dislike, and make a 'case' out of such a scapegrace as I am !"

"Because you were fit for nothing else, you scamp, and you know it," laughed Brace.

"Because two thousand a-year, and some one to do the work is better than a younger son living on his wits and half-a-crown a-week pocket-money," rejoined Charlie, bitterly.

"Heav ! heav !" chimed in Brace.

"Where are you off to now ?" inquired Charlie ; "where do you dine ?"

"With Lady Lovegood, at seven ; early on Sunday, to allow the servants plenty of time to rest, and say their prayers, and sing psalms ; since the dear old soul has been seized with a stroke of piety, she is become so exceedingly good, that she won't allow any of the doaws in the house to be shut after they

are once opened, because she disapproves of Sunday labaw," answered his friend, gaily.

"Which suits your peculiar ideas abundantly well, eh?" demanded Charles, significantly.

"All a pack of stuff and nonsense! I hate this hubbub about Sunday and Monday, as if one day wasn't just as good as anothaw; but of course I take especial care to agreee, *in toto*, with every syllable the fanatic old lady uttaws. I'm her 'non-such,' you know!" exclaimed Brace.

"How, for heaven's sake! do you manage?" asked Charlie, laughing.

"Oh! easy as a glove," answered Ernest; "when she lechaws me on the 'poms and vanities of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh,' including Sunday labaw, I turn up my eyes, and get up a sigh or two, which she interpretws into manifest tokens of 'gwace,' and a sign that I shall soon be lionized at Exeter Hall as a living 'specimen' of saintship! I won her heart the other day, and bettaw still, a cheque to pay a bill that threatened the liberty of the subject, by steadily wefusing to allow her slow butlaw to open a bottle of soda wataw, because I didn't approve of Sunday labaw!"

"Capital! excellent!" exclaimed Charlie, highly delighted, adding, "you must positively go down with me to Lucre, to pre-side at my induction. What a sensation we shall make! You shall do the 'grace' with the dowagers, and I will get up all my impromptu piety for the lambs of my flock. Won't the parish soon ring with the praises of 'that excellent young man, the new Rector, so devoted! so heavenly minded!"

"To say nothing of his beauty!" laughed Ernest.

"O! that as a matter of course," answered Charles, in the same gay strain; "Isn't he a sweet young man, aunt?" asks some verdant country Hebe of a venerable spinster, who elevates her pious eyes and hands, exclaiming,—

"'Too good and beautiful for this vain world, child!'"

"I do believe, Charlie, that you were made a parson to pwove the old saying, 'the nearaw the church, the farther from——'"

"Softly! softly! most immaculate sir," interrupted Charlie, "I'm not a whit worse than——"

"That tewible fellow Slangsby?" interrupted Brace, in his turn. "O, no, that you are not! he was the scourge of the

family, and his poor mother's perpetual nightmare; and so they sent him to take ordaws!"

"You don't mean to say that bullying fellow is made a parson! Why, he was at Harrow with me, and was the regular black sheep of the Form—he narrowly escaped being expelled, and was 'plucked' like a goose!" exclaimed the virtuous Charlie, indignantly.

"True as the light," answered Brace, "and our old 'dodge' Alexander is in for it too; he knocked up a jolly scow, and swore no one should evaw make him stand up befoaw his friends with a lie in his wight hand, but he was obliged to buckle to at last!"

"How did they get over him, then?" inquired Charlie.

"O, his family attacked him in his most vulnerable part, and made his taking ordaws the condition upon which they would allow him to marry his beautiful cousin, Alice Vaughan, to whom he was passionately attached. * Wasn't he a thorough jolly!

* Conscientious Bishop Burnet, in his Remarks on Ordination, declared that it was one of his "greatest trials," and gave him the "deepest pain," to have "to ordain so many ungodly men for the ministry." Did truth ever need a rampart behind which to shelter herself, could a stouter one be thrown up? and, lest it should be imagined that these characters, Slingsby and Alexander, and the circumstances related are improvised from the cells of Fancy, the writer begs to state they are facts, leaving the cap to be worn by him whom it fits. Moreover, there is another now "preparing for the church," who, from his pre-eminence in profligacy, is entitled to figure with them; one who, in early manhood, has ruined his constitution, blasted his character, and involved himself in disgraceful pecuniary transactions by a career of vice, and yet who is only "waiting to pass" ere he is "moved" as an "ambassador" for the King of kings! He will read this tale. Oh! that he may recognize the portrait, and pause ere he "treasures up to himself wrath against the day of wrath," by taking the step meditated. Bewailing this hopeful son's immorality to the writer, his mother remarked,— "I only hope Robert will leave off all these sad doings when he gets into the church!"

"Why not 'leave' the idea of entering the church?" was suggested.

"Oh dear, no! exclaimed the bewailing mother, evidently assailed in her most sensitive part; "the living is in the family, and worth several hundreds a-year, but my eldest son doesn't want it, and George is in the army, so Robert must have it. A very good man is doing the duty for him till he passes."

Here is a melancholy specimen of a system of "preaching to live!" What benefit is it that "heterodox" evangelists are rousing the slumbering national piety, when our venerable "mother" permits such polluted hands to touch the sacred ark!



and such a dancer! Greenwood tells me he has given up all worldly amusements except waltzing; he met him and his elegant wife last Christmas at the Dallingford's, and he was the most indefatigable whirler of the party."

"Well! let him dance," replied Charlie, listlessly, "I never shall when I am thoroughly installed. I hear ball-going, dancing clergymen are unpopular, and I am determined to be 'popular,' though it will never be as a preacher."

"Ay, ay! you will be popular, my fine fellow, take my word for it," laughed Ernest, "Lucre is just the place for you. Talk about your uncle Lord Wiseman, and your cousin her Grace of Belgrave, and the work is done without your striking a blow for it; and if you throw in the little make-weight of a jolly dinner now and then you will go up like a rocket!"

"But how about the sermonizing?" laughed Charlie, much amused at the graphic eloquence of his noble chum.

"Oh, hang the sermons!" returned Brace, "you will only preach sparingly, and can get all sorts and sizes, from poverty to a shilling and upwards, according to the quality, as thousands of your stamp do!"

"Any one would imagine you contemplated a 'go in,'" observed Charlie, "why not have a shy at one of your father's——"

"Not I!" interposed the young noble, "the army for me."

"And you can but fall back upon one of the Earl's gifts, when you are drummed out of that! eh?" gaily remarked Charlie.

"No, no, by Jove! I wouldn't be such a sneaking parson as that buffoon Valdens, if you would promise me Canterbury to-morrow; what even I am, no sham for me!" answered Brace.

"Oh, most virtuous and discreetest youth!" exclaimed Charlie in a tone of mock admiration; "if you don't arrive at a Field Marshal's baton as soon as your upper lip is fledged, what an ungrateful country you will serve!"

"And you to a Bishopric, as 'beauty of holiness,' eh? O, but I say old fellow! suppose it should come into fashion for all the sermons to be submitted to the different bishops of the dioceses, as plays are to the Lord Chamberlain, what a pretty figure you would cut, and what a jolly lot of stuff would meet their delighted gaze!"

"No fear!" replied the other, "there are plenty of guardians of public morals without such an innovation as you suggest."

Beside, I bet ten to one my productions would be as good any day as Slangsy's, Alexander's, Valdens', and a whole host of others!"

"I heard that canting old psalm-singing Dr. Culling tell Lady Lovegood the other evening, that the *weason* why *pweaching* is so inefficient in the *pvesent* day, is 'because of the unfitness of the *geneuality* of those put into the *ministwry*,' " and he named Valdens and a score of others, adding,—

"If the *Mastaw* should suddenly come into his temple as he did of old, surely He would say now as he did then, '*take these THINGS hence, make not my Father's house a house of merchandise.*'"

"The impertinent old hypocrite!" exclaimed Charlie, "and what did you say, Brace?"

"I was obliged to be mum because of her pious ladyship, but I could have blown him off the coast with his canting and *cwoaking*, he would set a nation *togethaw* by the *caus*," answered Viscount.

"Didn't you favour him with a look of righteous indignation?" asked Charlie.

"*Moaw* than my commission's worth," responded Viscount, with a shrug of the shoulders; "he is a *pwime* *favowite* with Lady Lovegood; his anti-carnal conversation fans the flame of her piety when 'tis at a low ebb, and he *welishes* her snug little *dinnaws*, washed down with iced champagne; a *wegulaw* *loaves* and fishes *mongaw*, or I'm no judge."

"No doubt of that," remarked Charlie, listlessly drawing from his vest a watch, much less than the old coins, lockets, amulets, and other trumpery suspended to it, and peering with half-closed eyes into its wee face, exclaiming, "I must be off to my Lily, or I shall lose my chance! *a propos*, where can I get a bouquet to-day? Flowers will win the way to her heart, if anything will. I don't know what lovers would do without this staple commodity; they are the past, present, and future of the verb to love."

"Where do you dine?" asked Ernest. "Will you go with me to Zion House; her pious ladyship will duly appreciate your *weverence*?"

"No, no, thank you! Dine, did you say? Goth! Vandal! What should I dine from but my Lily's smiles!" exclaimed Charlie, gaily.

"And a spare *dinnaw* at your club, as you are a *bond fids twavellaw*," rejoined Brace, in the same strain.

After a few more equally important questions and replies, these embryos—one of a teacher “moved to the office,” and the other of a legislator,—parted ; and we confess ourselves unable to decide, leaving it rather to our fair readers to do so, whether the remark of the illustrious Roman, formerly applied to Sir W. Vane, would, or would not have been equally applicable to each of these heroes,—

“His instructors were indeed to be envied, who, at vast expense, had made him so foolish.”

On his return to town, a few days previous to the meeting just recorded, Charles had “merely looked in” on Mrs. Goodenough, ostensibly to enquire for the well-being of the old domestic, who “doated upon him,” but in reality to learn something about Elinor, whom he had never been able to forget, though, to do him justice, he had tried to do so. Having learnt her place of residence, and also that the good woman expected her “to tea” on the ensuing Sunday, he determined to watch for her, and with what success the reader is acquainted. Probably had any one asked him why he sought the poor girl, he would have been at a loss for an answer ; or had Ernest taxed him with dishonourable views, he would have started from the suspicion, in anger ; for, early as he had become initiated into habits of profligacy and dissipation after his college advent, the innocent face of his boy-love would rise up before him—a thing apart from all beside—and check for a while the current of his loose life. Perhaps more from a sense of false shame at being taunted as “very harmless,” “exceedingly good,” “piously inclined,” “quite a saint,” and want of moral courage to dare be singular, he had yielded to the evil examples of those around him, than from any inherent love of vice for its own sake. It is not an uncommon case : many gallant young spirits, full of noble aspirations and resolves for a life of honorable usefulness, have entered the seats of ancient learning, and after parleying awhile with the mysterious voice within, have turned the adder ear to its warnings, and, following the influence and example of godless companions, they have plunged into a vortex of follies and crimes, ending in blighted hopes, disappointed expectations, ruined health, blasted character, and, unless the long-suffering One stretch forth His hand, an eternity of despair !

On the entrance of our hero, *pro tem.*, into the parlour of Mrs. Goodenough, on the evening of the meeting already described, he beheld, with secret delight, the deep and unmistakable emotion that shook the frame of Elinor, as she attempted to explain her regret that he should think her "so ungrateful as to have forgotten him" with a guilelessness of manner that at once betrayed the innocence of her heart, and the existence of Love's fire smouldering in its pure depths.

"Elinor," replied Charles, in a softened and respectful tone—for he saw his former bold manner frightened her—"I feel so happy to hear your assurance of my being remembered. I have never for one moment forgotten you; by day and night your dear image has been busy at my heart, bidding me strive to be worthy to ask your love in return! Could I but hope to win this precious——" how much longer he would have poured forth honied words imagination fails to conjecture, but for the entrance of the housekeeper, which was a timely relief to Elinor, who immediately escaped from his tender looks, to give vent to a gush of sorrowful tears. What a mixture of thoughts coursed through her agitated heart! Oh! for a mother-bosom whereon to lay her throbbing head and weep her grief and life away together! Now, she will return at once to her grandfather, and lean on his faithful breast! then she remembers her dreadful engagement to Madame Grinder, and the coarse threat of "sending for a policeman" used only a few days before towards a poor in-door apprentice, who, too ill to work, and maddened by the frequent drugging, had told her she "*must* go away, they were killing her soul and body;" but, "up to these tricks," as her oppressor brutally remarked, she was driven on, till at length the whole over-worked frame gave way; she crept tottering to her miserable couch, and after two days and nights of agonized suffering, the Friend of the oppressed and weary-hearted took her to dwell in the world where "there is neither crying nor pain."*

* "Now, my lord, I will take these facts from the evidence which was given last year before the Committee of the House of Lords, in which I sat as member with my noble friend. And there is this peculiar advantage in taking them from such a statement as that. Not only do the witnesses who give these facts and make these statements hold themselves responsible for them, but (what I am sure every thinking man in this meeting will feel to be a matter of great moment) they state these facts before persons of very different opinions from themselves, and they are subjected to the cross-examination of persons who would catch at any inaccuracy or looseness in

Naturally timid, and shrinking from all observation, Elinor dared not risk incurring the fury of her ruthless employer. "What if she should send for a policeman to *her* for not keeping her engagement!" "What would her dear grandfather say! He would never hold up his head again after such a disgrace!" No! she would stay and try to do her duty, even if it killed her."

Poor child! in her ignorance of the world, she was not aware that all Madame Grinder's bombast and threats were put on for work-room display, and that she would have shrunk as sensitively from any official eye resting on her inhuman practices there, as Elinor would from being instrumental in laying them bare.

"*I ever ill-use or over-work my dear young people, my Lady?*" was the surprised exclamation with which one of these artistes in the cut of a robe, style of a bonnet, hang of a feather, or murder of an apprentice,* replied to a well-meaning, but injudicious lady of rank, who, in a burst of spontaneous humanity—when told by a noble lord of the existence of these fashionable

the statement. I refer to the evidence which was given before the Committee by one who had known thoroughly what the work was; and this is the special point of her evidence to which I call your attention. She was asked whether she had ever known cases of positive cruelty; and a very remarkable answer was received: "I remember one instance in which one who was working with me was obliged to work at the business till twelve o'clock at night, although she was unwell. Her illness increased, and when the doctor was called in, he said she ought to have been in bed weeks ago. 'She had sat and oried over her work every day for a long time before the doctor was sent for.' They did not make her work after the doctor had said she could not work; she was obliged to go to bed. But, then, (mark you!) she never got up again, 'but died a week after she had advice.' With that fact before us, it is not possible to exaggerate the evil with which we have to deal. By no means is this a single example picked out, nor one strong instance brought forward to establish what is not true. I come to the evidence of another person well qualified to give it, who also was practically acquainted with the whole business of dressmaking. When questioned as to the effect which long hours had upon herself, she said: 'I cannot speak much as to the effect which they had upon my own health; but their effects on young people were generally bad. I have seen them faint sometimes two and three times a-day.'—THE BISHOP OF OXFORD.

* "Much of the suffering of these young women I have beheld with my own eyes; I have seen some hundreds of them in this metropolis and in the large towns of England, and in an official capacity, have taken their evidences amidst tears and sighs, and sometimes, on their death-bed."—MR. GRAINGER.

shambles—ordered her carriage, and went on the high tide of impulsive indignant sympathy, direct to her milliner's, and enquired, "Whether she ever practised or countenanced such dreadful proceedings?"

"I ever ill-use or over-work any of my dear young people! my lady? Oh, no! who could have invented this vile falsehood!" Here the injured individual artfully inserted the corner of a fragment of embroidery and lace, which passed for a pocket-handkerchief, into her eye, as if her wounded feelings were finding vent in tears of wronged innocence. "No doubt some ill-natured person has invented this scandalous tale, in hopes of depriving me of your ladyship's patronage," she continued, in a tone so tenderly deprecating, that it was almost too much for the kind-hearted Countess. "Oh, no! I *never* over-work one of my dear girls! If they were my own children I could not be more careful of their health and comfort! they never work more than eight or ten hours a-day, and if one of them happens to be poorly, no mother can be more watchful or anxious than I am, though I ought not to say so of myself, and if your ladyship will condescend to walk into my work-room, you can judge for yourself!" and Madame moved across the saloon with the air of a fifth-rate tragedy queen.

"No thank you, Madame!" hastily interrupted the well-meaning woman of rank, who had unwittingly raised a storm she had not the moral courage to face. "No thank you! your word is quite sufficient; no doubt some mistake has arisen, and I will certainly contradict any report I may hear."

It was now Madame's turn, who saw the advantage her dissembling had gained, and prepared to act thereon, by saying, in a decided tone,—

"May I take the liberty of inquiring who told your ladyship these scandalous falsehoods?"

"I am not at liberty to say," replied the Countess, "but I beg you will understand that names were not mentioned by my informant, it was against a prevailing system of over-working the young women in establishments, I was solicited to interest myself."

Much relieved, Madame again assumed her theatrical air, and exclaimed,—

"Depend on it, my lady, all these falsehoods are got up by bad inclined, discontented young women, who don't know when

they are well off, and what they want. Over-worked, indeed ! I don't believe if your ladyship were to inquire from one end of London to the other, you would find one instance to prove the truth of these vile tales !"

Quite satisfied, as much by Madame's assurance as by her bold and positive denial of the charge, the benevolent Countess determined to listen no further on the subject, and to contradict the reports whenever she had an opportunity of doing so. Thus by a well meant, but injudicious action, she injured the sacred cause which, by a proper discretion, she might have powerfully and permanently aided. Can it be reasonably supposed that any principal of an establishment would turn evidence against her, or himself ? *

* "Much has been said respecting the long and late hours that dressmakers' and milliners' assistants have to work, and I, for one, believe that language too strong cannot be used deprecating that merciless system. But there are yet other evils from which these classes are suffering, and to which reference has not been so pointedly made. Persons unacquainted with the subject would scarcely credit the wretched way in which these young people—most of whom have been carefully reared, and accustomed in early life to all the comforts and tenderesses of a happy home—are, in too many cases, huddled together when they retire to rest. Following, as this does, upon the heels of the exhausting labour of the ill-ventilated workroom, it would be impossible to exaggerate the physical disasters which must ensue. Then, again, it is a rule in some of these establishments to provide no Sunday's dinner for the employed. Whether they have friends in town or are fresh from the country, with no acquaintances whom they can visit, it matters not; no dinner being prepared, they are driven out of doors to seek one where they may. Upon the inhumanity of this parsimonious arrangement I will not trust myself to dwell; its bad moral tendency must be palpable to every one. Again, it will scarcely be credited, although I vouch for its truth, that the head of one large West-End establishment, HERSELF THE MOTHER OF A FAMILY, should be guilty of the unnatural conduct of keeping back till night all letters that arrive for the young ladies during the day, including those which come by the early morning post, and, for aught she knows, may contain tidings of the sudden and dangerous illness of a near relative, or perchance of the death of a beloved parent. I hope the time is not distant when the public will arise as one man and demand the suppression of these outrages on humanity. I have no words adequately to express my detestation of the conduct of those who are guilty of such cruelties; and am at a loss to conceive how any persons, having the heart and the feelings of men, can refer to the subject excepting in language of strong and severe reprobation, especially when remembering that the sufferers are not of their own sex, or possibly they might fight their own battles, but defenceless girls, and who are therefore utterly powerless to extricate themselves from the shackles of this oppressive system."—MR. LILWALL.

That evening saw Elinor back to her slavery, and the next day brought her a letter from Charles, filled with words of the tenderest affection. We need not wade loathingly through the honied poison of the serpent's missive, which filled the bosom of his victim with anguish, but to which she never replied. She longed for counsel and sympathy, yet shrunk from laying bare its troubled surgings to any human eye, and, in truth, her naturally quiet, unobtrusive reserve, and her living as she ever had, in a life within herself, prevented her forming any girlish friendships among those young creatures with whom she associated; though her gentleness and readiness to oblige, rendered her a general favourite in the work-room, and one diseased creature would have "laid down her life for Elinor," who, when she was crying over her task from pain in the side, had several times voluntarily offered to sit up nearly the whole night to complete it, and thus enable the sufferer to obtain a little extra repose.

Having waited with fiery impatience without a reply, Charles wrote again to his victim, urging her in the most impassioned strain to allow him to see her and "learn his fate." "I implore you, my love, my life," he wrote, "to come to our friend's this evening, and let me see you for a few moments, that I may talk of our blessed future! I cannot—I will not—live without you!"

The very opposition that now met him in the pursuit of a darling project, gave force to his determination to succeed; the knowledge of her love had increased his own. Once the idea of a private marriage crossed his mind; he would willingly have thrown aside the disparity in their relative positions, but "money he must have with the woman he married." His scanty allowance had been insufficient for his expenditure; his habits and tastes were luxurious and extravagant, for he had determined to drain pleasure's sparkling bowl, ere he settled down in his sacred and important office; in the meanwhile he will secure Elinor, and as no reply came to his letters, he determined on making use of the interest of Mrs. Goodenough, but, alas! this step was rendered unnecessary.

A great influx of work * for a ball in high quarters had come

* "The ladies did not order their dresses in time. One house told me that they had forty-six dresses to make all at once for a flower-show. It is for the flower-show, my lord, it is for the gay dancing of the painted butterfly in the summer sun; it is for such things as these that our sisters

in, and notwithstanding the circumstance of its usual occurrence had been long known by the fair fashionists who were to figure at it, their orders were not given 'till within a few hours of the dresses being required, and then to be "done immediately!" Seventy-one dresses to be "done immediately!" Fancy this, tender-hearted reader! Done, too, by suffering young "flesh of your flesh," already sinking beneath the pressure of incessant toil!

Ah! when the "EARTH SHALL DISCLOSE HER BLOOD AND NO MORE COVER HER SLAIN;" when all the pomp and splendour of the ball shall have passed away, and nought remains but the reward due to the "THINGS DONE IN THE BODY," what will be the record of many a work-room with its silent murders! What tales will be unfolded of the yearly fifteen thousand victims of toil and wrong, if He, who says of the oppressed, "*I have heard their sighing, and their cry is come up before me, I will smite the oppressor in my fury,*" blot not out this crimson record against us! What "rock" or "mountain," will fall to hide us from the "WRATH OF THE LAMB!"

The devoted creatures had begun their slavery at four in the morning, and with the exception of a few hurried moments for their meals, had worked till two on the following one; four hours' repose was then given, and the same routine gone over four consecutive days! We sicken as we furnish the facts, but truth demands the *exposé*.* Vain was the poisonous stimulant plied! Vain were the pungent smelling-salts sniffed! Vain the exciting

and our daughters are to be offered up at the shrine of this modern Moloch in the Valley of Abomination. And, my lord, the noble Earl touched upon one other point; he spoke of why it was that these persons were subject to all this oppression. He stated that it was because of the absolute power of those who were set over them. Why is it that these young women are so perfectly helpless? The reason is this, that these young persons, who are the producers of those goods, cannot produce them without a respectable capital and a certain fashionable character; therefore there is no possible remedy for the individual worker, except such means as you bring now to them. They cannot leave the fashionable establishment, and set up for themselves, and still do something, being contented with less gain; they must remain where they are, at the risk of utter ruin; their bondage is entire; the power over them absolute."—BISHOP OF OXFORD.

*—"Long after the midnight bell has tolled does woman ply the needle, labour being exacted for eighteen or twenty hours, until sisters and daughters swoon over the needle, succumb under their toil, are laid on a bed of sickness, and sink into an untimely grave."—MR. S. C. HALL.

tea drained! Several fell from their seats incapable of further exertion! Poor things! "*The spirit was willing, but the flesh weak.*"

Among the nine who "gave out" was Elinor; she had borne an inward as well as outward load, and when, finding her strength failing, she rose and staggered toward the window, gasping fearfully for an indraught of God's invigorating air to infuse new life into her exhausted frame, Madame Grinder—who was spurring them on by threats and promises—exclaimed,—

"What! you setting such a bad example, Elinor Snow! I thought you knew better than to give way to a little fatigue! Come down!" she exclaimed, seeing her still remaining at the open window, "let me have no more of these fine-lady airs and nonsense, or it will be worse for you!"

The willing worker attempted to obey the inhuman command, and moved a few paces, but she tottered and fell heavily on the floor, from whence she was carried to the stifling dormitory, and a cup of coffee (?) sent, which she eagerly swallowed—fatigue and excitement having created an almost intolerable thirst. She then dashed on her temples some water, almost as hot as they were, from standing in the heated temperature of the small room, and throwing herself on her bed, tried, but in vain, to sleep: a horrible restlessness came over her; her brain reeled to and fro, too heavy and burning to bear; everything danced and swam before her blood-shot eye; she seemed going mad; and no longer mistress of her actions, with a wild gesture, she sprang on a chair, and thrusting her head out of the narrow window, shrieked wildly and fearfully. Startled at the sound, one of the half dead victims rose from her pallet, and endeavoured to persuade her to "come down and get some rest." Yielding, with her accustomed meekness, to the gentle force employed, Elinor again laid down, but meek-eyed Peace refused to settle on her disordered spirit, and frantically starting up, she shrieked, "Oh, let me go into the air! I shall die! my breath is all going! let me go!" and darting to the door, she rushed down the back staircase, and gained the street unobserved, running in the direction of her only friend Mrs. Goodenough. The fresh air cooling her brow relieved in a degree the suffocating oppression; she felt calmer; and before reaching her journey's end had resolved on asking a loan from her friend to defray the expense of returning home; all her little savings during her service in Lady Emily's

family, except the portion sent to her grandfather, having been spent; and these victims of LAWLESS tyranny being engaged by their oppressors for a certain period, only receive payment when their term of engagement expires: thus their services are secured, and silence in the matter of their torture effected, for who, among those emaciated creatures, would dare the power and fury of any of their inhuman oppressors?

"Who would care to interest themselves for us, or believe our word instead of Madame?" despondingly argue these sacrifices of Mammon.

Alas, alas, for them! No wonder they rush by thousands to gilded infamy and glittering crime, from such a living death! No wonder our leading thoroughfares are become the resort of bedizened vice, and that children, young in years, but old in crime, should prefer tramping the *pavé* for lordly and genteel hire, when honest livelihood is gained at such a cost,—when vice, or starvation, is the awful alternative!

Reader, *are these things so?* God forbid that any exaggerated creations should tarnish the mournful sternness of these patented facts! *Facts* "stranger than any fiction," and sadder still. But, oh! saddest of all, *FACTS* that have bowed all hearts but those to whom they most passionately appeal!

Will you not, then, "gird up the loins" of your humanity, and by all that is "*lovely and of good report*" in this life, and by all that is hoped for in the next, come to the help of the helpless, and hush, with the soft accents of sympathy, the great wail now ascending to the bright throne of God against the oppressor!

Mothers! the little velvet cheek that nestles so lovingly into your breast, at once its shelter and its life; the little link of love and joy, whose "piping cry" makes such wondrous melody in your heart, may some day wail in the dreadful work-room,* for "*we know not what a day may bring forth.*" Do come!

*"There is no complication about it, and the facts are patent to every one. We have only to deal with stern realities; we have only to look from our own comfortable houses, or from this spacious hall, to the actual condition of those unfortunate young women, to the pallid circle of beings in the crowded work-room, exhausted by intense toil, and almost perishing by disease. From thence we have to look to the sick chamber, with its melancholy struggles and its inevitable decay; from that, as a natural consequence, we look to the churchyard, and there, under its nameless mounds, covering what was once beauty and mind, what was once the

"Daughters! ye of the dewy eye and gracious heart, with the great solemn tide of the unknown, untried future before you, will you not come? Do come! Time is passing! Souls are perishing! Opportunity is wasting! The record is filling up! Eternity is hasting! Do come!

Ah! could you bear to hear those withering words from the lips of infinite Love,—

"Depart from me, ye cursed. Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these, ye did it not unto me."

Elinor had just reached the door of her friend's house when she met Charles, who had been there, with the intention previously recorded, leaving it. Starting violently, he caught her hand, exclaiming—

"For God's sake, Elinor, my sweet love, what has brought you here? What is the matter?"

The weary creature attempted to reply, but, overcome by suffering, and his sudden appearance, she reeled and would have fallen to the ground, had he not caught and bore her into the little parlour, where, gently laying her on a sofa, he summoned Mrs. Goodenough; and many hours passed ere consciousness was restored.

"I want to go to my dear grandfather!" were the first words spoken by the surviving victim of fashion. "Please let me go!" and she looked with imploring earnestness into the face of Charles, who, much affected, replied soothingly,—

"Yes! yes! you shall go, but you are too ill to travel so late as it is."

"Oh! please! please let me go at once! I heard him call me just now, and I must make haste! do, do! let me go *now*!" she continued in a painfully excited manner, and a voice quiver-

animation of youth and the vigour of health, are those unfortunate victims of fashion, of labour, of intense exertion, and hopeless toll. 'Many of these persons, too, are of classes that have the strongest possible claim upon the humanity of Englishmen; many of them are the daughters of the man of science, the scholar, who, in feeding the lamp of general illumination, has exhausted the lamp of life; many of them are daughters of officers, gallant men who have bought our victories with their blood; many, I grieve to say, are daughters of clergymen, who, after being trained in the gentle virtues and pastoral happiness of their homes, have been driven out by the death of their fathers into the pitiless, pelting storm of a wintry world.'—S. C. HALL, Esq.

ing and broken, "only let me go to *him*, and I won't trouble any one with me!"

Still more touched, Charles replied, "you *shall* go to your grandfather; I will take you myself to the station;" and requesting the housekeeper to "wrap her up comfortably," he went for, and returned in, a cab, into which he led the exhausted creature, following himself. On their arrival at the station, they found the train to D—— had left, and there was no other till the following morning, at four o'clock. Yielding to the entreaties of Charles—who, was greatly alarmed at her state of excitement and evident suffering—Elinor consented to return to Mrs. Goodenough's; who as soon as she had given her some nutritious food, put her into a clean, airy bed-room, wisely judging, from the haggard looks and sunken eyes of the sufferer, that rest was the thing most needed; and she judged well, for in a few moments she sunk into a death-like slumber, from which she did not awake the whole of the next day and the following night, kind Nature, thus repaying herself, became her own Nemesis. This gracious repose greatly recruited the wasted strength of the child-dressmaker, and she was able to tell her friend all she had suffered from excessive labour and ill-treatment, and ask her advice.

"I cannot go back to Madame Grinder's, indeed I cannot!" she weepingly exclaimed. "I did try very hard to stay, but it would have killed me, as it did poor Miss Meeks!" and she shuddered convulsively.

"Go back to the unnatural wretch! I should think you wouldn't, indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Goodenough, in a loud burst of indignation. "The woman ought to be hung without judge or jury! I have heard of such goings-on at the French houses, but I never *did* believe English women could be such brutes to their own flesh and blood!"* Make me believe that there ain't no

* "Lest the circumstance that the case here cited occurred in an establishment conducted by French persons should convey a wrong impression, justice requires I should state, that rumour has it that, upon the whole, greater kindness, or, more correctly speaking, *less inhumanity*, is practised in the French houses in London than in those kept by Englishwomen. No doubt there are houses of both kinds in which the young persons are, in a certain sense, cared for; indeed, I know there are some really noble exceptions. I have good reason to believe, however, that the establishments in London, whether English or French, where anything like *due consideration* is shown for the welfare of the employed, are lamentably few."—MR. JELFMAN.

law to protect young creatures like you, who can't take your own parts! They ought to send the police into the work-rooms, as they do into the public-houses of a night, to see that the laws are kept,* and not murder committed in this wholesale way! For my part, I ain't a bit surprised that there's so much wickedness about, when poor things are used like brutes, and worse, in trying to get their own livings honestly!"

Worthy Mrs. Goodenough. We love that indignant outburst of unpremeditated sympathy! 'Tis woman all over, whose heart is not petrified; and there may be some sound sense in your remarks.

"I want my clothes and my poor mother's Bible that I left on the mantle-shelf in our bed-room; I never had time to read in it, or say my prayers, after the first few days I was there,† though I did try," meekly and tearfully remarked poor Elinor.

* "No child under thirteen can be employed, *by law*, more than 8 hours a-day, or 48 hours per week; above thirteen and under eighteen years, more than 12 hours a-day, or 60 hours per week."

† "I feel it is more than I ought to give, when I consider the mere unit of time, compared with the countless ages of eternity, to which we are all hastening. I cannot see it otherwise than sinful that temporal matters should engross all our time, which it does. In the morning, the necessity of going to business hurries the soul in devotion, and at night fatigue prostrates the body. These things ought not to be.

"The writer of this letter adds: 'I have known numbers who lay in bed all the Sabbath, making that day of rest an absolute necessary day of slumber.' Here, then, is another very serious consideration, and here it is that it really touches people's souls. Those who give an order, with little thought, do not consider that thereby they are making it impossible for the persons who execute that order to worship God on the Lord's Day, or indeed do anything but rest their wearied bodies."—THE LORD BISHOP OF LONDON.

"One thing which strikes me is, how utterly impossible it is that these young women can give proper attention to their spiritual interests. We know how difficult it is to maintain a Christian life in this Mammon-worshipping age, and would it not be almost impossible for us to maintain it at all if placed in their position? Even the weekly Sabbath is unavailable. Such a week's labour as theirs induces languor which unfits them for Sabbath devotion. Their instinct of self-preservation drives them forth into the parks and fields, where they may enjoy God's blessed sunshine. Some blame them for that, but when I meet crowds of those young women on Sundays, and see their pale, emaciated countenances, and their feeble, shriveled frames, giving one the impression that from week's end to week's end they had no opportunity of breathing fresh air; when I see their state, and think of their wants, I cannot feel it in my heart to forbid their stealing

It was then agreed that a note should be sent to Madame Grinder, asking for the articles left by Elinor at her establishment—stating her inability to fulfil her engagement, and requesting payment for the time she had worked. The following day the book and clothes were sent, but the unprincipled woman refused to pay one farthing for all the toil she had agonized out of the helpless creature, basely sheltering herself behind the “violated engagement!”

In the course of the day Charles called. “O, you are looking quite yourself, Elinor, my good girl!” he exclaimed with affected carelessness. “Your kind friend tells me you have fallen into an enchanted slumber, and that she was uncertain as to the result; are you still as anxious to return to Dale? If so, no doubt Mrs. Goodenough will send some one to the station with you. I have an engagement, or I would have seen you safely off;” and looking at his watch, he added, “By the way, I have no time to spare! Good-bye, Elinor! I wish you well, and if I can at any time be serviceable to you, Mrs. Goodenough will be able to tell you of my whereabouts.” Then, shaking hands with her in a most matter-of-fact way, he prepared to depart.

“Good-bye, sir,” answered Elinor, in a faltering voice, “I am much obliged for your kindness to me, and I am sure my dear grandfather will never forget to thank you and pray for you!”

A few moments later and the wily deceiver was on his way to the station, where he impatiently waited till the last train had left for D—; but as his victim did not come, he rightly concluded she had been induced by Mrs. Goodenough to remain with her a few days. Determined his prey should not escape, he regularly went to the station, remaining till the last train departed, but he forbore calling at the housekeeper’s lest her suspicions should be awakened: his perseverance was rewarded, for on the third day he saw the fair face of his boyish love peeping nervously out of a fly window as it drove into the station. At a distance, he saw the colour mount into her sweet face as unprincipled “cabby” demanded three times more than Mrs. Goodenough told her “it would come to,” and thereby so terribly lessened her funds that she saw with dismay the trifling balance would not convey her home! Charles watched her anxious and bewildered

out for a few hours from the countenances of men, who have frowned upon them almost constantly, to gaze on the smiling fields.”—THE REV. WILLIAM LANDELLS.

look—first on one side, then on another—as, amid the hurry-scurry, helter-skelter, pushing of selfish men, and remonstrance of helpless women, she enquired of one of the company's servants for the little trunk that contained all her worldly store, and was answered with,—

"I don't know nothin' about yer trunk! Get in, if you'r goin' to D——, the train only got two more minutes to stay!"

"Please tell me where to go for my ticket?" meekly asked the poor child, in a voice that would have softened the manners of anything in creation, save a railway porter, or a Government clerk; and looking full of troubled thoughts into his hard face, as he turned upon his heel, exclaiming,—

"What! a'int yer got yer ticket? I be blow'd if the train won't be off without yer! Run as fast as yer can; turn to yer right, and then to yer left, and——" here a wild scream from the infuriated engine swallowed up the rest of the lucid explanation, and little Elinor (a veritable specimen of a living "unprotected female") cast an imploring look around, in hopes of meeting some being with humanity enough to practically answer the question, "*who is my neighbour?*" A smothered cry of joy broke from her lips, and she half moved towards him, but instantly checked herself as she recognised Charles, who paused for one moment to enjoy her trusting look, and the next was at her side.

"Where is your luggage, my poor girl?" he asked, kindly, and after receiving all the information he knew before, he placed her in a carriage, bidding her be "quite happy," he would "see after her ticket and box."

The kind, respectful tone of Charles reassured Elinor. How she blessed and loved him for his timely intervention.

Following the insolent porter, Charles inquired for the box in a voice, and with a look, that brought him instantly to his bearings; touching the shade of his cap, he obsequiously replied,—

"All right, yer honour! Jest foller me!" And in half a minute he pointed out the missing box, safely ensconced in the luggage department.

"Why did you not tell the lady her box was safe, as you have told me?" sternly demanded Charles, making the coward porter quake. "Listen!" he continued, as the pitiful fellow attempted to speak, "if you don't lose your situation for your insolence it shall not be my fault!" (Generous indignation!)

In a few seconds the ticket was produced, and Charles seated at his victim's side, just as the train moved on, but the constant clank prevented any conversation, though he inquired two or three times, in his old kind way, how she felt, and Elinor, happy in the prospect of being soon safe at home with her dear grandfather, and, perhaps, in the consciousness of her protector's presence, answered cheerfully and gratefully.

"Change yere!" vociferated a voice into the carriage-window, and gently assisting Elinor to alight, Charles proceeded with her to another train, whispering, on the way,—

"In an hour and ten minutes we shall be at D——!"

"Oh! how glad I am!" remarked Elinor, and away they rushed again.

"Out yere!" once more shouted an official, opening the carriage-door with equal noise and rapidity.

"Train stop *here*!" exclaimed Charles, with a look of astonishment. "Good heavens! we have taken the wrong line!" Then, in an excited manner, he inquired at what time the next train returned and if they could "reach H—— to save the down train to D——?"

"No, sur! there aint ne'er a nother train till to-morrow, 30 past 9," replied the porter.

"How truly unfortunate!" said Charles, turning to Elinor with a look of chagrin, "there has been a most provoking mistake, and we are now in the town of L——, instead of D——!"

"Oh! sir, what shall I do? and what will poor dear grandfather say, when he finds me not at the train!" exclaimed Elinor, in a tone of deep distress.

"It is truly unfortunate!" replied Charles, "but I will call a cab and take you to the quietest hotel, and see that you have everything comfortable; if you like to write a few lines to your grandfather, explaining the delay, I will post it, and you can leave here by half-past nine to-morrow morning."

"But could I not go back, sir?" hastily asked the victim, frightened at the idea of being left alone in a strange place.

"No!" answered Charles, "there is no up-train again this evening; but pray don't distress yourself," he added, assuringly, "I will take care that you are comfortable;—can you not trust an old friend?"

"Please don't think me ungrateful, sir," said Elinor, tremu-

lously, "but I would rather go back to Mrs. Goodenough's; I am sure I could walk!"

"*Walk, Elinor!*" exclaimed Charles, "do you know that we are at least seventy miles from London? Pray take my advice; I give you my word I will see that you are well taken care of, and safely at D—— by the first train in the morning."

As there was no alternative, Elinor consented that a fly should be called, saying, as she did so,—

"Oh! I don't doubt your word, sir! I am sure you will be very kind to me; you always look like Lady Emily used to look, when you speak so!"

Arrived at an hotel, and, at the request of Charles, shewn into a private room, he led her to a seat, and placing himself beside his unsuspecting victim, took her trembling hand, and said,—

"I cannot allow this opportunity, so singularly thrown in my way, to escape, without once more telling you how unutterably dear you are to me! I love——! nay, hear me out," he added; as she withdrew her hand, and attempted to speak, "I love you devotedly. I would sacrifice my life to make you happy, for it will be a burden without you!"

"But, sir,"—Elinor began—and was silenced by Charles continuing in a voice of melting tenderness,—

"Oh, my own love, don't doom me to despair! I have never for one moment forgotten you, or ceased to adore you! I love you only, and entirely; and never will your image fade from my heart, till life and grief end together! Say, beloved, you will not doom me to despair!" and he covered his face with his hands, as if penetrated with uncontrollable emotion; while Elinor—pale, agitated, and torn with contending feelings, sat the picture of innocent sorrow.

Suddenly removing his hands, and seizing those of Elinor, Charles fixed his eyes, full of impassioned tenderness on her face, and calling her by a name he knew would go straight to her heart, exclaimed—

"Daisy! you love me! Yes, you love me! Nay," he added, as he saw her varying cheek, and the emotion that ran quivering through her frame, "say you will be my own for ever, and make the life a life of bliss that will be a curse without you!"

"But oh, sir! How could I——" began Elinor, trembling.

"Do not say 'but' my sweet love," interrupted Charles, sinking on one knee, and drawing her sweet young head on hi

breast. "Say you will consent to be mine, mine only, my joy, my life, my Daisy-love!"

"But if I were to consent to become your happy wife," replied Elinor softly, "what would the Colonel and Lady Monston, and all your noble relations say?" No thought of dishonour shadowed the crystal purity of her heart; judging, by her own, she believed all love was immaculate, and knew nought of the coarse passion that, stealing its garb, profanes its sacred name.

"Oh!" replied the tempter, using her ignorance, "when all is over, they will know it is no use to try to undo the past. Beside, my sweet love, we will not be married just yet, we will wait, and talk about our bright future together!" "*Together*" he fondly repeated, patting her transparent cheek, while she, poor innocent child-victim, placing implicit confidence in the truth and honour of her long-cherished idol, walked unsuspectingly into the net set for her with such Satanic skill and deception.

During the evening he drew her to talk of "old days," as he called those of his boyish love, when he used to bring her flowers; and won her to confess how long and tenderly she had loved him.

"I shall never be able to repay you for all your dear love and goodness to a poor girl like me, but when I am your happy wife I will try never to disgrace you, and do all I can to prove my gratitude and affection," and Elinor took the hand of Charles and kissed it with such tearful meekness, that he was touched to the heart, and had it been practicable, he would then and there unhesitatingly have made her his lawful wife. But, alas! for him, these smittings of compunction had become too much like "angels' visits," and the following morning, when he met her, refreshed by repose, radiant with happiness, which increased her exquisite beauty, his purposed villany was confirmed.

"You are looking quite like old times, my sweet Love!" said the deceiver, as he claspingly led the happy girl to a seat, "and I am sure you will agree with me that we should wait a reply to a letter I have written to my father, informing him of our engagement, ere we take any decided step. I hear there is a beautiful village near this, and I will engage apartments there for you, if you approve it, until we can arrange for our marriage."

"Oh! no," quickly replied Elinor, "let us go to my dear grandfather, and wait—but no—" she said, stopping suddenly, "his would be but a poor home for you; let me go alone, and you

come and fetch me when you have gained your father's consent to make me your humble but happy wife."

"No place could be poor, my Daisy-love, where you dwelt," replied the cruel deceiver, "I have written to your grandfather—see," he said, holding up a letter, "and you can pen a little dispatch, which I will put inside, but we must not go to Dale, for many reasons."

Elinor took the letter he had written to her beloved grandfather, and, as she read it, tears gathered in her soft eyes, and when she returned it she laid her head confidently on the guilty breast before her, and sobbed from very joy and gratitude.

"My Daisy-wife must not weep," softly expostulated the serpent, kissing her pure brow for the first time, and twining his arms lovingly round her form of grace.

We need not follow, step by step, in the strategy by which he closed the net about her—it is an old and sickening pathway; neither need we repeat the vows he uttered of making her his wife, the falsehoods he forged relative to his father's indignation and threats to "renounce him for ever if he did not instantly leave her." We need not picture him "invoking his Maker's vengeance if ever he proved false to Daisy," nor with the Prayer-book before him, repeating, in solemn mockery, the marriage service, and placing on her hand the honoured badge of wifehood, in the presence of his special friend Brace, appealing to heaven and earth to witness the act. 'Tis a worn story—suffice that Elinor took possession of the pretty cottage hired for her, believing herself as much his wife, in the eye of God, as if she had been wedded in the sanctuary, 'mid smiling men and blooming bridesmaids, surrounded by sunshine and flowers.

Two months glided away like some bright golden age. To draw from the rich, unexplored mine of his victim's intellect and feeling was a constant source of employment and amusement to her destroyer; and in listening to her innocent and original ideas, time passed swiftly by: but, alas! short was her young heart's summer! At length Charles began to tire, even of his life of sweets. "Business" was pleaded as a call once more to the great world of London, whither she accompanied him into suburban lodgings, and soon became passionately admired by a few of the choice spirits Charles admitted into his society.

"By Jove! Charlie, you are wight; she is an exquisite

"*o-o-o-o-haw!*" drawled Brace, after congratulating his friend at the success of his plot, "and whenever you take a fancy to a fresh face, and, want to be 'off with the old love, befoore you are on with the new,' just give me a hint, for she is wondrously improved under your tendoer care, my fine fello!"

It was not very long before that time did come. Fainter and fainter became the villain's excuses, when implored by Elinor to make their marriage known to his family and friends; and now cross, impatient words would meet her anxious wish, and freeze the gushing current of her trusting heart, sealing her meek tongue. During her first few weeks' residence in our Babylon she had indulged her passion for music by accompanying Charles to some of the highest operatic performances, but she shrunk from the bold stare of the silly exquisites, and wondered at the averted faces of her own sex, who from their boxes unblushingly leveled their double-barreled lorgnettes at scenic exhibitions from which Modesty turned her insulted gaze, and she soon gave up this pleasure, contenting herself with a musical box he had presented to her on the first and only birthday she passed with him—her seventeenth!

About four months after her residence in London, on her knees she implored him to acknowledge her openly; and so powerfully and touchingly did she plead her right, 'mid tears and love, that even her destroyer was moved, and mentally resolved never to place himself in the way of such an "unpleasant scene" again—but how? all monster as he was, he paused ere he struck the blow that he knew would break that trusting heart; and so he once more takes Brace into his counsel, and they arrange that the latter shall "just look in" on a certain evening, to persuade them to accompany him to the Opera, and hear the "favowite" in a new piece, to which Charles was immediately to consent, and when there, to thrust a note of explanation and farewell into Elinor's hand, recommending her to his "valued friend."

This hellish scheme settled, Charles once more became talkative and gay, perhaps to silence the lashings of conscience; and on the evening appointed for the visit of Brace his spirits rose to an unnatural height. He laughed and chatted gaily with his victim, as of old; while she, poor innocent, hailed with delight a return to tenderness on the part of her idol; for he had lately sat moodily for hours, never speaking a word of kindness,

or appearing sensible of her gentle presence and solicitude, when, believing his abstraction proceeded from care and anxiety, she would try, with woman's own leal and winsome tenderness, to charm away his perplexities, and often, when coarsely repulsed, she would sit so meekly by his side, with her book or work, that, spite of himself, his early generosity would well up for a moment through the flinty soil; and it was only after swallowing glass upon glass of exciting beverage that he could look coolly on the foul wrong he was about to inflict on one whose greatest sin had been too deep trustingness and love for him.

But the fatal night arrived, and they went to the Opera. Charles sat gloomy and abstracted, betraying no interest either in the almost supernatural efforts of the Prima Donna, or in the pale, prophetic looks of his victim, while the fascinating but languid Brace taxed his tongue and energies to win a smile from her in vain. Starting up suddenly, without casting a look towards her, Charles thrust a note into her hand, saying, hoarsely, "Read it directly!" and darted from the box, while she, her whole frame heaving with emotion at dread presentiment of coming ill, hastily opened the missive, and read—

"We have parted for ever. My father threatens to disown me, and publish an account of our false marriage, if I do not instantly give you up: this would ruin my prospects. I have no alternative.

"Yours,

"CHARLES.

"My valued friend, Lord Brace, will counsel and befriend you."

"Stricken at the core!" as the young creature read the fatal words, a crimson film gathered over her eyes. Horrible noises rushed into her ears—her hot brain whirled in agony—and, with a piercing moan, darting to the door of the box, she was about to fly she knew not whither, when suddenly the magnificent notes of the Prima Donna rolled their passionate harmony through the breathless house, and Elinor paused—the lead seemed melting from her brain, and gracious tears saved her from madness.

Brace was powerfully affected. Fashion-hardened, and sailing on the wild sea of unchecked passion as he was, the hopeless anguish of the victim before him touched the chord of sympathy, buried deep down in his heart beneath monster heaps of vice, and in a tone of unmixed respect he begged her to allow him to escort her home.

HOME! Poor girl! But she reached that home, and oh, the night of torture that was hers! She died a thousand deaths! Her heart was burnt to ashes by the fire of despair! Sweltering waves of tribulation rolled over her soul! Vainly she groped in that dark storm for one glimmer of light or ray of hope! Once, and once again, the unearthly noises rush into her ears; her brain reels, and madness scowls upon her, when, rapidly winding up her musical treasure, its soothing strains stole into the rents of her heart, and drove away the spectres for a while. But the blow had fallen, and left its festering bruise till death came and silenced her great wrong and woe together.

The sequel of her story is known. To the limited vision of mortality it was a fearful end, after a life of innocence, whose very trustingness made her a prey to the destroyer; but we "*see through a glass darkly.*"

Poor Daisy! Did'st thou for a while forget the lessons of thy bended infant knee, at the old man's side, hushed by the murmur of love's delicious song? Did'st thou for a while yield vain worship to an idol, who drove passion's fiery car over thy prostrate spirit, crushing out its vitality? 'Tis an old and oft-repeated tale,—one of the many daily tragedies before us, whose "close is dim."

After the return of the withered Daisy to her native village, the care of Courtenaye and the City Missionary brought peace to her soul through the blood of the Lamb, while the sympathy of Mary soothed and softened her journey home; and she sleeps in the old church-yard, not far from the Doctor's family vault. The soul's fevered longings for ever quenched—life's fitful dream ended—no more broken vows sere her trusting heart; no more cold words or bitter neglect freeze the sweet fount of her young affections; no more disdain from the supercilious lip of untempted beauty. No more upbraiding glances from the cold eye of virtuous mothers!

"NO CONDEMNATION."

Adieu, sweet Daisy! We leave thy form with its surpassing grace, thy face with its touching loveliness, in their lowly bed. Thou sleepest well,—

"The storms that wreck our wintry sky,
No more disturb thy deep repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose."

We know not if our fair readers would feel any interest in the subsequent trail of the serpent who blighted Daisy's Eden; but, as it conveys a lesson, burdened with the truth, that even in this life "*men's sins find them out,*" and "*their damnation slumbereth not,*" we will follow him rapidly to its close.

Immediately after abandoning his victim, dreading to be alone with conscience, Charles crossed to the other side of the theatre, and entered the box of a very virtuous-looking woman of rank, who greeted the insinuating *roué* with a shower of smiles sufficient to put to flight for ever all gloomy recollections.

"Did you receive my note this morning?" smilingly enquired the noble mother, "my girls want you to help them arrange the characters and dresses for a series of private theatricals they intend getting up, and so they coaxed me to solicit the enlistment of your brilliant talents; we are very fond of this sort of amusement."

Charles consented, and in a vortex of maudling frivolity, strove to forget his crime.

Virtuous mother! she had watched, with eye aslant, the possessor of "brilliant talent" with his victim in a box nearly opposite to hers—she had heard whispers of his immoralities; but what then? Was he not highly connected, in the high road to a bishoprick, and would he not be an excellent "catch" for one of her four unattached?

"As to his peccadilloes—poor fellow! he would be all the steadier for them by-and-by!———" "Young men will be young men, and really there are so many temptations for them—those dreadful women!" Such were her apologies; hence she smiled motherly on the betrayer—society-privileged to break all the commandments with impunity,—and on the next Sabbath rolled in her luxurious equipage all the way from Virtue Lane, to the L—— Chapel, sunk religiously into her hassock, listened with rapt attention to the trumpet-preaching of its pastor, and after winding herself up to piety-pitch, threw a look of chaste indignation and disgust at the curtained enclosure screening the dupes of man's lawless brutality, and warmly gratulated herself that "she is not as other women."

Well, Daisy's destroyer married; a bright head pillowed on his bosom—fair children called him father. He rose to a high position: fortune smiled on him; but never, *never* did he know one

moment's happiness. God took him at his word, when he "hoped His vengeance would light upon him if ever he proved false to Daisy," and that simple domestic flower became, in the hand of avenging Omnipotence, a scourge of serpents, ever lashing his conscience with their deadly sting.

His favorite child—a girl of three years old—the only thing in existence privileged to intrude on his privacy, loved flowers with all a child's spontaneous enjoyment; bursting into his study one day, with her rounded rosy arms folded tightly over some prize, rolled up in her pinafore, she exclaimed, in ecstasy,—

"Only look, darling papa! what a lovely chain I can make for my new dolly!" and her arms relaxing, displayed a gathering of crushed daisies.

With lightning speed memory beckoned before him his unbribed accusers. The face of the guilty man blanched in their mute presence; he bent his head close to the innocent prattler, who had unconsciously touched the spring of his secret sufferings, and his breast heaved convulsively.

On tiptoe, lifting her pure lips to his, the child threw her arms round his neck, thereby liberating her imprisoned treasures, and scattering them at his feet, asked in accents of blended curiosity and surprise,—

"Don't *you* love daisies? dear darling daisies, my own papa?"

"CAIN! WHERE IS THY BROTHER?"

On another occasion, when the father of Charles presented his eldest boy with a diminutive Shetland pony, a family council being invoked to decide on the most appropriate name for the petted creature, the child unwittingly suggested "Daisy" as the "best name in the world for such a dear, gentle little thing."

Once more a flash as of the lightning's wing over the midnight memory of his crime, irradiated it with a lurid glare, and he darted from their midst.

Thus the miserable man would have found the death-pang less acute than the unmitigated remorse he had perpetually to endure. His victim was ever at his side. From the stars her meek eyes looked down, and their impassive glory became a scorching glare upon his accursed track. In the quivering moon-ray her pale face flashed out. Amid the summer flowers wandered her fairer form, ever retreating from his wolfish gripe. On the breeze of evening floated her low sweet voice, as a ringing curfew over the unquenchable furnace of his soul. With the seared leaf and

withering grass came spectres of her shrouded loveliness. Nature—million-tongued—avenged her murder, until, unable longer to sustain the unsparing chastisement of his crime, he paid the penalty of life, ere thirty springs had shed their glories over his guilty head; and then they laid him in his narrow bed, no more to rise till the Archangel's trump shall rouse the slumbering dust, when in his "*flesh he shall see God*," standing face to face with his victim-wife before "THE GREAT WHITE THRONE."

Ah! if the destroyer rather than the destroyed—the dishonorer rather than the dishonored—were made the objects of woman's virtuous reprobation, how purer would be the aspect of society; how infinitely higher the claims of our country to prosperity and happiness!

CHAPTER XXV.

One in the Glory World.

"A baby was sleeping, it's mother was weeping,

Oh! blest be the warning, thy young cheek adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering to thee."

"I lov'd them so,
That when the elder Shepherd of the fold
Came covered with the storm, and pale and cold,
And begged for one of my sweet lambs to hold,
I bade him go!"

A BRIGHT young mother sinks on bended knee beside a wee cot. With joy glistening in her full eye, she watches the smiles that chase swiftly over the placid face of her slumbering treasure, and thoughts of the exquisite Irish legend come into her heart. A lamp sheds soft rays around, revealing the graceful form of our old friend Mary, keeping sweet vigil beside her boy—her second born—another drop in life's luscious cup. Memory had involuntarily flown back to the precious friend whose love had first awoke her heart to its intense capability of affection, and round whom its tendrils had twined with a strength that no time could weaken nor death destroy. "How she would have loved this little pilgrim!" Then came thoughts of her departed father. "With what pride would he have taken that bright little sleeper on his knee!" "How proudly she would have told him of all her happiness!" But, alas! those tender eyes had been darkened by the death-shadow; those loving hearts frozen in Death's grisly grasp! Now thoughts of that mysterious drawing from within the veil that had overpowered her as she stood by the early dead—*then* of those strange heart-

movings and restlessness that had so marvellously foreshadowed her father's death, came over her spirit, and bowing her head on the tiny bed, she wept.

Relieved, she rose, and with that sudden transition of thought so common to impulsive characters, she tried to draw back the curtain whose impenetrable folds fall over the after-life of the two precious beings who call her mother. What fairy-like tissues, rich in all the varied hues of creature bliss, did she weave in love's subtle loom, wherewith to deck these little pearls in her heart's coronet! Vista after vista arises in shadowy brilliancy, painted by the pencil of rosy Hope!

Ah, dream on young sanguine mother! thou shalt never dream the like again! Hearest thou not the angels whispering, "Come away!" Seest thou not the flashing of their silvery wings, as they hover over the spot where the young immortal sleeps!

Why did the light so suddenly fade from the kindling eye of that hopeful mother? What revulsion of feeling causes her breast to heave and shudder? What shadows flicker over her soul's mirror in such quick succession?

Ah, the dream is over! The thought sweeps through her heart, what if this cistern, now so crowned with creature bliss, should be broken? what if this silver cord should be loosened? Terrible supposition! She cannot grapple with it! agitated and confounded at her heart's sudden unhinging, she rises, intending to seek the breast on which all her cares are laid and soothed; but first she will look out upon the night—the fresh air may scatter these oppressive imaginings. Stepping from a window opening to the ground, and leading over leads to some extent, the eye rested on a magnificent sweep of hill and valley, and in the hush of the night, rich in all the foliage of early June, there came voices of melody from a thousand whispering leaves, that thrilled tremulously on the air, laden with perfume from the parterre beneath; yet there was a weight in the atmosphere, a heavy inertness; the very birds sung lazily their evening hymn, and the flowers hung down their graceful heads as if the air sat too heavily upon them. There was something in the night that brought back to Mary's mind her first walk with her husband; the same under-sound pervading all creation—the same untroubled stars; and, as she gazed, the tender warning of her departed friend rung in her ear with startling

distinctness : on just such a June evening they had parted for different walks in life ; and ere the farewell word was spoken, that faithful one had endeavoured to plant her wandering feet in the straight and narrow way ; and, pointing to a star that now shone with meteor-like brilliancy, had exclaimed, in a voice tender and sweet as if she had already learned the tones of heaven—

“ However wide apart our life-journey may be, oh, my darling Mary, at its close let us meet there ! ”

Through fast-falling tears Mary continued to gaze on the star, and an unaccountable idea that it was in some mysterious way connected with her destiny—that it had influenced it, and would continue to do so, pervaded her mind. Her poetic temperament, overwrought by the multifarious thoughts that had coursed through her mind, centred in the belief with an intensity which so entirely engrossed her, that she did not hear the footsteps which ever awoke her deepest heart-music, close to her side, and she started, trembling violently, as the arm of her husband was thrown tenderly round her, and he inquired—

“ What are you thinking of, with that grave, mamma-like face ? ” and looking into her eyes, he silently kissed off the tears, and pressed her close to his heart—for though they had been married nearly three years, and Mary was now at the matronly age of twenty-one, the wife’s tears were as precious as had been the trusting girl’s.

“ I scarce know of what I was thinking at that moment,” replied Mary ; “ for I have been occupied with such a variety of fancies, and then my heart became very full, and like a spoiled wife, as I am, I wept. But you must forgive me ! You know, beloved, how weak and silly I am sometimes, though I try to be worthy of your love.”

“ I shall scold you in right earnest if you talk in that strain, naughty flatterer ! ” tenderly replied Courtenaye, for he saw by the pale cheek, and felt by the tremulous accents of his wife, that something had moved her deeply. “ Perhaps you feel the oppression in the air this evening, presaging a storm, I think. But look, sweet-heart, at that star ”—pointing to the one she had been so busily engaged in linking with her destiny—“ how strangely bright it is ! That shall be *your* star,” he added, smiling gaily, in the hope of chasing the sadness that sat on her brow. Yet, even as the words fell from his lip, a cloud—

its border fringed with a lurid light—passed over the star, eclipsing its wild, tremulous glory.

"Very unceremonious, indeed!" continued Courtenaye, in the same strain. "What a sombre, churlish cloud, to draw his dark curtain, just at this moment, over your star, my Mary! But now I will re-name it *our* star, and then I shall share all the clouds that flit over us," and he strained her closer to his breast.

Mary involuntarily shuddered. As the pall shrouded the star there came again that strange sweep, as of a raven's wing, through her heart; the same deep movings of soul that had presaged her father's death; and even her husband's cheerful tone and loving caress failed to reassure her.

"How darkly shrouded *our* star is beloved! I hope it is not an ill omen, or am I unusually weak and superstitious?" asked Mary.

"Our star is not in reality shrouded, dear love, replied Courtenaye, it shines just as brightly beyond that earth-born shadow which for a while has obscured its radiance, but it will soon pass away and all be fair again;" and even as he spoke the sable cloud rolled majestically away, and more dazzling for the momentary eclipse, shone out the star in the clear expanse —

• "Chaste, solemn, beautifully bright,
As if the glory and the bliss
Of the next world were given to sight,
Mixed with the fickleness of this."

"Some nations have imagined that the stars have a powerful and mysterious influence on the destinies of the human race," remarked Mary, at length giving utterance to her secret cause of agitation, "and do you know, dearest, I cannot help fancying yonder star has power over mine, and that clouds are to overshadow my path, ere the end will be bright."

"Your feelings seem to have been over-wrought to-night," said Courtenaye, gently, "the influence of the stars is generally soothing and softening, but they appear to have had a contrary effect on you. What ails my darling wife?"

"But do you not believe it is so?" demanded Mary, "I have read accounts, so apparently well attested, that it seems impossible to discredit them; are there not in the present day many who believe in the language of the stars?"

"I believe the modern Jews have a great idea of their influence, and now and then we hear of the dabbings of astrology from other nations; but it was most prevalent among the Babylonians, living in the ancient land of the Chaldees, those princes of star-gazers; the sacred Rabbins imbibed a taste for the mystic lore of their predecessors, and by the moving of the stars they formed letters and lines, which they styled the 'Celestial Alphabet;' but I do not believe we have any authoritative teaching to foster the belief that they determine national or individual events."

"And yet we read of the stars fighting against Sisera, and the Star that went before the Wise men, and stopped over the manger where the infant Saviour lay," replied Mary.

"The former might be but the lofty hyperbole of Oriental poetry; or an ironical allusion to the prevailing superstition among Eastern nations that heroes when dead became gods and were translated into stars, which thus became their vehicles, and from whence they superintended the affairs of mankind. The latter was a miracle performed by the power of God, like the suspension of the governing laws of creation when the sun stood still for Joshua, or veiled his face upon Calvary," replied Courtenaye.

"Still I cannot help believing—forgive me, my best instructor!"—remarked Mary, with emotion, "that *that* star will influence me; neither can I explain to you the strange awe sitting on my heart; do you think it impossible stars can overrule destiny?"

"Nothing is impossible, darling," answered Courtenaye, "there is a beautiful and harmonious dependance existing between all parts of the physical universe; the majestic creative Power that spoke them into being, guides and governs all by laws, grand in their very simplicity, the same mutual attraction, ever receiving and returning; and there *may* exist influences, operating powerfully of which we are wholly ignorant, electricity for example; still I do not think it probable that your idea is borne out by the highest teaching."

"Do you think there is any harm in the belief?" asked Mary, "could it exercise a depressing influence?"

"Your feelings, when the cloud went over our star, will be the best answer, my love," replied Courtenaye, smiling; "but I grant that in one sense there may be a pervading influence derived

from a frequent contemplation of the stars; your favorite, Young, tells us—

‘The undevout astronomer is mad,’

and the reflective mind is insensibly led beyond all the noise and strife of this warring life to Him in whose praise the ‘morning stars sung together;’ we can scarcely, I think, contemplate those wondrous ‘self-balanced’ orbs, bringing thoughts of the Eternal God who rolled them into space by the breath of His mouth, and cherish thoughts of *sin*. We imperceptibly imbibe the atmosphere of our lengthened contemplations, hence there *may* be a spiritualizing influence.”

“But how is it that in the starry stillness of the *evening* there ever comes that solemn hush of heart, and we see nearer to our loved and lost? we almost feel their hands clasping ours, and their loving eyes bent on us? I could fancy at this moment my precious friend was beside me, waiting to whisper some spirit-message, and if I stretched out my arms I should hold her to my heart.”

“You have been very dreamy to night, darling,” said Courtenaye, smiling mournfully, he scarce knew why, unless he had become infected by the sadness of his wife’s voice; “but may we not account for these feelings without the aid of the stars? the fact that we are removed for a while from all the influences appealing so overpoweringly to our senses in the busy mid-day, and the heart, weary of the wear and tear, receives more vividly those softening and hallowing impressions, that commune with the spiritual part of our natures; hence, we deem ourselves nearer the spirit-land, forgetting that we are ever encompassed about with a ‘*great cloud of witnesses*.’”

“Then my lost friend may have been near me to-night, beloved!” solemnly remarked Mary, and she repeated to Courtenaye the parting words of her so truly and faithfully-mourned, adding, “and now, you my own precious husband will be linked with her, and *our* star.”

With a sudden and seeming irresistible impulse, Courtenaye raised his hand, and pointing upward, exclaimed in his full rich tones,—

“Oh, yes, yes, beloved! whatever may be the scenes through which we are destined to travel, we *must* meet there at last!”

As he spoke, a flash of lightning enveloped them for an instant in its subtle flame. Then followed a stifled peal of

thunder, muttering ominously in the dark distance, while lurid clouds moved fitfully over the firmament. Ere they had recovered from the momentary shock, another intense flash swept round them, and immediately over their heads burst a thunder-clap so loud that the distant hills seemed to tremble as it reverberated through them, and the moaning wind shrieked as in terror.

Clinging to her husband's arm, and hiding her pale face on his breast, in an excited tone, Mary exclaimed—

"Oh, beloved, take me away! I cannot bear the terrible thoughts that are flashing through my brain!"

Deeply pained, Courtenaye twined his arms lovingly round the fluttering bird nestling on his breast, and in cheering accents repeated the majestic old Psalm,—

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

"I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God, in him will I trust.

"He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: His truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

"Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

"Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

"A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee."

Ah, faithful soldier of the Cross! brace that soft spirit for the foreshadowed battle-plain, by the teachings of inspiration! Buckle over its dove-like palpitations "the whole armour of faith!" The only panoply whose brightness salt tears cannot rust! The only coat of mail no earthly arrow can penetrate!

Ah, clasping tendril! cling to thy soldier's breast, as he sings the jubilant strain of the undaunted Victor King; but if now thy faith be as a "reed shaken with the wind," how wilt thou do when the blast sweeps by! If now, "when lilies are growing in green pastures, and willows spring up by the water courses, thine head is bowed as the bulrush," how wilt thou do in the "swellings of Jordan?"

Soothed by the song, Mary raised her head from its loving resting place, and they entered the room where their little slumberers reposed in that sinless sleep which only childhood

knows; bending over them, they printed soft kisses on those innocent lips, and Courtenaye tenderly whispered, "our stars;" and then the old smile came back to Mary's beautiful face, and the evening prayer, prefaced with "*Thy will be done*," was never uttered with deeper fervour.

Often, and often in after life, when earth had grown dark, and the blast troubled the springs of memory, did that star, that storm, that prayer start into shadowy existence, and wander through the desolate chambers of Mary's heart.

"God sends us ministers in love,
Which we regard not, being near;
Death takes them from us; then we know
That angels have been with us here."

The face of Mary's second-born—her beauty-bird, 'as she called him—wore that indescribable expression between softness and sadness, rarely found but on those brows destined for early immortality. The dreamy, spiritual gaze of his dark hazel eye, bearing in its wondrous organization the autograph of God, seemed ever fixed on some bright distant object, reflecting back into its depths a tender brilliancy; the cooing murmur of its little voice, the loving gentleness of its disposition, the extraordinary early recognition of individuals and things it evinced, had frequently drawn from untutored lips, and especially from those of his admiring nurse, "who never saw the like of him in all her born days," (a remark by the way, she had applied to every child she had nursed for five-and-thirty years) that he was "too sensible too live." After all, there may be glimmerings of truth in this time-honoured "saw;" why may not glory-rays be already overshadowing the little pilgrim, visible only to the eye which has never looked on the guilt of earth, or become clouded by the mists of sin? "and if there are mysterious channels by which the first Adam's sin entered, why may there not be also channels for the second Adam's righteousness?" and inasmuch as in these wee immortals there is no unbelief to shut out the glory, may not the radiant imagery of heaven fuse itself in its rapt gaze? May they not even see a group of "shining ones"

on the other side of life's river, wooing them from the "evil to come," into the outstretched arms of Him "whose face they have ever beheld," and who when on earth, "took a little child and set him in the midst;" and more—may not these rays be gradually preparing them for that ineffable burst of uncreated glory, in the presence chamber of the Holy of Holies, that would otherwise be too dazzling for its vision?

It was scarce possible to look on the boy's face and not think of angels. Perhaps Mary had done so, for that night her heart had grown faint, she knew not why, as she bent over the sleeping child, little dreaming that its slumber would soon be exchanged for that mysterious repose which knows no earthly waking; longer than usual had she lingered about his cot—again and again did she print the last kiss on his white brow, ere she sought her rest; and she had not been many hours in her room when she was hastily called to his side by the frightened nurse. Oh! what can it be! As the idolatrous mother bent over the bird of beauty, one of his tiny hands opened and shut convulsively; the silken lashes beat with fearful rapidity on his rose-leaf cheek; and in an instant the whole expression of the face wore a distorted and terrible aspect, while a faint moan wailed from its blackened lip! Half frantic, Mary summoned assistance, but vain is the help of man! Skill and effort alike fail, and after an agonizing four hours, that seem tortured into ages by the stricken parents, the shadow that gathers but once, crept over the brow of the young immortal, and the stillness that precedes dissolution pervaded the little form.

Poor young mother! Let the ransomed spirit go! Lay thy broken flower on the far-stretching branches of the Tree of Life!

Hear ye not the tuning of golden harps falling e'en now, with wondrous melody, on the ravished ear of thy blessed child?

See ye not myriad infant hands, without whose touch the music of heaven hath lost its sweetest note, sweeping the chords of that majestic lyre?

See ye not troops of bright angels waving their wings of light, waiting to convey the young immortal into the bosom of the Sinless—erst, may be, those who beheld its "Father's face in heaven?"

Poor young mother! the echo of the Christ-taught prayer

still lingers on the household air, rolled from thy lip, "*Thy will be done!*"

Knowest thou not that "God loves a cheerful giver?" 'Tis a hard faith-trial, but let thy darling go! Softer will be his pillow than even *thy* loving breast!

Let him go, stricken mother! May be he has already tasted a drop of life's Marah mixed in his tiny cup, and turns away to drink at that stream which no bitterness invades.

May be he has heard the angels whispering that earth bears no cedar where the bird of beauty may build its nest so high, but the bird of sorrow will flap over it its raven wing.

May be it's soul's eyes have seen the Serpent's trail on the fairest—the worm of decay at the root of the brightest—of all earth's flowers.

Oh, let it go! that its first words may mingle with heaven's eternal anthem,—

"Worthy the Lamb that was slain!"

Let it go—

"For of such is the kingdom of heaven!"

Let it go—

"For the blood it might have alighted,
Has washed it pure within,
And the evil seed is blighted,
That had darkened into sin."

Yes! let it go, ere doubt's shadow has rested on its trusting spirit; ere the arrow of despair has transfixed the wing of hope; ere cankering care eats off the buds of happiness; ere sin veils its spirit with its dark and deadly folds; ere it knows the import of those withering words, to PART, to DIE!

Poor mother!|

"Thro' the night that dragged so slowly,
Rachel watched beside a bed,
Weeping wildly, kneeling lowly,
She would not be comforted."

To her lost one she was clinging,
Raining tears upon a shroud,
She could hear no angels singing,
See no brightness in the cloud."

An old writer, when endeavouring to speak comfort to a

mother, bending 'neath the blow that struck down her fair and only child, exquisitely says—

"After all, it is only gone to bed a little while before its mother, as children are wont to go."

Alas! bereaved mother, she would have had it "stay up a little longer."

That was a marvellous pleasant conceit of the Spanish painter, tessellating the vault of heaven with infant faces.

That was a tender thought of immortal Watts—"The harp of heaven had lost its sweetest string, if infant hands had never learnt to play thereon."

But, oh! tenderer, sweeter far, was the act of the sympathising Jesus! His omniscient eye, looking down the vista of human grief, saw the tears of mothers "bereaved of their children" forming a mighty river, that nought but hope for a future meeting with their folded lambs could stay in its course—nought but faith in divine love could ford, and "*He took them up in His arms, and blessed them.*"

"Took them up in his arms!" Oh, wondrous condescension! *Blessed them.*" Oh, wondrous love! And then, as if even this significant act could not express the comprehensive sympathy of His heart, He declares "*of such is the kingdom of heaven.*"

He at whose word the mountain waves uncrest, and ripple a soft peace-song, and grizly Death relaxes his sovereign gripe—He declares, "*of such is the kingdom of heaven.*"

Ah, there were men who would have kept the little ones from Jesus in those days, even as there are now; but listen to His mild rebuke:—

"*Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for*"—mark the reason, mothers of angels—"of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Yes, ye Rachels, who refuse "to be comforted because they are not;" ye who have one, two, three in that blessed kingdom,—

"Look to the flight of the spirit's wing,
Thro' the glorious fields of air,
Look to the world, where the angels sing,
And see that ye meet them there."

They linger, "looking back for you to come,"—oh, disappoint them not!—

"See that ye meet them there."

Frustrate not the mercy that gathered your blossom, but left a sweet perfume as 'twas borne away, by which you may track your path-way home to their "Father and your Father."

Ah, that is a stern and traitor-teaching which would shut out of the kingdom of heaven the "little children" who have not been brought to the "mystic font."

Heed it not, stricken mothers! Heed not the false creed that deprives thy little one of a Christian burial!

What though the wee dust is refused a decent grave; the little glorified spirit sings in a "*temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.*"

Listen once again to the heart-music of thy Saviour's words, — lay hold of them — bind them as balm of Gilead round the wounds Death has made — string them as pearls from the depths of the ocean of eternal love about thy soul —

"OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN."

"*The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin*" — ALL sin! who shall talk of "uncovenanted mercy" in the face of this precious truth!

Never did the memory of that first mother-grief fade from Mary's heart; often, amid the desolation that wrapt her after life in its dark folds, giving

"For every flower a thousand tares,"

has she unrolled the scroll of the past, and seen through its tears and blots, the pale still face of her coffin-cradled boy in its strange solemn beauty, standing out in mournful relief, like a "Forget-me-not," raising its heart-moving eye, mid the carnage of a battle plain; and though in the "training school for immortality" she has learnt to bow her meek head, and say with the Shunamite of old "*It is well with the child,*" yet shadows gather and flicker over her soul, and will do so till that blessed morn shall break, and they shall for ever flee away.

Never did the memory of that mysterious drawing, which once again laid hold of her soul as she held her dying baby on her lap; or of that unseen agency which, with such marvellous power foreshadowed the blow, pass away.

"Oh! that with mortal eye she could pierce the veil and look on those subtle links, uniting her to the invisible and spiritual world!

Vain yearner, wait,

"For the hour, the hour is hastening,
Spirit shall with spirit blend,
Fast mortality is wasting,
Then the secret all shall end."

And though God gave her another son, he never took the place of that fair child from whose grave a few white violets rest upon her heart, each time the "voice of the turtle dove is heard in the land, and the singing birds come," bringing the thought that *her* bird's song is uniting in the lofty anthem of the Redeemed.

That no winter shall succeed *its* spring and hush its melody; for it nestles in the branches of the Tree that bears its fruits every month for the healing of the nations, and whose leaves never grow sere and fall blighted and sighing to the earth, as the "wolfish winds unfold their angry wings."

Not long after the loss of her boy, Mary had to weep over another early grave: "Death loves a lofty mark!"

How often we hear the plaint, "poor fellow, he was the best of the family!" "Ah, she was the sweetest of them all!"

True, true! and hence more meet for heaven.

As we "*live not unto ourselves, so we die not unto ourselves*"—many a long slighted lesson has been burnt into the heart by the silent teaching of the vacant place; many a soul brought to the foot of the Cross by the lingering echo of a dying word.

Yet when we see those whose entire lives have been devoted to the holy labour of "making rough places plain," and "crooked paths straight," suddenly stricken into the grave; when plans and prospects of usefulness are apparently for ever frustrated by the stern Destroyer, it requires more than mere intellectual faith to take the mountain of mystery, and cast it into the sea of God's love.

Faith's finger must ever rest upon its key-note—

"*What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.*"

It must be soul-faith, immoveable, undaunted, anchored on the words of Him "who spake as never man spake."

The childless Shunamite knew it when she laid her dead boy in the "little chamber," and sought the heights of Carmel, bowing her regal head at the prophet's feet, and murmuring, "*It is well with the child!*"

The Syro-Phœnician knew it, when unquailing before the harsh cry "Send her away!" or the strong faith-trial of her sympathising Saviour, she exclaimed: "*truth, Lord, but the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from the master's table.*"

The sister of Bethany knew it, when she raised her tear-dimmed eye to the compassionate face of Jesus, and exclaimed, "*Lord, if thou hadst been here my brother had not died!*"

Ay, and thousands more have known it, whose names are not written on the scroll of Time, but in the records of Eternity.

In the midst of a career of usefulness, and exertions for the relief of the spiritual and moral destitution of all who came within her sphere, and in the zenith of a life of activity and zeal in the cause of the right and true, which writes *false* on the assertion women so frequently make to cover indolence and apathy, that they have "no influence," "no power," "no opportunity," our old friend and favorite (for she was everybody's favorite), Mrs. Leslie, was called to render an account of her stewardship; after a few hours of terrible suffering, in which her patient endurance realized to the afflicted bystanders how a child of God can

"Bear and suffer, dignifying pain,"

her spirit took the place prepared for it in the mansions, scarce more an angel than she was on earth; and her stricken husband had to mourn the loss of wife and infant in one stern stroke. At the early age of twenty-three she passed away, leaving behind a radiance and perfume wherewith the bereaved might learn to trace her to the skies, and recognize her there by the robes she wore below.

How the poor missed her, and the aged sighed for the gentle teacher, who had borne with their prejudices and ignorance, overcoming them by the touch of love!

How the City Mission went mourning on its God-blessed way, and the Dorcas Society bowed its head and wept!

How the degraded and unfortunate of her own sex mourned the loss of her, who had ever a word of warning and entreaty, or of sympathy and encouragement!—How—but where shall we stop!

"The day will declare all things."

Bright be the place of thy soul,
No lovelier spirit than thine,
Ever broke from its mortal control,
On the orbs of the blessed to shine!"

The melancholy widower, unable to bear the home where every object was eloquent with the memory of his vanished happiness, in hope of banishing the sorrow that preyed on his spirit, at the entreaty of Fred and Courtenaye, consented to accompany the former in a tour, but not before he had placed his only treasure, Donald, now a bright, spirited little fellow of four years old, in Mary's arms, bidding her to be "mother to the shorn lamb;" need we say how eagerly she took upon herself the touching office, for the sainted mother's as much as for the child's sake? Had not that mother been her sister, counsellor, friend?

Too young to realize the truth that

"We can have but one mother,"

and yet old enough to weep for the return of his absent playmate, who he often said, in a troubled tone, "seemed to stay away a great long while," the little Donald became another household treasure in the pastor's happy home, and it was surpassing pleasant to mark the friendship that sprung up between the little May, as the boy called Mary's eldest child, and himself. If she cried, her tears were kissed away and his young arm thrown protectingly over her, as he repeated the old-fashioned entreaty, "don't cry! don't cry, May!" to which he would sometimes add, fiercely, "when I am a man I will shoot every body who makes you cry!"

Yet, with these very warlike propensities, he was a noble-hearted thing, and one day, when May, in an ardour of scientific research, cut open his new drum to find out where the noise came from, he assured her with the most dashing nonchalance,

he "didn't care for the stupid drum!" though tears stood in his dark blue eyes, as he looked on the "broken treasure," which she had covered with her pinafore, and hid in a corner of the nursery,—baffled in her researches for a secret which must remain undiscovered till she gets to Mrs. Gregory's.

Then, too, May would ever "give up" to her young companion, no matter what the extent of child-sacrifice; she would allow him to experimentalize on her dolly's complexion, first by washing all the colour off with the corner of his pocket handkerchief, which he most unpoetically wet for the purpose, in his mouth, and then hold it close to the fire to bring back the "nice pink cheeks," as he assured her gravely it would, till the said dolly's face became a dissolving view, and the wax ran all over her dress and arms!

Then she once allowed him to cut off a whole handful of her own bright curls to make a new tail for his favorite horse "Toby," that indispensable requisite of Toby's having been used up by the young Scot in the manufacture of sundry whips, paint brushes, etc., etc.

Marvellous were the liberties they took with one another's toys—those Lares of the nursery, that only a privileged few dare meddle with; for *they* often become, in that little republic as much a matter of strife and storm as they do in the greater republic of the world.

Marvellous was the footing of friendship on which they stood ere so much unanimity of sentiment could have existed on such debateable subjects as dollies and dobbins!

She was a darling, that wee May—scarcely less sweet than the name her playmate gave her; she seemed, with an intuition beyond the mature age of three years, to comprehend the idea that *he* had no "very own kind mamma" as she had; and one day when Mary—whose heart bled at the stern duty—was obliged to send him out of the room to beg nurse's pardon, at whom he had in a passion thrown a book, because she had accidentally stepped on May's kitten, she went up to her mother, and putting both arms round her neck, drew her face close to her own, and whispered, sobbing, "Donald has no mamma! let him come back!" And when her little champion was ill, and Mary sat by his side—no meaner hand being permitted to minister to her departed friend's child—May would steal into his room on tip-toe, and look on the pale face of the sleeping boy, till tear-

gathered in her soft eyes, and she would ask—"Mamma, can Donald's *own* dear mamma see him now he is so sick, and take care of him when you are dressing baby?"

It certainly would not have been very difficult to realise the poetical Persian idea, when marking the singular consonance of taste and feeling existing between the children.

Donald never exhibited that tyranny, and dignified assumption of superiority some young gentlemen do over their sisters in the nursery; and May never hid all her toys for fear Donald would want them; or run screaming at the top of her voice, or tell tales on the intruder, into her dolly's sanctum; at the first of which some judicious mamma laughs and says—"Oh! but, my love, you must give up to Johnny, he is older than you, you know, and little girls must not want the same things boys do." Sage mother!

And of the second—"Never mind, my darling! we will flog Charley for touching your dolly's cradle." Wise instructor!

"Mother! watch the little tongue
Prattling, eloquent and wild;
What is said, and what is sung,
By the happy, joyous child.

Catch the word while yet unspoken;
Stop the vow before 'tis broken:
This same tongue may yet proclaim
Blessings in a Saviour's name."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Light and Darkness—Another Unfortunate.

"Alas! alas! that woman gifted with an angel's powers, sent on an angel's mission, should be content with the butterfly-life of a pleasure-seeking fashionist!"—FANNY FERN.

"A very considerable part of the suffering to which these young women are exposed, must be traced directly to those in a higher class of life, who thoughtlessly order what must be supplied at once, although, in the supply of it, the very thews and sinews of the producers of the work are sacrificed. It is for flower-shows, balls, and other entertainments; it is for the gay dancing of painted butterflies in the summer sun; it is for such things as these that young sisters and daughters are to offered up at the shrine of this modern Molochism, in the Valley of Abomination."—BISHOP OF OXFORD.

"We want a new race of wives and mothers, the women of the present day are not the women for their times."—LORD SHAFTESBURY.

THE clock peals out the midnight hour, and carriages are flashing past, bearing buoyant beings, over whose brows the pall of Sorrow, with its many dark folds, has never been flung. Low light laughter stirs the subdued air of Night, and thoughts of painless triflers, culling life's gayest flowers, rush into the gazer's mind. Onward they roll, little dreaming that around them are huddled together in pestilent atmospheres* un-

* Now observe, at the age of sixteen or seventeen begins the most extreme pressure of the work upon them. At that age the health requires more than ordinary care to fit women for the duties of life in after years, yet even the food with which they are supplied is often deficient in quantity and inferior in quality. They are confined in rooms of the most impure and depressing atmosphere, and there, for eighteen or nineteen hours, without intermission, are they kept at this terrible toil. I should like very much to ask of those gallant soldiers who returned the other day from the Crimea what were their

numbered creatures, tender, gentle, and theoretically free as themselves, straining their yielding sinews and fevered eye-balls to prepare the dainty robes that are to vie one with the other amid scenes of luxurious pleasure.

Come, daughters of Christian Britain, who "care for none of these things," peep into yonder shop, lifting its stuccoed front as demurely as if there were no "whited sepulchres, filled with dead bones, and all uncleanness." Nay, shrink not back! Why tremble? there is no cause for fear! Those emaciated shapes are "bone of your bone," have been cherished as fondly, and have smiled as blithely as you have, ere the cloud of reversing poverty fell on their homes, blotting out all life's sunshine.

Look now, we beseech you into the thickly-denizenized room, bestrewed with shreds from countless costly looms. Make you "faint," does it? Ah, and no wonder! Then how could you sit for weeks and months, till your reddened eye retreated in its socket, your form lost its erectness, your fingers grew lean and trembling with excessive toil;* your thoughts far away with kindly hearts and familiar voices, whose music made precious your childhood's home, while ever-returning memories of the ruined father and the broken-hearted mother, darken the present—all dark enough——.

You "cannot stay?"—Go then, pretty butterfly! The miasma would tarnish thy spangled wings, and enfeeble their flutter in prosperity's sun; but know that "FOR ALL THESE THINGS, GOD WILL BRING THEE INTO JUDGMENT." But we will look on yet awhile, though the heart may grow faint and sicken. How ghastly white, under the fever-blotch on

sufferings in the trenches, and I am sure I could bring a parallel to *those sufferings* in many of the working establishments of this great city.—LORD R. GROSVENOR.

Yet we are exposing to the pressure of that enormous labour those who are at the earliest age, of the most delicate frames, who ought not to be subjected to severe labour, who cannot bear labour so crushing; and the result I need not tell you, the fevered pulse, the languid and then the glazed eye, the sinking limb, the feeble and diminished strength; this going on day by day, till at last merciful disease,—long resisted, when the poor thing ought to have been laid on the bed of tending care,—merciful disease closes the scene, and an early grave shuts it up.—J. C. COLQUHOUN, Esq.

* Many gave way during the night, not only falling asleep with the work in their hands, but quite unable to perform their usual quantity the next day from langour and loss of appetite.—*From evidence before the House of Lords.*

each attenuated cheek, is the face of yonder reed-like girl, whose ebon hair waves over a brow of thought, and whose form a painter might covet for a sylph, or a sculptor for Urania. How harshly the "hacking" cough mingles with the rustle of the gorgeous material, which her wasting life is shaping into a robe, "to be done immediately." What a garish, oppressive light pervades the room! Ay, they must see to work, though the air, poisoned and feculent with feverish breath, pollutes the springs of health and saps the last energy that toil has spared; even the screening shutters are braced and barred lest an out-streaming ray betray the foul deeds within.* How those many-hued robes contrast with the shadowy beings creating them! Flowers in a charnel-house!—The murmurs of an Æolian through reeking shambles! Yet there is another young girl; she has none of the proud beauty that flashes from the brow of the first victim, but what innocence sits on the weary face! How protection-appealing is the wasting grace of her form! She was the heart-poem of a loving home ere her father fell in his country's cause, and her mother slept in the old churchyard. Why does she so frequently wipe her soft hazel eye, and press her fingers on the hot swollen lid? Why does she close her eyes and bow down low over her work, and the next moment hastily use the pungent smelling-bottle—the allowed luxury become a stern necessity—till they swim with burning water, and are roused to their task again?

Ah! she is the swiftest, most skilful embroiderer; and though the doctor told her, only the day before, she was

* In some cases they have been kept working from Thursday morning until far into Sunday morning, without sleep nor is this all, as if to make matters worse, *the shutters are totally closed; so as to exclude all proper ventilation, lest the light from the windows should reveal to the neighbours to what late hours the work is carried on (111)*. It is by no means an uncommon thing—indeed, it takes place almost every day—that the workwomen faint in the room, and are borne off hurriedly, and left, that their neighbours may proceed again with their work as quickly as possible. Consumption is frequently the end of this course, sometimes blindness, and occasionally insanity."—*From facts furnished by D. GRAINGER, Esq.*

These terrible facts ought to be soon broad-cast throughout our land. There wants more popular enlightenment on the subject; many ladies, both in London and in the country to whom the writer has spoken concerning it, have never so much as heard of a society for the protection of oppressed milliners and dressmakers; or even of such being necessary!

"blinding herself," what can she do? Poor heart! she must *work*, STARVE, or SIN! and though a few hours' rest would infuse fresh vigour into eye and limb, she cannot pause, she is hurrying over a mourning order,* "*to be done immediately*," the wealthy woman for whom it is so elaborately prepared will not be disappointed; she must mourn in the height of fashion!

Twelve o'clock, and they quaff the drugged coffee, or drain the exciting tea, and the wheels of energy that had for a moment dragged slowly, move on with accelerated speed under the subtle, deadly infusion.

One o'clock, and 'tis the blessed Sabbath; yet still the toil goes on, and its sacred hours bring no relief; the dress *must* be finished, no matter at what cost of soul, flesh, and blood; and the bereaved lady for whom this labour is extorted from dying fingers—with no higher claims to immortality than the meanest of her down-trodden sisters, and the poorest of these slaves of fashion and cupidity,—complacently places her donation on the salver passed obsequiously into her luxurious pew, for the Ophthalmic or Consumptive Hospital, and congratulates herself as a living epitome of the religion of the self-denying Saviour, well meriting the commendation, "*good and faithful servant!*"

Ay, reader, even dressed in the robe on which those skeleton fingers have plied on that sacred Day, till the blood has started—satisfied that the pulses of her piety "*beat healthfully*"—the mourning fashionist sentimentally joins in the world-wide supplication,—

"We beseech Thee to have mercy upon all that are desolate, and oppressed," and believes herself fully entitled to the Divine commendation, "*WELL DONE!*"

"A change passes o'er the spirit of our dream." Look at yon Hall, with its artistic arrangements! what fairy fingers have wrought magic there, or what enchanter's wand has charmed into being these bewitching scenes? What magician's rod has been stretched out, transforming the common-

* It is true as the Bishop has said, that in cases of private mourning great demands are made. . . . But when there comes—as there occasionally does come—what is ordinarily called a "Court Mourning," that presses upon all establishments, then it is that *the most frightful results take place.*—LORD SHAFTESBURY.

place of every-day life into such a glittering panorama ? Hark, to those entrancing strains ! now swelling into lofty measure, anon sinking into voluptuous murmurs, while richer and deeper still, the human voice blends its music, in tones so joyous that no note in the well-tuned diapason seems formed for the wail of grief or shriek of despair. Look at those dear memory-awakening flowers ! drink in the perfume exhaling from their many-tinted hearts, as the softened light from a thousand lustres sheds a dreamy halo over their clustering glory.

“ The morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.

Nip’t by the wind’s unkindly blast,
Parched by the sun’s director ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.”

But there are brighter things than these in that gorgeous Hall. There are creatures of light and loveliness such as poets love to paint, rich in all the “poetry of motion,” swayed by the poetry of sound, floating through the mazy dance. What untold wealth of beaming eyes and loving hearts ! What an argosy of tresses—here the raven’s wing, there the golden banner ! What enchanting grace dwells in the fall of those ivory shoulders ! What imperial beauty sits enthroned on those flushed brows ! What sunny smiles wreath those chiseled lips !

“ So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows,
Fairer than spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose ;

But worn by slowly rolling years,
Or broke by sickness, in a day
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.”

There is one amid that dazzling throng, the unconscious Cynosure of all eyes ; not for her queen-like form, for there are many such in that gathering ; not for the beauty of her face, for there are many around as fair as she ; not for the rare jewels that deck her brow, for there are eyes in that Hall out-

shining all their splendour ; but for the expression of hopeless, passionate sadness brooding like a death-shadow over the beautiful countenance. Sadness on the brow of a three-months' bride ! And some look mysterious, others curious, and the rest well-informed ; but all perfectly well bred.

Hark ! was it a shriek sweeping round the tapestried walls ? Strange ball-room harmony !

Why that eager simultaneous rush to the far end of the Hall ? Ah, that queenly one has fainted ! See, she bends like a broken lily, as the arm of her husband is stretched to support her. " Fainted ? " Oh, no, no ! From her parted lips the purple life-stream is gushing ! It stains her snowy bosom ! It clots on her costly robe ! She has burst an artery, and ere the exclamations of wonder, or regret, or sympathy have died away from the gathering crowd, the husband bends in mute agony over the dead body of his beautiful wife.* Man of skill, vain are thy efforts ! Agonised friend, thy tears cannot stay the spirit fluttering on Time's shore ! Husband of weeks, thy coffers cannot bribe the Destroyer ! thine up-raised arm cannot stay the stroke ! Look close—draw near to that beautiful face—there is a shadow gathering over it, on which *none* may gaze, and cherish hope !

" Mourn, the sweetest bride is dead ;
Cold and frail and fair she lieth ;

Once—but what avails it now !—
Once she wore within her bosom
Pity, which did never fail,
A hue that dash'd the lily pale ;
And upon her cheek a blossom
Such as yet was never known.
All is past and overthrown !"

A few moments before the " sweetest bride," all radiant with happiness, decked herself for her first appearance in society in that interesting character, an envelope containing several letters was put into her hand, which, after perusing, she placed in her dressing case, without a tear or sigh ; but in an instant a terrible change passed over her being ! Death had darted his arrow into her heart, and left it there to fester for a few anguished hours, ere he drew it out and her life current with it.

* Fact.

Surely some fiend must have penned those mysterious words! What could their import portend?

O! it is but another every day tale, but it was new to the trusting wife; the blow that broke her heart was dealt by her husband's hand! "*Yes, her husband's!*" Rich, handsome, and dissipated, mothers hailed his entrance into the sacred precincts of the family circle, and fathers gave him the right hand of fellowship.

"What! knowing he was dissipated?"

Yes! they knew he was rich, and their girls were marriageable, what matter if he was a "little profligate;" and so they entrusted these unsullied creatures to the care of the destroyer; and brothers, who in the morning ride had met him with his victim seated by his side, in the dashing vehicle he was driving, resigned to him his sister for the evening waltz!

Mothers, who had grouped together, whispering mysteriously over reports that from the under current of society welled up and overspread its upper surface, nodded and smiled affectionately, as the titled profligate, with one of their daughters hanging on his arm, made his way towards their circle!

Two years previous to the event related, the destroyer had marked a victim from that numerous and fated class, the out-door apprentices of our dress making establishments, whose beauty of form and face attracted the coarse slave of passion. Need we sicken over the details of scheme, plot, oaths, and falsehoods ere he bore off the reed-like girl, who shone so conspicuously as we looked into the closely-denized work-room, or follow her step by step, as

"The weary slave faints at the galling oar,"

and, driven at last to despair, listens to the advice of a sister-victim, who has fled from one evil to a greater?—

"Why not escape as I have done, and live in luxury? Why go on crushed and heart-sick as you are going on, and not make a living after all? Why don't you leave it as I have? I am happy enough," she added in a tone that belied her words "I never do any work now, and never intend to again! And as to all their talk about 'doing our duty' and making us kneel down to prayers, with their mockery, I am quite as good now as I was then, for then I had no time to read or pray, as I pro-

mised poor father I would ; * and now I don't want to. I may as well be shut out of heaven from one place as another, if we are to be shut out !"

This terrible casuistry acted but too powerfully on the pliant creature to whom it was addressed, and within a week she became the caressed bauble of the courted † profligate ; all the peace and purity wrenched for ever from the child of a poor but faithful minister of God.

Surely we may be pardoned for repeating, in all their suggestiveness, those words used in reference to another neglected class, but equally applicable to this :—

" *No wonder they resort to crime rather than submit !*" Oh ! let us pause, and reflect on WHAT that fate must be, from which the delicately, often prayerfully, brought up victims, rush to gilded guilt, and thence to self destruction !

But the end came !

Darkness sits on the mighty City : the wind now moans fitfully, anon breaks into shrieks, as if startled at the foul deeds around. A few pale stars look down on the waters whose polluted breast reflects not back their pure ray. Sullenly the waves lash the piers of a bridge connecting either side of the great Babylon, whose pulse is beating languidly. Here and there a carriage rolls heavily, conveying some gambler from a secret Pandemonium, or late party from scenes of meretricious

* If here the form of religion is maintained, matters are made still worse ; it seems such a mockery.

" And to sum up all, the mockery is made complete in some houses by calling them up to family prayers at the close of the day—that is if business permits, though in some instances they return to their work for a time after prayers. Family worship, indeed ! ' We thank Thee, O Father, for the favourable circumstances in which we are placed, and for the mercies of the day, is the prayer of such an one. '*Favourable circumstances !*' Let the blood-shot eyes, the swollen limbs, the pale faces, the emaciated forms, the hectic flush, the glassy eye, and the hacking, hollow cough of incipient consumption, with other evils so numerous that their name is legion, proclaim throughout the length and breadth of Christendom the *favourable circumstances* in which these sacrificial offerings to the demands of Fashion are found."

These statements are given by an eye-witness, one who has passed through it all, and, to some extent, been a victim of this slavery.—D. GRAINGER, Esq.

† In grappling with our social evils, are they met full-faced ? Is not the view one-sided, one-eyed ? Is not sweet put for bitter, and contrarywise ?

The day will declare.

splendour and deadly mirth, or physician from the bed of agony and death.

Suddenly a white figure springs upon the parapet—a flash—a shriek—a plunge—and the gurgling waters close over the grave of despair, then beat as sullenly, murmur as hoarsely, moan as fitfully as before. The stars shine meekly down, the carriages roll heavily on; the destroyer smiles blandly still, and beauty's cheek grows rich at his flattering words; thus Night wears away: Morn opens her laughing eye, and anon a young fair form is slowly dragged up. Oh!

"Lay her down tenderly
Fashion'd so slenderly!"

But alone she died not: on her pulseless breast nestles a baby-form; the sullen waves have lashed in vain over *that* clasp; the dead mother's hair falls dank and glossy over the dead boy's face; yet surely he but sleeps, a calm bright sleep, and those veined lids will yet uncloze, revealing the beauty of his eye! Can it be DEATH! One tiny waxen hand is pressed firmly into the snow of that milkless bosom; the pouting baby-lip still lingers on the sacred fount. Poor infant! did thy mother stop the heart-smiting murmur of thy voice, drowning it in "Nature's great Nile," ere she took the fearful leap!

Poor baby! did she who gave thee birth become unnerved for the fatal deed as thy "piping cry" smote on her broken heart, and she hushed it thus:—

We know not; but tis passing solemn and sad, to look on all this wreck.

Eyes, long used to scenes of death, grow red and full as they gaze. Poor fools! what, tears! tears?

'TIS ONLY A DRESSMAKER!

Why throw your garments over that still form of grace and beauty, once palpitating with high hopes for the future, then heaving under the grasp of despair?

'TIS ONLY A DRESSMAKER!

What though a mother's heart be broken, or a father's grey hairs brought down with sorrow to the grave! What, though a host of feeling, and energy, and aspirations that, properly trained, might have made the dead creature there a "thing of beauty and a joy for ever?"

'TIS ONLY A DRESSMAKER!

What though a soul, redeemed with the precious blood of Jesus, be hurled unmeet—— ?

But we must pause, and only add, in the reverential language of our leading journal :— “It is not for us to say what compensation may be reserved, elsewhere, for those who have drawn so sad a number in the lottery of life.”*

And then, poor victims of oppression with “**FOUND DROWNED**” for requiem and epitaph, the bodies are indecently tumbled—

Oh ! lay her down tenderly
Fashioned so slenderly !

into some hole of the earth, the authorities kindly permitting the white arms of the mother to remain wreathed round her baby, and her baby to sleep its long slumber on its mother's broken heart.

Poor murdered victims ! Sleep on in your “unconsecrated” rest, from which only the Archangel's trump shall awaken you ! Nobody cares to sift the matter ; these things are common, and scarce excite a sigh.

Sleep on ! No more grinding oppression and bitter taunts. No more “words softer than honey” from a tongue “set on fire of hell !”

Sleep on ! No one goes to your unhallowed grave to weep love's warm tears ; no eye lingers fondly on your dishonoured remains.

Sleep on ! No eye——

No EYE ?

“LISTEN YE WOMEN THAT ARE AT EASE, CARING FOR NONE OF THESE THINGS !”

“LISTEN YE GREEDY OPPRESSORS OF THE HIRELING,” YE PAMPERED SONS OF TITLED VICE, “WHO LIE IN WAIT TO DESTROY THE INNOCENT !” Listen to the trumpet message—no honied flatteries fall on your ear, heralded by the august preface **THUS SAITH THE LORD OF HOSTS—**

“I HAVE SEEN, I HAVE SEEN THINE INIQUITIES ;” “AND KNOW THAT FOR ALL THESE THINGS I WILL BRING THEE UNTO JUDGMENT.”

But already, murdered victim, thy Nemesis is on her fiery way. From papers left behind, there were letters written by the crime-seared profligate for whom she gave up

“All hope of pardon on this side the grave ;”

* *Times*, February 20, 1857.

one penned but a short month before he married! Here is the arrow that pierced the heart of the trusting wife.

———"Going to be married to——"! Who told you this falsehood, queen of my soul? Never, *never*! Had I not seen your witching beauty, I might have thought of her, but while my heart beats, 'twill beat for you alone."

The accomplished betrayer wrote thus to his victim in London from the country seat where he had poured into the ear of his affianced wife words of deathless love and faith, to which she listened with willing ear and trusting heart, for he was her first and only love.

This letter fell into the hands of the suicide's only sister, and in the anguish of her heart, she determined to send it, with another written by herself, to the innocent wife, telling her all the foul history!

Too well did the unsuspecting woman recognise the handwriting that had so often quickened her heart's pulses!

'Twas her death-blow!

Brought up by a maiden aunt, and spending much of her time in the country, the orphan knew nothing of the career of her idol; during the "season" in which he won her guileless heart, she saw him flattered and caressed by virtuous-looking mothers, welcomed by grey-headed fathers, petted and coquetted with by unsophisticated daughters; she knew herself envied as his bride elect; how could she deem him aught but what he seemed! Ah! why could not her sacred character of orphan protect her from the wiles of profligacy! The same hand that sent the dark history to the wife, penned the account of the suicide to the guilty husband, and he found all the papers just where the broken-hearted one, the only woman he had ever loved and honoured, had placed them.

Shall we draw aside the curtain, and gaze on that wretched man, as standing in mute horror, with livid cheek and staring eye, he grasps in his palsied hands those fatal missives?

Nay, we will leave him alone with conscience.

Alas! Alas! are then so many of the evils that pour down our streets a burning flood, to be traced to the influence of woman! Is the mother-land of Hutchinson, Fry, Carpenter, Nightingale, Marsh, Martin, and a bright host whose names are in the Book of Life to be any longer the nursery of crimes, at which humanity sickens, and turns away her head!

Are we indeed responsible, in a fearful measure, for the present state of things ?

An observant prelate has furnished the key to this "Valley of Abomination"—"THOUGHTLESSNESS." "The women of England will not think of these things." Oh! but will this fact excuse them; rather is not this very thoughtlessness sin? Why will they not think, ere the day comes when they *must* do so! Why, like the daughters of Danaides, should they be ever drawing from the wells of pleasure in vessels that cannot hold! Steeped in prosperity, are their hearts steepled to human sorrow and suffering; deaf to the voice of compassion; dead to all claims but those of folly and fashion!

No, no! By all that is sacred and humanizing, no!

A high-hearted philanthropist, who is stamping his impress on the age, and whose name is a Pharos wherever want and misery and wrong have left their footmarks, has publicly declared "we want a new race of wives and mothers, the women of the present day are not the women for their times;" but do we not want a new race of husbands, and fathers too? And while the author would rather agree on any subject connected with our social evils and their remedy, with this working follower of his Master, yet surely past experience would vindicate our countrywomen from this wide-spreading belief; and only *the* Day may reveal how much of the threefold regeneration began, and being now carried on in our midst, is the work of self-denying, thinking women.

Look yonder at her who, in all winds and weathers, with self-denying perseverance goes forth to collect the weekly pence for the God-blessed Bible Society.

Follow another, who with love in her heart and the word in her hand, seeks the abodes of ignorance, crime, and poverty, festering in deadly trinity, and points the lost to the lost one's Saviour.

Or go with a third, an unwearyed girl, who day after day presses her hot hands on her brow, as she sits in the close air of the Ragged School, stripping off the incrustations of ignorance from those child-souls, and letting in rays from the Sun of Righteousness—Ah!

"Her's is an angel's mission,
Nay, perchance there is not given
So noble an employment
To the seraph throng in heaven."

Yet these are only representative women, of whom a host may be collected to fortify our position ; and it is the firm conviction of the writer, that however much appearances are against them—even those whose hearts are swerving from the rightful centre, attracted by the multifarious temptations and influences of a singularly frivolous age,—only require a well-skilled symphony on the chords of thought, and out-gushing will follow those sympathies and aspirations, ever latent in woman's heart, linking her with the Author of them.

Surely it is a foul libel to believe the eyes which weep torrents of sympathy at histrionic representations of suffering, disease, and death ; or the susceptible bosoms which flutter with emotion over the well-got-up scenes in a novel, could remain all stony and callous when the *real* moan of anguish is at their very doors wailing loudly for their compassions !

Away with the thought ! the women of England will rise to vindicate themselves from the belief that they are “ not the women for the times,” and no longer lay all the healthy and generous impulses of their natures on the cruel altar of Fashion, and for the sake of dazzling a few feverish hours amid the ever unsatisfying mirth of perishing pleasures, forego their God-given privileges—out-blot those sympathies linking her with the skies. They will “ think ” on the scalding tears of pain and weariness that have fallen from their sisters' sinking eye on their costly robes* of the skeleton fingers that have trembled over their embroidered skirts—of the young eyes that have become dark—dark for ever in their service ; they will listen to the despairing moan—the hopeless sigh—the short, fearful cough ; and drawing back the veil, look steadily on scenes of passive endurance and heroic suffering, that,

“ Would make e'en angels weep, if tears were known in heaven.”

Ay, and they will do more—they will repel this monster wrong, and bind themselves in a phalanx more invincible than

THE SACRED BAND

* Oh ! what a change the gorgeous dress undergoes !—at one moment it is on the knee of the emaciated sempstress, amidst tears, sighs, weariness, and disease ; and the next, it is in the gay chamber, amidst perfumes, flowers, music, and laughter. Oh ! can it be possible that many of our country-women are really thus sacrificed to pride, vanity, and fashion ! Alas ! it is too true. But let us blush and amend our ways. —Rev. J. Mc CONNEL HUSSET.

of the Seven-hilled City; or the "immortal guard" of the Persian legions, and boldly go forth in the cause of

"The right and true and beautiful."

No woman so high but she can stoop to lend her aid, and rise in the act. No woman so low but she can help on the work, thereby raising herself in the scale of being; and gathering round them all those whose hearts are in the right place, give not "*sleep to their eyes, nor slumber to their eyelids*," till they have enfranchised the fifteen thousand slaves of the needle, whose great cry has entered the ears of the Lord of Hosts. They will guard the "Pearl of Days" for their down-trodden sisters, by closing their doors to the thrice-cursed act, allowing articles to be "sent home" on its morning.

The eye of humanity is turned on the women of England, wondering if they will uproot this social Upas, whose spreading branches distil such wholesale poison * and upheave this

* One who was driven to insanity thus talked to the doctors, who tried so to speak to her as to elicit a tear, hoping thereby to give relief to her brain :

" 'You worked pretty hard in London, did you not?' said one of the gentlemen, willing to try if he could touch something in that direction. 'Hard!' Say slavery at once!' 'It must have been quite pleasant for you when Sunday came, to get a little rest, and go to church.' 'Yes, it was pleasant,' said she bitterly; 'and as to the church, the minister of the church I went to told us to do many things, which, of course, were out of my power, so I have come to the conclusion that I shall never go to heaven. Pleasant, is it not?' A shudder ran through them all. 'Well, my friend, but he told you of Jesus Christ?' 'Yes, He went about always doing good; but that gave me no comfort, for I was always doing harm.' 'But you prayed, my friend?' 'Prayed! as if our employers gave us time to pray!' a gleam of intelligence flashing from her eye. 'I used to pray when first I went there; but we worked such fearful hours, I used to go to sleep on my knees. I could not help it; and as I was not going to mock heaven *that way*, I gave it up. Pray! Why I never heard of such a thing! Do you know what sort of a place a house of business is in London?' 'Not a very desirable place by your account. But tell me something about it; I want to know.' 'I suppose, then, you are the Day of Judgment. However, I will tell you; for I am sure you will make some allowance, and not punish me for everything. When I went there, I found that the work was very hard, and the hours very long. We always sat up two whole nights every week, and sometimes three. Work was our food and drink—our all for this life; nay more, we were required to be so devoted to the interests of our employer, as for that to take the place of God. Would not prayer have been a mockery? We had our Sundays, but they were not to worship God in; we were to rest on that day to gain strength, or go into the country for recreation, so as to

blood-cemented fabric, within whose Gehenna walls such foul deeds are perpetrated. And will they not?

Watchman, what of the night?

The clouds are rolling away, and over earth's moral wastes and abodes of cruelty are streaming rays from the "Sun of Righteousness."

And ye "oppressed, tossed with misery, and not comforted," look up! Ministering angels still light on the groaning earth for you. The eye of Charity, beaming with love-light caught from Calvary, is not dim. The voice of Sympathy, melting with the music learnt from the echo of the angel's love-song, "*peace on earth, good-will to man,*" still falls on the ear of Time:—

Look up! Before you are morning-streaks, prophetic of a brighter noon: the spirit of Love is invading the homes of apathy and selfishness.

Hark to the comforting words of Him who "spake as never man spake:—"

"I will judge the cause of the orphan, and plead the cause of the oppressed."

"I will execute righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed."

Mighty and unmistakeable is the voice abroad in the earth!

"The voice that is upon the waters—that breaketh the cedars—that divideth the flames—that shaketh the wilderness."

be able to throw our heart and soul into the work by five o'clock the next morning—that was all. Our employer went to church herself sometimes in the morning, and she said she wished us to do the same; but she could not have meant it, of course: it was only for the look of the thing. Yes, the work took the place of God. Some poor things tried to be good, and they went to church always, unless they were ill in bed, which often happened; for they had no time to be ill in the week, or they would have been turned out of the house. But they looked so pale and worn out! I used to laugh at them sometimes, and tell them to be good by-and-by. A great many came and went away again while I was there—some to their homes, but more to their graves. But oh!—and she clasped her hands in agony—'from the time I gave up prayer, what a blank! All went wrong *there*,'—pointing to her head—'and all went wrong *here*,'—clasping her heart. 'But it was too late. I deserted God; He did not desert me, and I felt ashamed to return; I dare not return. Besides, the longer I stayed, the worse it became.'"—ENGLISH SLAVERY AND EARLY CLOSING. *From a Sermon by the Rev. W. Landells.*)

The voice saying to the oppressor, "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed."

Look up! Your cry has entered the ear of the Merciful One, and He is come down to help you. His Spirit has stirred up that band of true men who have come gallantly forth to your rescue. His Spirit has overshadowed that illustrious gathering of women, the weapons of whose warfare are baptized in the mighty on-flowing Jordan of Sympathy, and will never rust from disuse till one after another they have enrolled all the wives and daughters of Christian England in the Sacred Legion, and your fetters fall off. His Spirit has brooded over the hearts of a few faithful sons of a singularly apathetic church, and they have fearlessly thrown aside the trammels of religious routine, and brought their powerful intellects and sympathies into the ranks, fighting manfully against tyranny and oppression — investing their pulpits with some of the strength of the olden time. His Spirit has thrown your cause into the Briareus arms of England's Press, directing its Argus eyes to your sufferings and wrongs; and it has borne on its lightning wing the sad history into every nook and cranny of the land, begirting it, even as the sea begirts its own beautiful shores, with an electric wire of sympathy, destined to vibrate while one wrong remains unredressed.

'Tis His Spirit, too, no less in the "day of small things" — in the sands that make up the mountain — the moments that form the cycle — the units that make the million — "*not a sparrow falls to the ground, but He over-ruleth all.*"

But while pleading for her sisters, assured that they will *live down* the opinion referred to, the author is too well aware that there are many sad exceptions. Women, prosperity-hardened and fashion-pampered, who *will* not stay to listen to the voices around them, nor to *the* Voice that speaks from Eternity; but are these exceptions grounds for the assertion?

Our Hogarths and Cruickshanks have done virtue good service in *peering* the veil from gilded Vice sinning genteelly, and brutalised Vice sinning coarsely. We have the "progress" of this, and that one — what a series of cartoons for all ages would the Fashionist's Progress present, if some of our thoughtful painters would take the subject in hand!

Oh, that, ere the days come wherein they shall say of all that now fascinates them with meretricious glitter, "*my soul has no pleasure in them; I am weary of my life,*" the women of our day would begin at once

THINKING FOR THEMSELVES!

CHAPTER XXVII.

Popular Delusions.

“To feel that we are greater than we know.”

BEFORE entering on the phases in the three following chapters, permit us, dear reader, to pause a moment, and draw emphatically on your ever ready courtesy. Yielding to a suggestion (too late regretted) that the incidents of the story should be re-arranged, the said chapters are somewhat isolated—for which the censure may be provoked as “out of order,” “diffuse,” and so on; to which we humbly bow, premising, at the same time, that for the fastidious literary critic, or mental dissipationist, rushing through myriad volumes to “kill time,” or feed an unhealthy idealism, we write not; and as a stream from the heart—albeit it meanders hither and thither—will reach the heart sooner than a stream from the brain, with its measured and majestic flow, so our phases may appeal to living, loving sympathies, though they should be denounced as “out of place,” or “diffuse.” Strong in this hope, without further apology, attention is respectfully solicited.

There was once a delusion abroad in our favoured land that Religion was not fit for this, and was not fit for that portion of society, till at last—like the dove of the preacher-patriarch—it seemed in danger of “finding no rest for the sole of its foot.” It was declared, “Religion had no business in the army,” and the munificent offers of the Bible Society to supply our troops with the “Word of Life” were rejected, probably from the idea that the man who may at any moment be hurled by war into the presence of his Judge, would fight less valiantly because he was ready to meet Him, “having made peace through the

blood of the Cross." Ah, but the "powers" thought they knew a good deal better than man's Maker—what was good for man; He said, "I will that all men should come to a knowledge of the truth;" they said, "No," and exerted all their influence

e. "To shut the gates of mercy on mankind."

It was all in vain, that Bible heroes spoke from the pages of inspiration; that the biographies of a host of Christian warriors wrote "false" upon the monstrous idea; men held on their benighted way, "those who had anything to do with Religion had nothing to do with the army."

Silent Time flappeth his unwearied wing, and behold, 'tis evening!

The red hail of war beats pitilessly on earth's fair bosom as she unconsciously drinks in the life-blood of her bravest and best. Sorrow broods upon the waters. Sorrow sits upon the lonely hills.

Death is come into our palaces. Household mirth dies on its pale lip, and is buried in the greedy gulf of woe. Rosy childhood forgets its song and smile, the orphan's tear has chased them far away; over the weeping world laughter roams with finger on her lip.

'Tis evening.

Wearily the besiegers have dragged through the day. Sadly the moon looks down through the sable clouds. Has she put on mourning for her sister planet's mighty sorrow?

With dripping hands the demon of War unrolls his bloody scroll, and shouts, with Hyena laugh, "thou hast no twin!"

Delay is there, sapping and wasting the heart-energy of kingly spirits with "hope deferred."

Famine is there, gaunt and hollow-eyed, and she clutches the "strong man armed" in her bony fingers: awhile he struggles, then crumbles "dust to dust."

Pestilence is there, flapping in fiendish delight her vampire wing, as she sucks the vital current of the beautiful and the brave; while high above all enthroned, with weak knees and palsied

hands, sits Indecision, and to her leaden car are chained legion of eagle spirits, panting to

"Soar with eyes fixed on Victory's sun,"

yet doomed to fret and wear away under that galling chain, till Spartan endurance and Roman courage—spared by Pestilence and Famine—die out, a terrible atrophy of energy starving in the midst of plenty!

May be there were sadder things than these, but 'tis enough. Men's hearts waxed faint, and woman's brow grew pale, as over the waves the dread tidings swept, while high hearts broke

"And brokenly live on."

'Tis evening.

Like some heart-cherished home on a desolate plain, a tent wherein prayer is wont to be made, rises amid the carnage; a lamp throws a sickly flicker within, revealing three soldiers of the Cross on bended knee.

"Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, 'tis holy ground." . . .

With strengthened faith, as on eagle's wing, the soldiers of the Cross now rise,

"To do or suffer all their Master's will."

Then comes the solemn hush of spirit, as bending over the Eternal Word they drink in His soul-sustaining promise,—

"I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you."

"Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

"Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you."

Oh, wondrous "glad tidings!" Oh, wondrous Religion to nerve the heart, and gild with light and joy a scene like *this*!

But, like some rare harp's strings relaxed by the sun, are those hearts grown soft beneath the melting words, and all unmeet for the "deadly strife, the confused noise of the warrior, and the garments rolled in blood?"

'Tis night.

Mournfully the wind howls. Hoarse wailings sweep fitfully around, now in gusts, now in low moans, now in shrieks.

Darkness gathers over the skies. Where now is Night's ancient crown of regal magnificence?

Once more on the wings of the wind, rises the hallowed music of Faith's strong prayer.

Hark! in the dim distance—is it the booming roar of the dread artillery?—flashes through the gathering blackness, the red eye of the death-dealing cannon!

Ah!—they come! Swiftly moving in the serried ranks of war—a *host*! Onward, onward they come!

Pouring out with impetuous speed, a handful of warriors rush to the conflict. They face the foe! An instant's pause, and high over the "confused noise," peals the first battle cry of the young soldier of the Cross. Oh! what shall that small band do against a legion!

Onward, onward they rush! England and honour! Death or victory!

Yet softly, softly—see, from the breast of the dauntless leader, his warm life-blood is pouring! Will he not pause in his glory path?

Hark to the gallant shout! "FOLLOW ME!"

A flash of his glittering sword in the darkness, as if tracking where his bright spirit past, and the hero falls!

Victory's shout is there, but *he* hears it not. The gallant soul of HEDLEY VICARS has joined the blood-washed throng.

"Brief, bright, and glorious was his young career.
 His mourners were two hosts."

Oh! ye in whose hearts War has left a ghastly gap, from which sorrow will stream till the heart itself stands still; ye who "*mourn not as others who have no hope*," lengthen your cords and strengthen your stakes. No more eloquent epitaph can ye carve to the memory of your lost ones, than in building up the Faith that made them all they *were* on earth, and all they *are* in heaven. No loftier requiem can ye chant than wafting the story of Redeeming Love. What though ye rear the costly sarcophagus, and high heroic life breathes from the swelling marble? What though the monument be vast as your love, lofty as the pyramids of Cheops? Time's drifting sands will engulf them. The silent finger of sure Decay efface their memory. But such an epitaph, such a requiem—

"Shall not die and cannot be destroyed."

They will echo over the waste howling wildernesses of earth's sin and sorrow, till

"The red eye of battle is shut in despair,"
vanquished by the victorious arms of THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

We shall not trespass on the patience of our fair readers, we trust, by continuing this subject a little longer ; we give them credit for believing that observation and fact teach more powerfully than dogma, and it is for them to draw the inference : as to the tale—

"They serve who wait."

In order to continue, we must retrograde a little. It would require no end of time to record what Religion was not fit for ; as she had no business in the Army, of course she had not any in the Navy ; and unless our gallant tars could swear and blaspheme, they were looked upon as puking poltroons.

Then she was not fit for the rich, and a godly Countess, or a praying Lord, was looked upon as a candidate for some aristocratic Bedlam.

Then (oh ! strange incongruity) she was not fit for the poor, until into our household literature, never to be dislodged, crept the touching annals of the "Young Cottager," the "Dairyman's Daughter," and the "Negro Servant," moving the heart like never-to-be-forgotten music.

Then she was not fit for the Heathen, and that "noble army of Martyrs," the Missionaries, were treated as the offscouring of all things—Pariahs of Pariahs. In short, having, as they believed, driven Religion from all her strongholds, it was at last discovered that she was not fit for earth, and they tried to chase her back to heaven ; but from all Eternity her "*delights had been with the sons of men*," while Faith and Hope, her lovely wings, were not needed, where all is "full fruition ;" so then they endeavoured to shut her up in her "legitimate sphere, the church ;" and though even in those benighted days, as in the days of Elisha, the Great Overruler, had reserved to Himself a few who had not "bowed the knee," and offered strange incense to stranger gods ; yet the powers fancied they had settled the matter at last, and began "to eat, drink, and be merry," but the celestial visitant soon languished ; pent within the narrow walls, she could not stretch her "silvery wings, and her feathers like

gold;" she was sent forth free, *free* as the winds, the air, the sea, and *FREE* she will be! The mine has yet to be discovered containing metal strong enough to forge fetters for this wondrous Dove. Vainly they tried the lure of a costly cage, with golden wires and a mitred roof; vainly they hugged to their hearts the belief that she was "caged at last;" she pined, and her wing drooped heavily, as she beat her breast against the cold bars. She turned from the glittering food set before her, for, imitating the Imperial Roman fool, who gilded oats for his horse, or the arrogant Persian, who thought to chain the sea with golden fetters, they hoped to satisfy the fair bird's cry with that they loved themselves; but while they "slumbered and slept," behold a gallant hand opened the cage door, and she flew majestically out of that strange ark; spreading her wing once more to the breeze, in the light of the sun's warm beams, and she is still flying through the earth (not over it) with the olive branch in her mouth, "*no man making her afraid.*"ⁱ

Strange, truly, were the "doings" in those days! Strange were the gods bowed down to in a section of the church that shut out of her pulpits, and then turned out of her "sacred pale," the God-taught man who dared to shake the slumber that sat on the lids of Light, and resuscitated Luther's Protestant doctrine, "the test of a standing or falling church," "*justification by Faith*;" and it would be a sad surmise as to where the slumber would have carried our venerable mother, or how long the deadly lethargy, which was the very vitality and food of dissent, would have continued; but it would be delightful to follow the enfranchised Dove, if within the limits of a tale like this to do so. If any of our readers have the will, the way is easy enough; we must not now linger on the pleasant theme, and watch her flooding some of earth's dark spots with light that has no gloom—"peace the world can neither give nor take away," as she wings her way to the far-off shores of the Friendly Isles, demonstrating her transforming power in the heart and life of its right royal-hearted chief; or to Hayti, where the gallant queen became a "nursing mother" to a little flock, till the wolf got into the fold, to "tear and to destroy;" but we *may* come a little nearer home, stopping a few moments to contemplate what this wondrous Gospel has done for one little spot in the purlieus of queenly London.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Life, Death and Resurrection.

"A short time ago, in this Metropolis, which we hear styled "the most civilized in the world," a family was discovered in a state of utter destitution; the mother lay dead upon a miserable handful of straw, and five children surrounded the corpse in so dreadful a state of starvation, that the surgeon under whose care they were placed, was obliged to have food administered to them with the utmost care, afraid of destroying life with that which should sustain it."—*The Present Position of the Working-Classes.* By F. H. H.

NOISELESSLY the chariot wheels of Time roll on.

And if any of our readers would look on one more phase of this shifting life-stage, let them advance, and an easy walk from the Royal town of Kensington, and we are in sight of the "Piggeries," in their darker aspects, alas, but representative places, their twin disgracing the outskirts—not unfrequently the very heart—of all the great towns in this Christian land; but they beget no care or anxiety about their existence. It seems "no business of nobody's."

"Piggeries!" exclaims the reader, with a look of horror. "What can the silly author mean? What is there extraordinary in such places? Everyone knows pigs must have houses to live in, poor beasts! or how should we get our "mild breakfast bacon," our boar's heads, and fricasseed pettitoes? How can the sight of a piggery beget reflection and etherialise our materiality!"

Pardon us, lady; this is a human Piggery. Perhaps it may be better known under its classical name, the "Potteries," just as such places are heard of in our cities and towns, under the euphonius appellations of "slums," rookeries, "Devil's Acres," "Little Hells," and so on.

"The Potteries! why that is no better than Piggeries; both terms are exceeding low," exclaims the reader.

This opinion, with all due deference, may be purely a matter of taste, and but trifles, when speaking "that we do know." Undoubtedly, to refined ears accustomed to the high-sounding titles, "Queenly City" and "Eye of Christianity," such terms may be "exceeding low," if not "quite disgusting;" but alas! these leprous spots exist, nevertheless, teeming with immortal souls; and after all that has been written and said about the *prestige* of a name, 'tis really of little consequence.

"The guineas' worth is in the gold,
And not in the stamp upon it."

"Well, well! pray proceed. One gets tired of insipid moralising, trite, self-evident conclusions, patent to every body, especially under the impending infliction of a chapter on the Art of Pigsties Elucidated!" interrupts our reader, with a gesture of impatience.

Agreed; let us proceed. We should have reminded you to take an extra supply of "Farina," and be sure not to forget your smelling-salts."

"Why an extra supply?" inquires a soft voice. "I never go anywhere without a little Eau de Cologne, as I am inclined to be nervous."

"Your question will soon meet a reply. Pray keep close, and we will draw near to the Potteries nearer nearer nearer still. Put your perfumed cambric close to your mouth nearer still. Nay, do not shrink, and draw back! Indeed, there are some human beings among those pigs, grovelling, and burrowing in the filth of that festering cesspool, fringed with the garbage of decayed vegetable matter! We do not say the spot is peopled with the most abject daughters and sons of guilt. They may be there; 'tis a fitting resort. We do not say 'tis the haunt of "reckless immorality, brazen-fronted impudence, light-fingered thievery, and red-handed murder." These may be there; 'tis a likely domicile for the parent of the brood, the great seething cauldron of crime—*ignorance*, debasing, brutalising *IGNORANCE*, is rampant, and that is enough.

Now, lady, cast your eye on that loathsome mass yonder, and say could there be a more powerful description than that

of the *Times*, when representing "Royal Kensington and the Potteries as the Belle of the season with a cancer on her breast?"

"It is indeed horrible!" exclaims our reader.

Let us advance a little closer Look on that grunting mass of animal matter to the left, and you will see two or three odd-shaped bundles of rags and filth contesting the refuse of some lordly kennel. They are wee children; and if the incrustation of filth was scaled from their faces, the intensely Saxon complexion and feature would be recognised, so cherished in our land ere the Norman

Dreading a physiological lecture in such a *locale*, the reader interrupts—"Excuse me; but do you really mean to say those nondescript-looking lumps of moving matter are human beings?"

Even so, lady; beings destined, like yourself, to exist when "the moon shall not give her light, the sun shall be darkened, and the stars shall fall from heaven," even for ever and ever. Yes! every squalid, loathsome little object there, has a soul as imperishable and precious in God's eyes as that of some "scion of monarchs," greeted on its entrance into life by the thunder of cannon and the shouts of nations.

With sympathies on the move, the reader remarks, "It is really very sad! Why do not people do something for the unfortunate little creatures? I am sure I will give a sovereign readily, if that will help! But pray let us go away, and we can talk over it as we return."

Sad, indeed, lady! But there are sadder sights than these within. Once more, let us go forward. Nay, do not draw back — there is nothing to fear, and scenes such as these soften our feelings and melt our pride, bringing us to the stand-point, "who made me to differ? what have I that I did not receive?" One moment longer, and we shall be at our journey's end keep close—walk on tip-toe over this miry ground, and let us enter the first sty we arrive at; it will be an instructive specimen of the rest

"Take me away! I cannot bear it!" exclaims our sympathising reader.

Nay, remain, one moment. It is only a death scene, and perhaps you would not object to the representation on the stage, while this is wonderfully more natural

Look yonder into one corner of this wretched abode. On a bundle of filthy straw lies a dead child. Round its mouth and eyes the worm of corruption has crawled, and left its trail—decomposition has begun its horrible work! "*I have cried to corruption, thou art my father; to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister.*"

Once again. On another bundle of reeking straw, which constitutes all the furniture in this foul abode of want and woe, lies the form of a woman dying of starvation; over her skeleton limbs an old patched rag is twisted, but she is nearly naked, and her frame quivers fearfully in the death-gripe! On her shrunken bosom rests an emaciated infant, whose efforts to draw sustenance from that fast-freezing fount are heart-rending. Another moment, and the starving infant is hurled by its dying mother to the other side of the hovel, and she rushes round and round as if pursued by some invisible fiend, shrieking "WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED?" Oh God! what a cry! Mark the phrensic eye protruding from the socket! the clenching of her bony hands! the death-shadows gathering thickly and darkly over her face! the foam working out from the distorted mouth!

"A little longer, yet a little longer,
O might she stay to wash away her crimes,
And fit her for her passage. Mournful sight!
Her very eyes weep blood."

Cover her face! cover her face!

"The frantic soul raves round its tenement,
Turns to each avenue, and shrieks for help!
But shrieks in vain!"

Shrieks in vain! No kind pastor points that "lost sheep" to the lost one's Saviour! No compassionate one has followed the wilful lamb into the wilderness, bringing it back and laying it on the breast of the "Good Shepherd," rejoicing. NO ONE CARES FOR HER SOUL.

Cover her face! Cover her face! The eye of humanity cannot brook its writhings! Oh, on what are those startling eyeballs fixed? Sees she the "lake of fire and brimstone" tossing to and fro the lost on its molten billows,

"Ever burning, yet never burnt?"

while the undying worm wreathes its coils around their

naked souls, and "the smoke of their torment ascends for ever and ever!"

Hears she the "weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth" at the ungranted prayer of a lost one in that world of fire:—

"FATHER, HAVE MERCY ON ME! AND SEND LAZARUS THAT HE MAY DIP THE TIP OF HIS FINGER IN WATER, AND COOL MY TONGUE, FOR I AM TORMENTED IN THIS FLAME!"

Or looks she beyond "the great gulf fixed" to the everlasting hills, whence floweth the "pure river, clear as crystal," and where standeth "the throne of God and the Lamb, the City having the glory of God, and her light like unto a stone most precious," while she drinks in, with ravenous ear, the melody from the golden harps of those who have "gotten the victory over the Beast, standing on the sea of glass, singing the song of Moses and the Lamb."

Recognises she her first-born, who, ere sin could blight, spread its white wing, and soared to glory, sweeping the chords of its golden harp to the music of redeeming love, and she fain would join that throng, but no one points the dying sinner to the sinner's Friend! NO ONE CARES FOR HER SOUL!

"The shepherd is a hireling, and careth not for the sheep; and because he is an hireling, and not the shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, seeth the wolf coming, and leaveth the sheep and fleeth, and the wolf catches them, and scattereth the sheep."

"THEREFORE YE SHEPHERDS, AS I LIVE SAITH THE LORD GOD, BECAUSE MY FLOCK BECAME A PREY, AND MY FLOCK BECAME MEAT TO EVERY BEAST IN THE FIELD, BECAUSE THERE WAS NO SHEPHERD, NEITHER DID MY SHEPHERDS SEARCH FOR MY FLOCK, BUT THE SHEPHERDS FED THEMSELVES, AND FED NOT MY FLOCK, THEREFORE, OH! YE SHEPHERDS, HEAR THE WORD OF THE LORD! BEHOLD I AM AGAINST THE SHEPHERDS, AND I WILL REQUIRE MY FLOCK AT THEIR HANDS, AND CAUSE THEM TO CEASE FROM FEEDING THE FLOCK, FOR I WILL DELIVER MY FLOCK FROM THEIR MOUTH."

"BEHOLD I, EVEN I, WILL BOTH SEARCH MY SHEEP AND SEEK THEM OUT, AS A SHEPHERD SEEKETH OUT HIS FLOCK, AND I WILL SET SHEPHERDS OVER THEM THAT SHALL FEED THEM, AND THEY SHALL FEAR NO MORE, NEITHER SHALL THEY BE LACKING, SAITH THE LORD."

But, alas! for the "hireling shepherd" who "sought not for the flock," and, alas! alas! for the "devoured" sheep for

whose soul "no man cared," horribly wailing, "what must I do to be saved!" her despairing spirit fled away!

With gracious sympathies overflowing, our reader exclaims: "Oh! how dreadful! Let us take away the starving baby, and leave this horrible place, you can tell me about the unfortunate woman as we return, and let us see if nothing can be done!"

Agreed; we must lift the baby tenderly, or its little shrunken limbs will be hurt.

There, neglected wee immortal, rest for a few moments on woman's sympathising bosom, while angels look on and smile, and a fresh record is made in the Book of remembrance, "*inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto me.*"

At the age of seventeen, this "devoured sheep" left her village-home in the service of a noble family. In an evil hour she listened to the vows of her mistress' pet footman, and strayed from the path of purity and peace; and though she "had but stumbled in the path" indignant virtue "had in weakness trod," she was thrust forth on the cold, hard world, friendless, unpitied, and branded,

"Where every tear a woe can claim,
Except an erring sister's shame;"

while the epauletted Adonis—strong in gold-lace, insolence, and his mistress' favour, instead of being justly dealt with, and "cast out" too, with "immorality" branded on his character—pleaded weakness, and the old Adamic development, "*the woman did tempt me;*"* and so his being a "little profligate" presented no obstacle to the conscience of his mistress to his dancing attendance, all be-powdered and be-hardened, even into the house of God, carrying her Bible and Prayer-book.

Aping the *sang-froid* of his betters, the hero of the still-room looks quite logically on the affair; and arguing from cause to effect, concludes that, "after all there can't be so much harm in what missus winks at." So, like the immortal Topsy, he makes a capital of his sins:—

"Yes, yes! he knows he's a sad dog among the gals, and all that sort of thing; but missus doesn't care a bit about that,

* A fact: and occurred very lately in a family residing in the locality where the writer was staying.

she knows well enough he's of a gay turn; but them as lives in glass houses shouldn't fling stones."

Thus the pet lackey passed his fingers languidly through the powder and pomatum hanging about his face in curls, as he left the drawing-room into which he had been considerably called, to receive a feminine lecture on his "thoughtlessness," saying,

"All right! Missus can't do without me! I was pretty sure of that! Yer five foot 'leven isn't to be picked up every day! Next quarter I'll strike for more wages! These little matter shows us our real value!"

While the shrinking, ashamed partner of his guilt goes on her way of sorrow and suffering, unpitied and alone! Soon grief and shame brought her spirit low; fain would she have returned to the path from which the assumed accents of love beguiled her, but no hand was stretched out to help her, nor encouraging voice cheered her efforts to redeem the past by future good conduct—"no one cared for her soul." In the cravings of nature, and the dreadful alternative, starve or sin, she sunk lower, hushed the voice of conscience at the grave-glutting gin-house; her self-respect was gone, and the downward road was easy *then!*

Poor beguiled victim! A word of warning advice or commiseration from thy virtuous mistress might have saved *thee* and torrents of crime; but she "passed by on the other side," and the result shall only be known when the resurrection-angel shall call "the dead, small and great," to judgment.

"It is devoutly to be hoped there are but few mistresses so iron-hearted to the sins of their own sex, and so lenient to those of the stronger!" indignantly exclaims our tearful reader. "But tell me something more about these dreadful Potteries we have just left. How could things have been allowed to get into such a state? Where were the Guardians of the Poor? What parish does the neglected spot lie in? and where were the shepherds of the flock? Can nothing be done?"

Alas! lady, the Potteries may reply to your questions in the words of the Most High, by the son of Hilkiah: "THE PRIESTS SAID NOT 'WHERE IS THE LORD?' AND THEY THAT HANDLE THE LAW KNEW ME NOT: THE PASTORS ALSO TRANSGRESSED AGAINST ME, AND THE PROPHETS PROPHESED BY BAAL, AND WALKED AFTER OTHER THINGS THAT DO NOT PROFIT."

Time rolls on. The great Love Spirit broods over the Potteries. The deformed, diseased child, neglected by the mother, is taken up by the Father of the church; a seed from the heavenly garner is blown by the breath of the Spirit into the earth, and though the smallest of all seeds at first, and planted by the hand of WOMAN,* it took root, and grew, and became a tree bearing fruit a hundred-fold. A few true-hearted ones, feeling the value of their own souls, and hence yearning for the salvation of others, set prayerfully about cleansing this plague-spot, by turning the "River of the Water of Life" through it. The putrid cesspool becomes a sanctuary.† On the air once echoing with oaths and blasphemous obscenity, rises the incense of prayer and praise; schools and teachers and preachers have sprung up, and ere long the "cancer of Kensington" will be rooted out vein and fibre, and the Piggeries "blossom as the rose," perfumed with the "Name that is above every other name;" and though this movement had not

* The first effort to "seek and save the lost" in this neglected and depraved locality was made (we believe) by a domestic in the service of General Fox. This humble follower of her LORD, knowing her name was written in heaven, though branded on earth as a Dissenter, felt *she* had a work to do, devoted a portion of her time in endeavouring to "make in the desert a highway for our God," by reading the Scriptures to a poor, bed-ridden woman. The one listener became ten—the ten became a hundred—the hundred will become millions, for the "entrance of the Word giveth light," Mathew, xiii. 31, 32.

† At the opening of the Notting Dale Schools the writer recollects the sensation that ran through the audience, when prayer being called for, no clergyman was in the place to ask a blessing on this pre-eminent God-work, and she could not help echoing the sentiment of the chairman, the catholic-hearted Lord Shaftesbury, who, in reply to a remark from a member of the Church of England, censuring this deplorable sectarianism, said, "Episcopalian as I am, I would not give the right-hand of fellowship to any man who would not aid in such a God-like work as this!" A few weeks since the writer again visited the schools, where 250 children are being evangelised, and instead of their "not being distinguished from the pigs," as a good minister once remarked to her, if any philanthropist wishes for a *real* treat, let him or her hear these little immortals, rescued from degradation, prove the power of the GOSPEL to elevate the human race: and more than this, she heard the testimony of a dying woman, "Oh! I long to depart, and be with Christ!"—another fruit of the promise, "My word shall not return unto me void."

Do we not want men in all our churches more anxious to see souls converted, than to seem proselyted to any section.

the glorious privilege of springing out of "the Church," whether men bear or whether they forbear, it shall prosper, for the mouth of the Lord has spoken it." Alas!

"When Satan's hosts are marshalling,
What parts the warriors of the Cross!"

and if souls are plucked from everlasting burnings, what matters by whom they are rescued? "*He who is of God doeth God's work, and the doctrine will soon be known whether it be of Him or not.*"

Would that instead of the Loadicean indifference, or the religious etiquette round about us, we had a loving brotherhood, "moved" and "flocking as doves to their windows," under the banner of the Cross, *wherever* it is upreared, and *whenever* it floats over a surrendered stronghold of the Prince of Darkness! Would that there were more unity among God's men, no matter by what denominational distinction recognised! Then should we have more of the burning love for souls that dwelt in the heart of the great Apostle, when he declared himself "ready to be Jew or Gentile, anything and all things, so that he may save some," rejoicing if out of "very contention" his Master was preached, so that He was preached and souls saved! Then should we have a brotherhood who, having caught the spirit of Luther, are "ready to preach in Satan's pulpit, if thereby a soul could be saved."

Ah! let us muse on *THAT* love and compassion which wept over suicidal Jerusalem, till our stony hearts melt, and no longer crown afresh with thorns the brow of Mercy; no longer lay the fire of sectarianism or the ice of indifference on the Gospel altar,—or how shall they sing praises together in heaven, who would not work together for *their Lord* on earth?

"How glad I am some one has undertaken the cause of those miserable outcast creatures!" exclaims our reader. What does it signify by whom the work of saving souls is done, so that it is done? Why will not the good men of all denominations unite in "bringing glory to God?"

WHY?

"And not till each sick lamb is dressed,
Ask who the dressers chance to be."

"I wish I knew how *I* could do anything to help the good

cause in the Potteries ! I shall never forget this lesson, with its sorrowful sight," continues the sympathising reader.

Pray for it ; collect for it ; deny yourself for it ; interest others by your influence and example for it ; and the Rewarder of even "a cup of cold water" given in His name will bless you.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Changes come o'er the Spirit of the Times.

"What might be done if men were wise,
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother ;
Would they unite
In love and right,
And cease their scorn of one another !

"The meanest wretch that ever trod,
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,
Might stand erect,
In self-respect,
And share the teeming world to-morrow."

TIME rolls on : a "change comes o'er the spirit of the age," now Religion, erst so despised and persecuted, and ostracised, is become fashionable, walking and riding on earth's high places in "silver slippers;" no longer a reproach, a hissing, and a by-word, great men pat her encouragingly on the head, as they drop a few shillings into her lap with the left hand, and with the right count out millions to keep the war-tide rolling. Great ladies call her a "nice darling thing," as they sail into the sanctuary in full costume, and sink with all the pride of devotion into their luxurious hassocks. Piety is in the ascendant, and we have her "of all sorts and sizes, remarkably cheap," for example, sentimental, poetical, political, collateral, amateur, impromptu, lucrative, conventional, expedient, orthodox, heterodox, Sunday, week-day, and so on; suggestive of the value of the coin that has so many counterfeits—counterfeits "done" as naturally as the great painter's cherries, and the birds of Paradise—Charity, Hope, and Faith come to peck at them, only discovering their mistake when, instead of their beaks

being buried in the luscious fruit, they recoil from the cold polished surface.

Then, too, on the other hand, we have Piety *real*, earnest, working, loving, diffusive, humanizing, every-day, household, costly, laying self's most precious thing, SELF, on her altar, no sacrifice being too great for the heaven-born reality, whose living embodiment is "*let us not love in word and in tongue, but in deed and in truth.*" "*The love that never faileth.*"

Time rolls on : now patting Religion encouragingly on the head with the right hand, the "powers that be" wisely enough hide from it what the left hand doeth. Too politic to pooh ! pooh ! Religion, as she rolls a majestic tide, bearing the nation's interest on her breast—the acknowledged Palladium of her strength and security*—not daring openly to persecute and attribute every possible and impossible iniquity to its latitudinarian teaching, and to be "piously inclined," is the "unpardonable sin," we see poverty taking its place as the master-crime of the age ; so that a very instructive catechism of modern ethology—"more respectable for the vices it chronicles than for the virtues it forgets"—could be compiled, and put into the hands of the rising generation, of which the following may be a somewhat rough specimen :—

Pupil : "What is poverty, sir?"

Governor (in the most comprehensive acceptation of the term), "Poverty, my boy ? really, I scarce know what it is ; but I will think your question over, and answer it when I am not quite so busy : I have no time just now !"

Pupil : "Only just tell me, please sir, isn't it a dreadful thing to be punished so severely as it is ?"

Governor : "Yes it *is* a terrible thing that poverty : but don't ask me any more questions just now."

Pupil, not to be put off, renews the investigation ; he is an "anxious enquirer," and pursues the Governor closely the next time he catches him napping, with the remembrance of his promised explanation, the quintessence of which may be thus rendered :—

Poverty is the parish peg, on which all delinquencies are hung.

* "The secret of our national strength and greatness !" said Her Majesty, laying her hand on her Bible.

The Pandorian box, full of all evils, with *no* Hope at the bottom.

The universal "Bogie" whom every body hits hard, because he has no friends.

The felon for whom no Queen's Counsel pleads.

The criminal whom no jury recommends to mercy.

The scape-goat bearing the national sins on its head.

In short, 'tis the Alpha and Omega of iniquity, "so now run and play my boy, and don't ask any more questions; I have told you all I know about it!"

Pupil: "Thank you, sir! I won't" (musingly): "I hope poverty will never come into father's house."

We hope so too, generous boy; 'tis bad enough to have no roof to shelter the shrinking head from the piercing winds and the biting cold, but 'tis worse to be sentenced to "two months in the House of Correction" for it.*

'Tis bad enough to pine, in unspoken craving, for one morsel of bread to unloose the clutch of famine, preying with its vulture beak on the vitals; but 'tis worse to be doomed to "ten days' imprisonment and hard labour" for daring to be starving.

'Tis bad enough to . . . but, dear reader, just glance at the following extract, descriptive of the way justice—say nothing of humanity—is administered in workhouses of the "Eye of Christianity":—

"Moran's admission took place on the 14th of August.

"Mr. V. KNIGHT produced a hard piece of untorn oakum, which he explained was given to her to pick, when confined in the refractory department. The girl Moran was set to this work, notwithstanding she had committed no offence, and she was only an inmate of the workhouse through destitution.

"Mrs. KIRKPATRICK, Superintendent of the female refractory ward, was examined, and she said that so severe was the work of oakum picking, that the girls' hands were all blistered. Some girls had been discharged who, she felt sure, could not have done any more work; their hands were much blistered. As to the girl Moran, she gave her an excellent character for obedience and quiet conduct, adding, that she (Moran) had, while in the ward with the other girls, avoided the company of those known to be bad. The knives and forks had been taken from the inmates of the wards; until the last four days, they had to tear their meat with their fingers and teeth. The knives and forks had formerly been taken from them because of their riotous conduct, but since they had been returned they had regularly given them up, and behaved well."

* In the police report of August 20, at Wakefield, a poor lad was sentenced to "two months in the House of Correction for sleeping in a pigstye." Two months' correction for being houseless and homeless!!

What think ye of it? Rare way this to reclaim the wandering the weak or the wilful! Right way this to dastardize the spirit and destroy that sense of self respect and shame it should be the first care of the guardians of public morals to cherish, as the best preservative of virtue and the greatest incentive to honesty! "The girl Moran was set to this (horrible) work, notwithstanding she had committed no OFFENCE, and was only an inmate of the workhouse through DESTITUTION." Poor creature! put to that hard employment for a woman's hands, because she was DESTITUTE!!

Will some writer on our "social evils" tell the public why poverty must be pauperism, and why pauperism must be crime?

Unfortunate Moran with her bleeding, blistered fingers! "she had an excellent character for obedience and quiet conduct, and always avoided the company of those known to be bad." Perhaps she was yearning for some kind voice to point her into the way of honest industry—some gentle hand to guide her to the cleansing Fountain, and yet with her "excellent character" she is set among the riotous and the unfortunates, and indulged in the treat of oakum picking! Oh! shame! shame! What a reward for Moran's "obedience" and "gentle conduct!!" What a reward we say! allowed, not only the luxury of oakum picking, but absolutely of "tearing her meat with her blistered fingers and teeth, the knives and forks being taken away!!" Our workhouses should be advertised,—

"Warranted to metamorphose Christian sinners into Christian savages, and turn them out in such high state of perfection that all other nations are challenged to produce such specimens, barring the Christianity."

Oh! for right men in the right places in England's Workhouses, Prisons, Penitentiaries. Oh! for "Governors" of all kinds, who would think more of softening the sad and suffering condition of those entrusted to their charge, than they do of the salaries they receive for their services!

But one word, by way of conclusion to you, dear reader. What think you of Moran's case? You, who with jewelled fingers of snow turn listlessly over the pages of the fascinating novel, scarce sure whether you are amused or not? or draw out languidly the needle and silk by which you "kill

time," in producing groups of flowers without perfume—birds of bright wing but no song?—what think you of this oakum-picking for the "obedient," "good-charactered," "quiet" of your own sex—ONLY destitute? or of the reward, "tearing meat with the fingers and teeth!" ye of the superfine Chesterfieldian table etiquette, what think ye of these things?

"It is very shocking! And people ought to look into it, but I can't help it," is probably the natural exclamation.

Perhaps not: perhaps you could.* One says, "I can't help it;" and another, "I can't help it;" and a third, "I can't help it;" till at last nobody can help it; and so matters are growing worse and worse; or perhaps, thanks to an unfettered Press, we get more light to see them by. But is it true no one can help the present state of things? that England has no sons left with hearts large enough, and energies powerful enough, to be up and grappling heart and soul with our varied forms of social ill? *"The day will declare it."*

Ah, Great Spirit of Love! come down, and brood over the selfish hearts and moral wastes and howling wildernesses in our country, till, regenerated by Thy transforming power, all shall go forth, "making rough places plain and crooked paths straight," energised by the *"Faith that worketh by love."*

Does some impatient, but musical voice, exclaim:—

"Well, but what has all this to do with the story, with Mary and Courtenaye? One gets tired of reading such dreadful things. Beside, what can women do? Why doesn't the prosy author bring the book to a conclusion, as any other writer would?"

The author is tired, too, of "such dreadful things," and but that "Life Phases" were promised, would not have pained the feelings of the gentle reader by pourtraying them. Her wishes shall be at once obeyed, and we venture to inquire whether she would like to follow the earnest pastor in one or two of his labours, if we promise faithfully to abstain from the

* The writer has been informed that this *expose* led to thought on the part of those to whom it appeals, and that a benevolent Christian lady has been admitted into this abode of wrong, to soften the hard lot of her unfortunate sisters. May her bright example be imitated, and blessings without number gild her path!

"very dreadful things" he endeavoured successfully to reform, and only furnish the outlines of some of the milder evils, as concisely as possible?

We dare almost fancy we hear, "Go on! go on!" and, bounding to the conclusion, crave a few more moments' attention.

CHAPTER XXX.

The Battle Fought and Won, or Two in the Glory World.

"I never say the word 'farewell,'
 But with an utterance faint and broken ;
 A heart sick yearning for the time
 When it shall ne'er again be spoken."

"WHAT, more gloom!" exclaims our fair reader, "Surely the author paints life in a neutral tint with a pen dipt in the waters of Marah, reminding one of the Bhuddist religion of which sorrow is the first, second, and third stage;" or, "the book will be a repetition of Otway's old woman, whose patched gown of many colors spoke of every

"Variety of wretchedness!"

Nay, dear lady! "*we speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen.*" If "truth is stranger than fiction," it is also sadder; and if the experience of all ages adds force to the mournful assertion of inspiration—"Man is born to trouble," is it not profoundest wisdom, as well as policy, to learn how to meet with calmness, and bear with fortitude, that which is inevitable? Is it well to allow the storm to burst ere the "Hiding-place" is sought? The heat to "beat vehemently" ere we fly to the "shadow of the great Rock?"

And after all, why should we invest death and the grave with over-gloom? True as the penalty of sin, which—"rudely pushed off the hand of Deity from nature's harp, and brought discord into Eden," they are terrible to the soul out of Jesus, but to the believer they but convoy the free spirit to its Father's house, where "*there is fullness of joy at His right hand;*" and recognizing this lower existence as but the pilgrim-way, subserving all

the multifarious events that make up that wondrous thing so affectingly called "this transitory life," to this great end we not only bridge the grave's gloomy chasms with arching rays, but we flood the ravine of death with light from the eternal truth, that their great Conqueror has despoiled them of both "sting" and "victory," carrying them captive into that nightless city from whose sapphire turrets ever rings out over a Necropolis world—"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

"Blessed," then, shall the full tide of that happiness roll over the soul, which, phantom-like, ever eluded our grasp, though we "spent our years as a tale that is told" in its pursuit: and inasmuch as it contains an element nought born of earth can realize—DURATION, why should we

"Shrink to cross the narrow sea"

that divides this glorious land from ours? Why should we install it as the "skeleton" in the feast of life, when 'tis but the stream bearing the soul into the haven of "*joy unspeakable and full of glory.*"

Could we catch but the border of the Apostle's mantle, and take up his triumphant challenge—

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?"

"Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril or sword?" we should not so often have to whisper to our shaking hearts "OH, YE OF LITTLE FAITH!" Or, could we even share in degree, though not in kind, with the joy of the illustrious Athenian, who exulted in the anticipation that "after death he should see Hesiod and Homer, and converse with them and other great spirits," rejoicing that we should see Him "*who redeemed us with His most precious blood,*" and all those loved ones who have crossed the stream, and converse with them about the Manager and the Cross,

"Ever learning yet never full,"

we should not turn shuddering from the grave, mourning over the forsaken casket when the jewel sparkles in the crown of redeeming love.

The ancients, with all their twilight perceptions, and shadowy belief in an after existence, were wiser in this respect than

many of us who live in the noon-light knowledge of the "*Immortality brought to life by the Gospel*," when they so happily allegorised death under the figure of a lovely youth, with a torch resting invertedly on a coronal of flowers, or as a child with wings calmly and softly sleeping: there is, too, food for an "ocean of thought" in the butterfly winging its glad way from the mouth of the corpse: they evidently did not dress up the idea in the gloomy habiliments we do. Shall we not learn of them, and like the immortal Dreamer's "Hopeful," descend into the river—finding it "deeper, or shallower as we believe in the King of the place" singing "be of good cheer my brother! I feel the bottom!"

Courtenaye had deeply felt the death of Mrs. Leslie, for while he knew full well that their loss was her gain, his heart bled as he looked on the melancholy widower, or heard little Donald's touching enquiry—"Why does not mamma come back?" exemplifying the beautiful apothegm that "it is the living who die."

Ever watchfully gathering up the fragments of "earthly tabernacles," and employing them as materials wherewith to build temples for eternity, soon after the event he endeavoured to impress upon his flock the brevity and fallaciousness of all sublunary joys; but so powerfully did the subject affect him that he was unable to proceed, and a solemn silence for many moments sat on the vast assemblage, broken only by the signs of uncontrollable emotion.

Many recollected that evening's call when their beloved pastor had joined the shining ranks of the "*just made perfect*."

At this time his labours were abundant and unwearied—always preaching twice or (when the weather prevented his doing so in the fields and lanes) three times in his church on the Sabbath, followed by immense multitudes, weary of feeding upon husks, who hung with hushed breath as he stood "between the dead and the living," proclaiming, with burning zeal for their souls' salvation, "*the only Name under heaven whereby men can be saved*." Knowing that institutions can only be prosperous when they answer the ends for which they are proposed, Courtenaye could not recognize in the Gospel institution a mighty political scheme, investing a favoured few with power to "kill and

make alive;" or as a subtle element in the hands of an intolerant priesthood, for enabling them to tread on the necks of prostrate nations and hold the keys of heaven in their brazen grasp,—much less to be made the badge of unholy sectarianism, and one-sided Christianity, dealing out a scanty, mutilated Gospel to hungry souls. No! he sees in it a salvation full, free as the precious blood that flowed to purchase it, for the self-renouncing publican, the repentant thief, the loving Magdalen, the loathsome leper, the "born blind." Hence he ever up-rears the Cross, proclaiming it Earth's *one* Pharos, on which the great extinguisher, Time, can never fall.

Earth's *one* Ark, riding majestically over Time's troubled billows, and anchoring on the eternal Ararat.

The Keystone of Earth's *one* Mercy-arch, spanning the mutations of time, whose foundation was laid in the guilty Paradise below, and its top stone planted on the everlasting hills of the Paradise above.

The altitude and dignity of his character, the depth and compass of his commanding intellect, and the consistency of his practice with his preaching, formed a triumvirate that had conquered even bigotry itself, and diffused new elements into the social system of the good town of D—, stamping it with the impress of his own spirituality, and drawing around him not only the outcast and the needy, but the noble and the wealthy.

Genius, yearning for something better to satisfy its soul's fevered cravings than listening to erudite displays of solemn nonsense, and tired of being dragged in the chariot of red-taped religionism into the cloudy labyrinth of creeds and traditions, hung entranced on the burning eloquence of the young apostle, proclaiming heaven's loftiest poetry—

REDEEMING LOVE!

Mitred men stepped softly from their carved and gilded thrones and mingled with the "common herd," to listen to the full salvation taught by the heterodox but successful evangelist.

Barristers ("there were giants in those days") who could thrill and sway men's consciences by the fire of their eloquence, as a field of corn is waved by the wind, when they were pleading for the acquittal of some monster robber, or for the life of the stealthy poisoner, as if the enrolment of some mighty elements of good in the national institutions, or some virtue to

be consecrated at the domestic hearth, depended on the success of their fevered oratory, listened entranced to a fervor rivaling their own, and wondering at the passionate eloquence poured forth in a cause so insignificant as the salvation of the perishing soul, and that would not be "fee'd" in hundreds for the pleading.

But as the hoarse croak of bigotry and intolerance failed to divert Courtenaye, so the seducing strains of popular applause were alike unluring; his constant heart grew stronger before the one, and yielded not amid the other, for "*seeing Him who is invisible*," he trod with an unfaltering step the perfumed margin of the flowery yet unsafe declivity; and yet principles deeply rooted frequently thrive best in the stony ground of persecution, bearing fruit a hundred fold, while they languish and die in the softer soil of popularity; hence the rapid spread of so many blessed sections of the Church of Christ—hence when the Seven-hilled City decked herself in purple and gold, and "sat a queen that should see no sorrow," one of her own sons* tells us, "the nearer you came to the capital of Christendom, the less you found of the Christian spirit."

"They stood the storm when seas were rough,
But in the sunny time fell off,
Like ships that have gone down at sea,
When heaven was all tranquillity."

Let it not be supposed that the ministrations of the young pastor were confined to his pulpit, or limited within the walls of his church, and that after a violent spasm of Sunday eloquence he fell exhausted into the arms of a "Mondayish" quietism extending throughout the week: no such thing! His life was a sermon more powerful than his oral teaching—though, like Luther, he never entered his pulpit without trembling at His presence before whom he stood: neither did he attempt to separate "*what God has joined*;" but, like inspired apostles of old, not only "*in the temple, but in every house he ceased not to teach and preach*." "IN EVERY HOUSE was to be found the young follower of the first Gospel teachers, entreating, warning, encouraging. He did not spend nine hours daily in his study peering into the dark corners of theology to find out Salvation till he missed the "wayfaring man's" way round

* Machiavelli.

by the Cross. No! on his knees, with *the* Book before him, he pleads for the Spirit's guidance, and rises on eagle's wings to bear "glad tidings to *every house*."

Recognizing in the Gospel a system eminently working, and practical in its genius and developement, he is a working-man like his working Master—"earth's one true gentleman, the carpenter of Nazareth," as Augustin calls the blessed Jesus.

This Gospel does not take a man from the brutalizing atmosphere of the licensed "hells," and translate him into the extravaganza regions of transcendental romance, where a self-installed Quixote, somewhat spiritualized, he inhabits a "castle in the air," performing impossible exploits, and feeding on an unhealthy idealism, and boarding-school sentimentality.

It does not take him from the great Phlegethon of the gambling table, and introduce him into a cloudy, misty atmosphere of weird visionary metaphysics, where his mind loses its centre of gravity, and his creed tumbles down from sympathy with it. No! it leavens his entire, every-day life with a new working as well as purifying element; and no matter whether he earns his bread by the sweat of his brow, or the sweat of his brain, he is a better statesman, patriot, citizen, machanic. In the beautiful and varied phases of domestic life, he is a better husband, father, son, friend, neighbour. It cleanses the offensive house, and "*all things are done decently and in order*." It produces a wondrous physical as well as moral change: the white-faced, emaciated mechanic—redolent with fumes of the dirty meerschaum and poisonous spirits—his mouth "*speaking great swelling words*," efflorescing with mongrel politics, brutalizing blasphemy, or skeleton infidelity, turning pale at its own shadow, becomes a healthy, industrious, respectable member of the brotherhood, elevated in the threefold scale of being, knowing himself formed for immortality, with a soul dear in his Master's sight as the soul of a prince, and he pursues his occupation "*fervent in spirit*." What can the world offer him in exchange for such "*GLAD TIDINGS*" as this?

Like dear old Herbert, whose genius never caught the reflection of red-taped religionism, he feels that

"All may of Thee partake:
Nothing can be so mean,
Which with this tincture (for Thy sake)
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine :
Who sweeps a room as for Thy sake,
Makes that and th' action fine.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold,
For that which God doth touch and own,
Cannot for less be told."

Thus it is the sole and lofty prerogative of Religion to invest the trifling events of every day existence with the robe of immortality, as it is that of Genius to rescue a name or deed from sepulchre under the sands of time, and set it, as some fair jewel, surrounded with its own corruscations.

A few years previous to the advent of Courtenaye in the town of D——, those excellent, unobtrusive blessings, Dorcas Societies, had begun to raise their fraternising heads throughout the land; and the good ladies of the said very slow town, believing themselves fit for something better than crochet and scandal, took up the initiative in a very praiseworthy manner; but the unhealthy spirit of disunion that existed between the different denominations of Christians, clogged, to a lamentable degree, the Society's usefulness; bigotry being a barricade not to be thrown down, or stepped over by the charity that found it easier to cover a multitude of limbs than the multitude of sins the very shadow of "heterodoxy" imputed to the unlucky wight supposed to entertain it. And when a couple of the Sisters of Charity, in their office of collectors, waited on the Lady Rector of

"Apostolic blows and knocks".

notoriety, to solicit her support and contributions, she readily subscribed an annual guinea, but at the same time "ventured to express the hope that they would confine the operations of the Society, as well as the members of its committee, to their own church."

Thus sowing wheat with one hand, and tares with the other —planting a seed of the right sort in a right soil, and watering it with the sour dew of sectarianism, no wonder when the sapling tried to extend its branches, they were dwarfed and stunted. No wonder when they looked for "grapes, it brought forth wild grapes," for the obsequious committee kept the ball

of bigotry rolling, which had been so glibly thrown by the lady rector's hand—the meddling, fidgeting Mrs. Moonshine, who pulled the secret wires of the said committee, would not “for the world” (including all the unclothed members of every sect in it) have offended her “dear Mrs. Anstruther,” upon whom she looked as super-human, not only because she was the best dressed, and wore the “sweetest bonnets” in the church, but because she happened herself to be an “immense favorite,” and had contrived to render her visits almost indispensable. She repeated all the parish scandal within and without the “statute of limitations;” performed all the little deeds of quiet charity Mrs. Anstruther didn’t like to be seen performing herself: lectured the poor for not “coming to church saints’ days;” promised to “rout up” all the Sunday-school children, and make them attend in their classes;—in short, she was a sort of licensed retailer to her “dear friend;” and though she was “always fidgeting in and out in the way,” as the “dear friend” pathetically complained to her husband, whenever she saw the simpering face of Mrs. Moonshine coming up the gravel walk leading to the Rectory, she invariably received her with open arms, and “My dear Mrs. Moonshine, how *kind* of you to look in upon me this gloomy day! You are really too good!”

Then there was the exceeding proper Mrs. Toogood, another of the committee, and confidante of Mrs. Moonshine,—a stiff, photographic body, so conscientiously orthodox that she would not have been affected, much less converted, in any church but her own for the world! Having in early life prescribed a circle for herself, she had never moved one inch beyond it for the space of thirty years; hence what little mind she possessed at first, became rusty and shrivelled from disuse. Her ideas—what few she could call her own—were become as antiquated as some good people’s notions are on the subject of national education; and she looked upon every one of her acquaintances who had entered the race of progression and civilisation as a species of hybrid, something between a domestic chartist and fireside bandit, come to tear up all the railings and fences of the “dear good old times” of nursery-imbibed prejudices and blessed ignorance, and, like Samson did the gates of Gaza, carry them away on his back. She, moreover, indulged in a sort of “snappish” way of speaking to all who ventured to differ

from herself in opinion, till the habit became a chronic, constitutional rudeness, displayed *emphatically* towards those she considered one whit less "orthodox" than herself; orthodoxy being the oxygen in Mrs. Toogood's spiritual atmosphere; but it was simply orthodoxy, not Christianity,—which fact was easily discovered by the fruits it bore; thus it did not induce humility for pride, gentleness for rudeness, refinement for coarseness, liberality for selfishness, catholicity for phariseeism, and so on. No; Mrs. Toogood was simply orthodox, and knew (at any rate *practised*) none of that noble charity, whose motto is, "BE COURTEOUS." Hence she proved a worthy coadjutor in the Dorcas movement just outlined, and exerted herself powerfully in trying, with very sharp pincers, to "pull out the mote" in her neighbour's eye, when she might have turned her attention to the "beam in her own" with good effect.

Next came the secretary, a "delightful little woman," large hearted enough for any thing, yet dwindled into nothing in the sympathy-deadening, Christianity-stunting soil of sectarianism, which (like the tree said to grow in the great mountains of Helicon, whose scent is able to destroy the life of man) poisons the life-current of that religion of which charity (love) is the main artery.

It is but common justice, however, to say that the secretary did not take sectarianism in the natural way, but was inoculated for it; or, perhaps more correctly speaking, she was driven into it by the force of party spirit, and kept chained up by her sister-treasurer, a master-mind in her way, of whom a slight sketch will be given by and by.

Excellent Mrs. Homely! What a blessing she might have been to the town of D——, with her gentle sympathies and large-heartedness, if it had not been for her shrinking dread of a little triumvirate modeled after the fashion of Rome's thirty tyrants, the committee, the treasurer, and the rector; and which said dread operated so powerfully on her nerves, that at length she had wound up the chords of scruple in her conscience to such a pith that she absolutely refused a handsome donation in aid of the Dorcas' funds from a merchant-prince, because he went to chapel! declaring at the same time, by way of qualification, that while she had the "greatest possible respect for *all* denominations of Christians, and thought it a

pity her own section of the church didn't imitate the zeal of some of them, she didn't *quite* like the idea of mixing up the parties together!" Those who knew her best said she had taken up this idea upon trust; of this, however, we know nothing, save that it will not bear bringing into the light of the great Teacher's lamp,—

"*For by one Spirit, whether Jew or Gentile, bond or free, we are all made to drink into one spirit.*"

"ONE Spirit!" The great Love-Spirit.

What a pity it is people ever take things upon trust! nothing on earth can be more anti-progressive than that, and yet nothing is more common; thus the "nice little secretary," adopting the idea just signified ready-made, was always acting foolishly, and meaning well, talking about the right way and never in it, and as our ancient acquaintance, Miss Scandalson, would say, she "wanted a good influence," and a firm hand to steady the building, which she certainly was not blest with in the person of her sister treasurer, of whom we will now redeem our promise and give a passing description; frankly confessing that we are not *au fait*, as to whether, properly considered, like her worthy colleagues, she belongs to the representative *genus* or not, our fair readers must determine, as the species is not quite extinct.

Like the self-reliant Mrs. St. George, the Dorcas treasurer had swelling sympathies for certain little fag ends of titled nobility, and moral courage enough for any mortal thing but to be thought growing old; from which latter circumstance it will be readily inferred that she was of that "certain age" Byron declares as the most "uncertain" thing in creation; and another author styles "somewhere on the sunny side of forty;" while a third, more mischievous than amusing, unfeelingly says, that the reason why so few of the fair sex ever insure their lives (more's the pity) is, because the first question they are asked is "What may your age be, Madam?"—just as if women's real lives depended upon the length of their days, and many thousands have not done more for their fellow creatures at twenty than millions who have lived to three score years and ten!

Like a vast number of people in those days, when society wore a painted mask, sailing, *a la* pirates, under false colors, at the rate of sixteen knots an hour, every sail from stem to stern inflated with the north-east breezes of conventionalism, and attacking, sometimes running down, any little craft whose colors

declared its loyalty or its port,—when it was the fashion to set up the idol Expediency, and to leave the shrine of Principle to bow down prostrate before it, and “black was not *so* black, nor white, so *very* white,” our treasurer could, with equal skill, pretend to be what she was not, and not to be what she was; and in furtherance of this Ignatius Loyola developement, she made indefatigable use of a pair of melting, dreamy blue eyes, intending them to express the eloquence Nature had cautiously denied to her tongue, and at the very time she was exhibiting her talents as one of the Dorcas sisters of mercy, she was most unmercifully fettering in rosy chains the susceptible spirit of a gallant half-pay major, who had been ambassador to the magnificent court of Aurungzebe, and as his Sovereign’s representative had signed the marriage contract between him and Abdalla, for the nuptials of the princely descendant of the Zingas, and the “World’s Rose,” with whom, notwithstanding the strict surveillance in which Eastern women are kept, the major had been permitted to dine, in virtue of his being a British subject and a representative-man; and he had over and over again assured the lovely Dorcas treasurer that her eyes were exactly like those of the “World’s Rose,” only a great deal more beautiful (by the way, we should have informed our fair readers, that the Major was a genuine son of Erin, and rivers of fun rolled over a mine of thought in his soul), while the rose of treasurers did just what any other lady would have done in similar pleasant circumstances,—drank in the honey globules, looked “unutterable things,” and told him, blushing and smiling, that he was a “wicked flatterer!” a “naughty deceiver!” while, believing every word of his flattery as well as his marvellous Longbow-tales of the extraordinary things he had seen, and escapes of various kinds he had met with in his world-wide travels; which, if *on dit* may be relied on, had never extended one inch beyond from Buckingham Palace to ditto St. James’s; and from St. James’s Palace to ditto Buckingham. But however legendary this may be, one thing is certain, that among his many tales

“He never told his love.”

at any rate if he did, no one knew it, for it never came to any thing.

Well, upon the threefold strength of her lovely eyes, being

one of the committee and treasurer included, the said rival of the "World's Rose" would get up at their meetings a long irrelevant oration, of which the picked parts or "toppers" were generally a few second-hand platitudes, delivered in a dreamy tone, as if she was rather "thinking out loud" than talking. "Every one had a right to choose for themselves in matters of religion"—"No patience with party spirit!"—"One creed just as good as another!" For herself she "decidedly preferred the Romish," wearing a string of huge black beads with a cross attached. "Could'n't bear to hear people talking about *the* church, and *the* church, as if any one party had the keys of heaven!" "Did'n't see, for her part, why people refused to mix in doing good, even if they disagreed on some points," and "she believed there was a good deal of truth in those quaint lines:—

"A man may cry 'Church!' 'Church!'
With no more piety than other people;
A daw's not reckon'd a religious bird
Because he keeps 'caw!' 'cawing' from the steeple."

Yet, with this piebald religionism, and antithesis liberality, she stoutly and vigorously resisted any and every infusion of wealth, activity, or sinew into their most "orthodox" body, unless it came by the "orthodox" channels of the "orthodox" church: thus advocating in theory, and ignoring in practice, the result may be readily anticipated; while the wheels of the Dorcas machinery turned upon the axle trees of novelty, it worked well enough, and many a goodly garment comforted aged and decrepit limbs; in fact, even to repletion were the wants of some of the committee's "pet" recipients supplied. One "darling old woman," who, with streaming eyes, incessantly reminded them that she "had been patronized (paralysed) al-over," left behind, at her decease, no less than thirteen flannel petticoats in a most orthodox state of preservation, never having suffered either from "wear or tear;" but the society wanted the diffusive, comprehensive, all-sect embracing charity springing from love to the world's great Almoner, and so brick after brick fell out of the building; its committee dwindled down to two: from a Dorcas society it became a clothing club, the social tea meetings were given up, and it was just on the point of crumbling into decay, as so many good designed, but ill-carried out agencies do, when a strong hand took hold of the tottering pile and propped it.

Like the palace of Cyrus built by Menon, the cement of which was of pure gold, our mercy-edifices must have the pure gold of the charity, that no sour wine of sectarianism can corrode; no croaking party-breath dim; no spurious, half-hearted Christianity alloy; or how shall it bear the rude shock of bigotry, the withering sneer of ridicule, or the cold blast of indifference.

Under the inspiring influence of Courtenaye, the first wish of whose heart it was to see unity in action energised by the spirit of love among all sections of the church, as the sole basis on which war could be successfully waged against Satan's dominion, in the good town of D——, the neglected child-dwarf Dorcas, dying of consumption, began to look up and smile; he pleaded for Christian unity in his life, and as actions ever speak louder than words—for the latter may deceive, the former never—he did not plead in vain; several "orthodox" ladies, whose hearts were in the "right place," joined the society, and at once frankly and warmly solicited the co-operation of their sisters, the "heterodox" ladies; merging all minor and unessential crochets in the grand teaching of the Gospel, as propounded by the one Head of all the churches: then the practical pastor pleaded for its slender funds from his pulpit, from which he never spoke in vain; and in an inconceivably short time he had the satisfaction of seeing a healthy, cheerful, flourishing Christian charity spring up from the ruins of the sectarian one, full of sociability and kindness, numbering in its "executive" forty of the most influential ladies of the town, instead of two into which it had dwindled; who, laying aside all their figments about "high church," "low church," and "chapel"—as if there would be any such distinctions in heaven!—joined heart and hand in the work, which promises a large reward, when done in His name who smiles on a "cup of cold water given for His sake—the motive sublimating the deed and stamping it with the impress of immortality, while in all else we see the image of our own frailty and decay.

"A great naturalist once put some pepper into a glass of water, and by means of a microscope discovered in that water, a multitude of animalculæ, which were a thousand million times smaller than a grain of sand!"

"A thousand millions!" How imagination loses itself, and all idea is confounded in such contemplation! and yet upon these atoms God has stamped the broad arrow of his own in-

finity: so upon an action done in His name, though in itself small as these atoms of animal life, God impresses His own eternity.

Our zealous young pastor also bestowed great attention on those blessed reservoirs, from which streamlets are ever running into the great ocean of God's love; those forges wherein are cast chains for binding tens of thousands immortal spirits to the Rock of Ages—the Sabbath schools—animating them with a new principle, and rectifying palpable contradictions.

He had no idea of their being perverted into pious show-rooms, where displays of rivalry are exhibited—not which lady teacher, both by precept and example, shall outdo her sister teacher in bringing ignorant little creatures to a knowledge of “their Father in heaven”—but which can display the most fashionable garment, the most gaudy plume, waving from the theatrical-looking hat, or the most balloon-like dimensions: he had no idea of the school-room being made a platform whereon one grade of teachers, perhaps a little better off in the world than another, gave themselves “fine-lady” airs, snubbed, ridiculed, and looked daggers of contempt on those less favored by education, fortune, birth, but above all by *dress* than themselves; thereby setting a most baneful example to the little shrewd, observant, imitative immortals before whom they are to “*shine as lights*,” and into whose speculative minds, after rising from their knees, they have poured such teachings as “*let nothing be done through strife or vain glory, but in lowliness of mind, let each esteem others better than themselves*.”

“*Be not puffed up.*” “*Pride goeth before destruction.*”

“*There is no respect of persons with God.*”

“*BE COURTEOUS:*”

And so the hard-working Courtenaye, regularly devoted two hours on each Sabbath morning to the duties of the schools, addressing and encouraging the children, organizing and re-organizing the muddled system, or rather want of system; animating the teachers with a new and elevating principle, love to their fellow creatures, springing as a necessary consequence from love to God; and at length the Sabbath-schools flourished. But there was another circumstance that rolled, with piercing power, into the heart of the young reformer, filled as it was with yearning love for souls; in the same unelevating, or rather despotic spirit of sectarianism—not-

withstanding the well-known fact that many souls steeped in Egyptian moral darkness had been rescued from Satan's grasp and brought to the foot of the Cross "clothed and in their right mind"—the City Missionary was permitted to leave the town of D——, all reeking as it was with brutalizing drunkenness and oaths, be-crinolined harlotry, sickening blasphemy, and open Sabbath desecration, because the paltry sum required for his maintenance could not be subscribed! It was whispered that the real reason was, because it was not quite "orthodox" to imitate the great city missionary Christ, and carry "glad tidings" into the streets and lanes, and alleys, and so the powers "*cared for none of these things*," but went on "eating and drinking," and souls went on perishing and perishing. They would not go themselves into the dark abodes of want, and guilt and grief, neither would they help those who did. They would not yield their right to the crown, but they would not take up the Cross; they stood by their LORD when Hosannas pealed over the air, but they would not go into the dark shades of Gethsemane, or into the fierce Roman hall, and from thence to Calvary: *they cared for none of these things*.

Oh, the curse hovering, with pestilent wing, over the red-tapeism of religion in Christian England! The miserable, narrow, conventional beat of ecclesiastical etiquette, that won't try to save a perishing soul unless 'tis saved by rule, and man-made creeds, or benighted Acts of benighted Parliaments!

Oh, this terrible Gordian knot, tying up the heart's most god-like sympathies in its hard coil! When will the two-edged sword of the world's great Conqueror cut it, that "rivers" of love, and peace, and joy may flow out, where all is cold, and selfish, and barren! When will the sneering, "am I my brother's keeper" indifference, give way to the claims of the loving, yearning, compassionate Saviour, and drink into the spirit of those wondrous words—sad as if every letter were a teardrop—

"Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem; if thou hadst known, even thou in this thy day, the things that belong unto thy peace, but now are they hid from thine eyes."

In chapter ninth, the efforts of Courtenave on behalf of this neglected agent of Christ's church, the City Mission, were recorded, hence we need not repeat them, but simply state that a new order of things sprung up in D——, through his labours and prayers; instead of the "*hyssop on the wall*" there was the "*cedar of Lebanon*."

Instead of "*the thorn came up the fir-tree;*" and instead of the "*briar came up the myrtle, which shall be to the LORD an everlasting sign, which shall not be cut off.*"

"SHALL NOT BE CUT OFF." No! a greater than Alexander or Cæsar had been there: they fought to dethrone dust and ashes, like themselves; the young soldier of the Cross fought to dethrone "*the Prince of the power of the air; to turn men from darkness to light—from the power of Satan to God, and IT SHALL NOT BE CUT OFF.*"

"One real active minister of Christ," says the great and good Dr. McNeile, "does more for a neighbourhood than a hundred policemen; they can but restrain vice, while he can root it out and plant virtue in its place." Never was this truth more signally illustrated than in the career of Courtenaye. We must not, however, withhold the fact that, in the eyes of a few in the town of D——, his singular heterodoxy was a leprous spot, that even the manifest indwelling Spirit of God, and the "*blood which cleanseth from all sin,*" could not purify:—one off-shoot of Anglo-popery so "strong," that he would have entered the lists at any hour of the day or night, and gladiated with true ecclesiastical *fureur* for his two favorite myths, each in a galloping consumption—apostolic succession and baptismal regeneration, was yet too weak for every day work—his "nerves," poor fellow! not allowing him to follow his Master into the "highways," or abodes of want and sorrow, to "bring glory to God," by proclaiming "glad tidings;" for, strange as it may seem, fond as he was of the "Fathers," no one ever heard this "strong," able-bodied young man quote that pearl of human sayings, by Augustine: "if any man love not the Saviour *above* all, he does not love him *at all.*" Oh, no! offshoot was too fond of indulging himself in what the Apostle Paul calls "*vain jangling;*" "*giving heed to fables; vain babblings and traditions of men;*"

"*Desiring to be teachers of the law; understanding neither what they say, nor whereof they affirm.*"

Hence our reader will not be surprised when informed that he attacked the "latitudinarian" teaching and practice of the young evangelist, and in a sort of "Tract for the Times," entitled "Real Succession," vainly endeavoured to counteract his labours of love. As to the tract itself, the less that is said the better.

Foolish young man! he belonged to rather a flourishing school just then, but it has since declined; as more light streams into the minds of men, they see more of the fallacy of its dogmas. We just give a cursory glance at one or two of these, showing their direct contradiction to inspiration.

God says: "*My word shall not return unto me void. It is sharp and powerful as a two-edged sword. Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit.*"

Dogma says: "The Bible is never likely to do much for the propagation of the Gospel, without a contemporaneous institution of a Christian ministry," etc.

God says: "*There is neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free, circumcision nor uncircumcision, but Christ is all and in all.*"

Dogma says: "To league with other denominations (doing evil that good may come!), and acting upon the latitudinarian principles which the heterogeneous constitution of the Bible Society requires, is what no Catholic-minded person can do (!)"

It was all in vain that fact upon fact falsified these dogmas; that ministers of the Gospel, as distinguished by intellectual and scholarly attainments as by practical godliness and faith, boldly repudiated such teaching; or that Christ spoke in the "fruits" of the work. Dogma "*cared for none of these things,*" and continued to believe the Bible very much in the dark upon such matters.

But the sands in the glass of Courtenaye's life were running low; the beams of this "burning and shining light" were about to be withdrawn, and this gallant standard-bearer of the Cross to be called from the ranks of the church militant to those of the church triumphant.

It was a mysterious dispensation, but "*God's ways are not our ways, neither are His thoughts our thoughts.*"

It was a strong faith-trial to his devoted flock. Perhaps they had unconsciously set up an idol, and were giving to the creature the glory due to the Creator, or were trusting to "*an arm of flesh,*" and incurred the "woe" denounced against all who do so.

As all natural motion is quickest when nearest the centre, so the life of the young apostle simulated more closely to that of his beloved Master; more self-denying, more humble, more

holy; and probably never, while memory holds her seat, will the echo of his last appeal fade from the hearts of his hearers. As he stood holding up the Cross, and beseeching his fellow-sinners to "*look and live*," he seemed, like the Hebrew leader, to have been upon the mount with God, and overshadowed still with the glory of the Divine presence.

His text was taken from that portion of God's truth to which an emphatic blessing is promised:—"I *Jesus have sent mine angel to testify these things*." A live coal from the altar had touched the speaker's lips; a great wave of inspiration rolled over his soul, and forth rushed the glory-stream, crested with eloquence, that flew swift-winged and burning into his hearers' hearts.

"Nothing is so indecent as dead preaching to dead souls," says the great and good Archbishop Usher, in his somewhat quaint, but forcible manner. Difficult would it have been to sleep under such a preacher as Courtenaye. Would that in our seventeen thousand passionless pulpits we had a band of such spirits! We should then have no congregations of "thirteen and a half" listening to "dead preaching." No sanctuaries closed all the week, and opened *once* on the holy Sabbath for a dole of adulterated spiritual food to famishing thousands.

No solemn buffoonery and awful trifling in our pulpits; or public ridicule excited by the phraseology of fashionable preachers while delivering their Master's messages.

No half-hearted men, baptised into the name of Christ, afraid or ashamed to hold up the *one* Saviour to the dying sinner's eye.

No monstrous records of Christian ministers refusing to bury a brother because he did not subscribe to *his* dogmas:—

"The soul gone home to rest on high,
The body refused a grave."

No feelings of humanity outraged by reading in a public journal of a poor miserable pauper woman, condemned by a minister of the Gospel (and a Poor-law Guardian to boot) to ten days' solitary confinement for writing on her Prayer-Book with a pin during preaching.

No parish clerks obliged to read the burial service over dead episcopal bodies—the Rector or Curate not being allowed to perform the mournful office, because of some "tottering wall

or bowing fence," or half-witted act of a half-witted Parliament; thus violating the *true* apostolic injunction, "LET ALL THINGS BE DONE DECENTLY AND IN ORDER."

No Protestant "lambs" running about with images of the Virgin, or fragments of dead sinners' bones as charms (!) round their little necks.

No "spiritual teachers" embracing in their principles, and embodying in their practice, the mind and soul-driveling dogma of Rome, now in its death-throe from a stroke of the Sun,— "ignorance is the parent of devotion." As if light and darkness could ever co-mingle their distinctive elements!

No indecent shoveling the little unbaptized bodies of little glorified spirits into any hole of the earth where the resurrection Angel shall not find them among the mystic font-made "heirs of the kingdom of heaven."

No! We should have none of these spirituality, humanity-deadening charlatanisms, if we had more preachers filled with the Holy Ghost and with love like Courtenaye, no matter by what name known among men; and long after his spirit had joined the ranks of "*the just made perfect*," did his flock remember the singularly prophetic hymn, selected by himself for that last evening's service, and the solemn earnestness of his rich deep tones:—

"I want an even, strong desire,
I want a calmly fervent zeal,
To save poor souls out of the fire,
To snatch them from the verge of hell,
And turn them to a pardoning God,
And quench the brands in Jesu's blood.

I would the precious time redeem,
And longer live for this alone,
To spend, and to be spent for them,
Who have not yet my Saviour known;
Fully on these my mission prove,
And only breathe to breathe thy love.

My talents, gifts, and graces Lord,
Into thy blessed hands receive;
And let me live to preach thy word;
And let me to thy glory live;
My every sacred moment spend
In making known the sinner's Friend."

But while his last sermon was honoured by his Master, and through it many souls were brought to the publican's place of

penitential sorrow, there was one on whose hushed heart it fell with a strange and thrilling awe; one into whose depths more intensely had grown her great idolatry. Alas! poor wife!



"..... Bliss
Shone o'er her heart from every look of his
When but to see him, hear him, breathe the air
In which he dwelt, was thy soul's fondest prayer!
When round him hung such a perpetual spell,
Whate'er he did none ever did so well,
Too happy days! when, if he touched a flower,
Or gem of thine, 'twas sacred from that hour!"

and as she sat listening, with indrawn breath, to the harmony of his voice, painting in burning eloquence the bliss of heaven, as if with mortal eye he had already pierced the veil, and saw the

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand drest in living green,"

oh, she was ready to do or suffer aught for the sake of that Religion he so beautifully embodied in his life and doctrine! She could triumphantly descend into the "dark valley of the Shadow of Death," but it must be leaning on the arm of her earthly beloved! She longed to stretch her glad wing and soar to heaven, but it would have been no heaven without him!

"Little children keep yourselves from idols!"

Courtenaye had resisted every attempt on the part of his flock to induce him to curtail his labours; he was willing to "*spend and to be spent*" in the cause he loved, and he assured them "his sweetest rest was to work for God."

After preaching in the "highway" on the Monday following his last earthly sabbath, he went in the evening to the village of Dale, to preside at a meeting for his darling cause, the City Mission, where he pleaded with his usual eloquence and success, for what comes from the heart generally goes to the heart. The place was so crowded that he had the utmost difficulty in making his way from the platform into the air, almost exhausted with fatigue and over-heat; during his homeward walk a severe shower fell, which thoroughly drenched him, and on his arrival he took the usual preventive for cold, and retired to his deeply needed rest, feeling little or no inconvenience; but in a few hours he was roused by those fearful indications he knew full well, from past experience, preceded his old enemy, inflammation on the chest. No time was lost, medical aid was summoned, and those deadly means to a deadly end resorted to

till the very remedy destroyed that which disease spared, and after three days of acute suffering, the symptoms began to yield; but alas! alas! the loss of the precious life-current nought could supply, and his agonized wife read in the faces of the medical advisers, that there was no hope!—that he in whom her life was bound up was gradually fading away.

Too weak to speak, Courtenaye pressed the cold hand of his wife, and raised his eyes with an expression which once again said: "*let us meet there!*" He then closed them and lay calm and still, a smile so seraphic overspreading his brow, that the beautiful temple of the Holy Ghost seemed already illuminated with rays streaming from the heavenly glory.

Oh, what burning prayers! what strong crying and tears! what agonized pleadings, "Spare him, oh my God! spare him and take all beside!" went up through "midnight's breathless gloom" from the quaking heart of the stricken wife." Poor Mary! she had drank deep into the error of any woman's heart, loving holiness because it dwelt in her dol, and believing she loved it for *itself*. She had fulfilled her nerous duties with a cheerful heart-energy that she imagined prung from love to Him who died for her, when it only gushed rom creature-affection twining round the object who lay so leath-like there!

How often, when listening to his teaching had she believed herself ready to make any sacrifice her God may require, and murmur, with unblenching lip, "*Thy will be done;*" but now she wonders whereto the old ease with which the searching words rolled off her tongue is vanished, for the pale image of her husband rises up between her and her God!

Now she cannot break this box of precious ointment and pour it on the Master's head!

Now, though the altar and the wood have long been ready, she cannot say, "my Father, here is the lamb for a burnt offering!" she is in the seven-times heated furnace, but she cannot see through Faith's tear-blinded vision, "*a form like into the Son of God*" walking by her side!

Poor shrinking wife! How many like thee have felt, if they have not uttered, the plaint "my God! I could part with all save this! I could bear anything but this," while the very re-

servation, touching as it is, the "*but this*," proves it is the gift recalled by the merciful ONE to lead the faltering footsteps beyond this soul-trammeling earth.

During four torturing days and nights Mary never left that precious side; no bodily or mental weakness is hers! The delicate frame erst "a reed shaken by the wind," has become a "strong cedar." Nerved by love and despair she has the lofty soul of a martyr. Solemnly and surely she sees the light of her heart fading; but no plaint or wail that could fall on the ear of the hushed sleeper, and disturb the calm that sits like the "signet ring of heaven" on her husband's face is heard: and when tender friends, dreading lest the overshadowing of Death on that peaceful smile should be more than the tortured wife could bear, urged her to take a short repose, she sadly shook her head.

"Has this world aught for her to fear,
When death is on *his* brow?
"Life—life what means it? mine is here—
I will not leave him now!"
I have been with him in his hour
Of glory, and of bliss;
Doubt not their mem'ry's living power,
To strengthen me for this."

And there she knelt by his side, his cold hand clasped in her's, as if growing into it; her face white as a snowdrop, her eyes dilated and fixed. There she knelt, with heart nerved as only woman's *can* be for such scenes; no obtrusive grief, no tears, no wailing, though every string in her heart is cracking and hope is crushed in its mournful depths.

A few moments before the spirit of Courtenaye took its flight, he opened his eyes and fixed them on his wife with a look of unutterable affection; then a ray of sadness came over them; life suddenly grew intensely dear for her sweet sake, and he made an effort to rise, as if to do battle with the foe. It was the last struggle of earthly love. The wings, plumed and stretched for the homeward flight drooped for one moment earthward, hovering over the "*lost strong as death*."

"We would see Jesus, yet the spirit lingers
Round the dear objects it has loved so long,
And earth from earth can scarce unclothe her fingers—
Our love to Thee makes not this love less strong."

Exhausted by the effort, the dying pastor fell back, and laid calm and still. In a few moments he once more opened his eyes; the sad expressson was gone, and the old peace-look come back, but too weak to speak, he glanced wistfully into Mary's face, and then towards the door, and she read in that glance, with agony, "the children."

Ere many moments, they were at his side—the bright joyous May, and the boy-bird, who had been sent to fill the place of the escaped beauty-bird. They placed his boy on the bed, while Mary held their little girl to his paling lips; still he looked towards the door, and poor Mary's heart smote her—for the *first* time she had forgotten Donald! When the noble boy came softly in on tip-toe, Courtenaye seemed satisfied, and as one after another they were lifted to kiss him, he looked at his pale wife, then upward, and with a mighty effort, he raised his arm, and in tones that the music of heaven was already stealing over, exclaimed, "*let us all meet there!*"

As the words fell on Mary's shrinking ear, thoughts of *their* star, and the storm, and those same dear lips (oh! how changed now!) uttering those same words swept through her heart, and she felt her trial-hour was come.

It was a lovely, but mournful sight. One of life's lay sermons that preach more powerfully than a thousand written discourses, "**HERE WE HAVE NO ABIDING STAY.**"

It was a lovely, but mournful sight: the bright locks and sunny brow of early childhood beside the still calm face of death. The last long kiss—the last ray of earthly love beaming from eyes soon to be quenched in the grave's night—the woe of the heart-broken wife! But it passed away, and Courtenaye has done with the things and objects of time!

For some hours after this, he lay so motionless that they thought him dead; but the pulse of life still fluttered feebly. He seemed resting on the shores of time, contemplating the glory already opening beyond its shifting scenes, ere he took wing to summer amidst its unbroken bliss; and listening with rapt ear to the sounds of triumphant music, sweeping earthward from the hills of the Crystal City. He was indeed dead to all outer life, but the spirit lingered on time's shore.

Was it to tell that mournful group—

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Soft e'en as downy pillows are!"

Was it to show how the man who walks with God in the days of his strength, can lean on Him in his hour of weakness? or, to prove how sweeter far the weary head can rest on the human heart of the sinner's Saviour, than on creeds and works?

A privileged few, one after another, drew near to ascertain if their beloved pastor recognised them, and "he gave no sign;" but to Mary's voice (oh! this wondrous earthly love!) he feebly pressed her hand. So feebly that none but the heart of affection would have felt the pressure; and last of all, her voice, and the sweet name of wife moved him not; the spirit had quitted time's shore, but fluttered near its margin.

Ah! what a moment for Mary, when the loving heart of her husband quickened not at the sound of her voice!

A few more moments of wordless anguish, and over that beautiful face stole the shadow which gathers but once; again Mary laid her white cheek close to his and whispered, but he knew her not! A friend then bent over him, and gently breathed into the dull cold ear, "Jesus."

Ah, he knows that name! His whole countenance beamed with a spirit-light as of yore, when he proclaimed it to a dying world!

His eye shone with a brightness too dazzling for their gaze, and murmuring in a voice sweet as the harps of heaven, the precious name, without one sigh or struggle his ransomed soul soared into the presence of Him, whom not having seen he loved.

"I heard a voice from Heaven saying unto me write from henceforth—

"BLESSED ARE THE DEAD WHICH DIE IN THE LORD."

"YEA SAITH THE SPIRIT, THEY REST FROM THEIR LABOURS, AND THEIR WORKS DO FOLLOW THEM."

*"Who are these arrayed in white,
Brighter than the noon-day sun?
Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest the eternal throne!
These are they that bore the cross,
Nobly for their Master stood;
Sufferers in his righteous cause,
Followers of their dying God."*

Few were ever bound to earth by stronger or tenderer ties than

Courtenaye ; few possessed a deeper fount of affection and sympathy, welling out on all around, than that dwelling in his magnificent heart ; few had been more deeply loved, admired, courted, followed, and yet he joyfully leaves *all*, and softly as the closing of the summer flower he lays his head on the wounded breast of Jesus, and resigns his spirit for eternity into His hands. "To live, had been Christ; so, to die, was gain."

Even in the once bigoted town of D——, the noble character of the young apostle was duly estimated, and the puny few, who during his life had vainly tried to cast a stain on his faith, paused with a strange feeling busy at their hearts at the words "*He is Dead!*"

During his short fatal illness the wealthy and titled, as well as the poor and sorrowful, besieged his house, anxious for the last account of one so deeply valued. His church was kept open and crowded by numbers, not only of his own flock, but of other churches, petitioning for the lengthening out of his useful life ; but touching most of all was it to see the lambs of his fold voluntarily meeting together, and prostrating themselves at Mercy's footstool, pleading with tears for the life of him who had been their teacher, guide, brother, friend.

"*What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.*"

The day of the funeral was one much to be remembered in the town of D——. Rank sent its carriages to testify respect. Wealth drew down its blinds. Shops were all closed, and hundreds of well dressed men formed an uninvited convoy to attend the unconscious clay to its last lone resting place ; still no proof of heart-sorrow might have dwelt in these deeds, and 'twas only when the eye of the passer-by rested on the rugged or wasted faces of the poor (all of whom had contrived to "get a little bit of black" to show their respectful affection), and marked the swelling breast and streaming cheek, that could be estimated how deep and sincere was the mourning for one, who had come among them as a man, "*with like passions as themselves,*" and met them as friend, and brother, and fellow-sinner.

What are the conqueror's plaudits, rising on the air burthened with the widow's sigh and the orphan's wail, to a scene like this !

"But 'could not He who opened the eyes of the blind have caused that even this man should not have died?'"

Be still, doubting heart, "*ye of little faith!*" Knowest thou what post of transcendant glory the young evangelist fills 'mid the ranks of heaven's lofty hierarchy? Canst thou pierce through the horizon of Eternity, and gaze on those crownèd kings

"Foremost mid the sons of light,
Nearest the Eternal throne?"

Wilt thou look on bliss "*it has not entered into the heart of man to conceive!*"

Nay, be still! "*What thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter.*"

Poor idolising wife! The "cloud had arisen no bigger than a man's hand, at first, but as it rolled onward it gathered darkness and terror, extending over and enveloping the late cloudless sky of her being. Onward it rolled, darker and more portentous grew that threatening cloud overshadowing her quaking soul, till it burst with a fearful crash! The tempest descended, the bolt fell, and her Beautiful is stricken, while no light flashes through the gloom to speak of brightness when the storm is spent!

Not alone is her idol shattered, but the very altar on which it stood in its proud beauty is cleft to the foundation.

"*Little children, keep yourselves from idols.*"

Sympathising friends unwreathed the arms twined round the lifeless clay; tender ones bore her from the breast never before insensible to her clinging caress, and at her cry to be "left alone," Mary falls on her lonely couch.

Alone—'Tis sacred ground; we will not raise the veil, and look, even with tear-dimmed eye, on the mighty sorrow that seeks no sympathy, asks for no relief.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Alone with the Dead.

“And but for that sad shrouded eye,
Which fires not, weeps not, wins not no.
And but for that, dull chang-less brow,
Whose touch thrills with mortality,
And cardles to the gazer’s heart.”

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A FEW hours later, and the desolate widow stands beside her sleeping May; she has still love-links to this chequered life. Tenderly kissing the untroubled brow of the young sleeper, she threw her exhausted frame beside the child, and vainly tried to hush awhile her mighty sorrow in sleep, but,—

“Kind Nature’s soft restorer,”

affrighted at such a waste of woe, had fled!

With a low wail Mary rises from her couch, and passing noiselessly into the lobby, opens a window looking down on the flowery lawn.

“Wildly, spiritually bright,”

as of yore, shone *their* star, throwing its trembling glory on the silent earth, all unreeking its woes, its wrongs, its crimes. The trees whispered lovingly as the wind kissed their tremulous leaves. *His* flowers had folded their dewy beauties, and bent their graceful heads, as if in sadness. Oh! how stormless, how calm the outer world! How tempest-lashed the world within!

The breeze as it wandered over the feverish brow of the

watcher, revived her; long and intensely she gazed into those blue mysterious depths; the dark leaves seemed to her smitten soul, to be chanting a mournful requiem to the holy stars, and telling of her loss.

Oh, what torrents of tender thought, what a storm of memory beat on her agonized soul! Suddenly stretching her yearning arms towards their star, she exclaimed, "My life! my love! thy wife, *will* meet thee there!"

Startled by a human voice in the deep midnight, a rustling issued from a rose-bush beneath—tended but a few short hours since so carefully by *him*—and with a slight cry as of pain, a bird darted up, and flew past Mary so closely that the sweep of its gentle wing touched her cheek.

"Poor bird!" she exclaimed in broken accents, "is it thy first night of widowhood too?"

Trembling at the sound of her own voice, the dreadful import of her words burns with intenser anguish into her soul! *Can he be dead!*

Then, with somewhat of her former impulsiveness, she resolves to watch by him in his dreamless sleep. Re-entering her room she cast a troubled look on her slumbering children, and lighting a small silver lamp, sought, with stealthy tread, the precious clay reposing in a chamber at the end of the lobby. She reached the door—for one moment paused irresolutely,—and then, with shaking hand, the lock is turned, and she is alone with the stern majesty of Death.

Casting a shrinking eye towards his low resting place, she involuntarily shaded the lamp with her hand, as if fearing its light should fall too suddenly, and startle the deep repose of those sealed orbs. Placing it on the mantelpiece, she drew near, and stood beside her broken idol.

Stricken down almost suddenly in life's full flush, disease had left no mar or stain on that noble face: years had not planted one wrinkle on that brow, so glorious in its mysterious repose, so late the empire of Imperial Thought: Time's hand had not mingled one silver thread 'mid the clustering curls of that majestic head.

What a strange solemn beauty slept on those parted lips!

How mockingly life-like the curved nostril seemed to pulsate!

How like unto a soft silken slumber that dreamless rest!

Mary gazes on the kingly form before her, yet she weeps not;

she is at the sepulchre, but no angel is there to "roll away the stone."

Oh God! can he be dead! Is it not a frightful dream from which she shall awaken at the call of love's own deep tones?

Yes, yes! he must, he will awake, and the desolate wife lays her cheek close to the scarce whiter face there? Why does she start and shudder? Ah! earth has no touch like *that!* That current frozen by the breath of Death!

She passed her fingers fondly through his luxuriant hair: how its dank, heavy clinging "thrilled to the bone!"

She took the pulseless hand in hers, and held it to her bosom as if to warm it, then covered it with kisses—calling on him, in heart-piercing tones, "to speak only one word of comfort to his heart-broken wife!"

Could not that strong love-cry rouse the "dull cold ear of death?"

Could not those tender kisses woo back, for one short hour, the absent spirit to its late glorious abode?

"Nay, that shrouded eye
Weeps not, fires not, wins not now."

Oh, that gulf of woe! How unfathomable to mortal sounding!

Oh, the ages gathered within that hour's watching with the dead!

The lamp that had flooded her path with such tender brilliancy had been suddenly quenched, and the world was left in darkness; her very soul seemed crumbling in her bosom; all things were becoming intangible, melting, sliding from her grasp: the thunders of Sinai seemed loosened on her naked soul, and from its shattered depths went up the cry, "*why hast Thou dealt thus with me?*"

She could not "kiss the rod." The winding-sheet hid from sight the pierced Hand that held it, and with a bitter cry, "forsaken of God and man!" she fell heavily on the beautiful clay, crushed beneath the mountain-weight of despair.

Poor child of sorrow! a storm has descended on life's lake, but the Master seems to be "asleep on the pillow."

An angel has troubled the waters, but there is no loving voice, saying, "*Wilt thou be made whole?*"

She is come to the Marah stream, but where is the hand to sweeten it?

She is in the hurricane, but where is the sheltering Rock ?

She is in the cloud, but where is the mercy-bow ?

" Little children keep yourselves from idols."

On the dead body, that desolate woman lay crushed, a heap of broken beauty, o'er which the lightning scathe had past, and blasted all its glory.

The precious barque had gone down, freighted with her heart's *one* treasure, and the proud death-waves had rolled back and flooded her soul.

Suddenly—as if pierced by an unseen arrow, she leaps to her feet ; the startled blood rushes in torrents through her heart ; an ice-bolt freezes into her brain ! Great God ! have the dead power to move ?

As if swept by spirit-wings, the curtains are agitated ! Mysterious foot-falls smite on her strained ear ! A white form floats before her shrinking vision in the dim and shadowy light !

With a faint shriek she prest her hand on her starting eye balls, and rushing towards that true breast as of yore, threw herself forward, shrieking " Save me ! save me ! " : . . .

Poor frightened bird, look up ! 'Tis only the ministering angel come to roll away the stone. 'Tis only the loving voice asking "*Wilt thou be made whole ?*" 'Tis only the messenger come to tell thee the Master is awake and rebuking the waves ; 'tis only the hand sweetening the Marah waters ; the finger of love pointing to the smitten Rock, and the Mercy-bow.

Look up, stricken one ! Knowest thou not that sweet face, with its clustering curls of gold ? See'st thou not the father's image dwelleth there ? Look up ! 'Tis only thine own, sweet first-born, May !

But the mourner made no sign. Clinging convulsively to the dead body, sense seemed forsaking her, when, nestling close, May put her small hand into the stony palm of her mother, and timidly whispered, " my own mamma ! "

Then the revulsion of feeling brought back the long-forgotten tears, and the desolate one wept piteously.

Alarmed at her mother's grief, the timid little creature knelt softly by her side, and clasping her hands, raised her eyes, all full of child-faith, and in quivering tones sobbed out, " pray God comfort poor dear mamma, and make her happy again, for Jesus Christ's sake ! "



“ That shrouded eye
Fires not, wins not, weeps not now.”

CHAP. XXXI.

Audibly, distinctly into Mary's heart came the answer to that prayer of child-faith and sorrow,—

"AS ONE WHOM HIS MOTHER COMFORTETH, SO WILL I COMFORT THEE."

Oh, those seraphic spirit-tones! Mortal melody may not compare with its marvellous music!

Mary looked round, almost expecting to see some glorious being from whose harp this murmur of mercy fell, but all was dim and shadowy still.

Clasping her child close to her breast, "'God be merciful to me a sinner!'" burst from her white lip, and sinking on her knees, she poured her heavy-laden tale into the Ear that never grows weary. The angel had rolled away the stone, and drops from Calvary's mournful height distil into the rents of that riven heart.

Oh, what lessons! what readings! what interpretations follow in one short hour!

She can *now* decipher the mystic writing on the marble scroll before her, and unveil the meaning of those strange drawings that agitated her of yore.

She can plainly read the lesson amid the flickering shadows of that sepulchral room, which the broad and blessed sun-light had hidden from sight in his dazzling rays,—

"LITTLE CHILDREN KEEP YOURSELVES FROM IDOLS."

She can look on that quiet sleeper, whose love made her life one long dream of unbroken bliss, and yet feel a sense of deep peace within, as one "*comforted as a mother comforteth.*"

Impressing a long lingering kiss on those silent lips, she gathered her golden-headed child closer to her bosom, sought her chamber, and laying the ministering angel on her bed, sunk once more on willing knee, and poured her "soul's full tide" into the ear of Him who hears the cry of the widow and the orphan.

"Counting their sighs and treasuring up their tears."

And then she arose strengthened for the life-conflict yet before her.

"To *die* for what we love, Oh, there is strength.
And power, and will in the true heart for this!
It is to *live* without the vanished light
That strength is needed!"

And where can this strength be gathered but from the sym-

pathy and love of Him who "*drank of every brook by the way,*" who was "*a Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.*"

Earth holds no spot where the bird of sorrow may fold its weary wing but on the human heart of the GREAT SYMPATHISER!

CHAPTER XXXII.

Dreams of Earth and Dreams of Heaven.

"Near thee, still near thee! trust thy soul's deep dreaming,
Oh, love is not an earthly rose to die!
E'en when I soar where fiery stars are beaming,
Thine image wanders with me through the sky."

DEAD to all outer life's influences, Mary wanders in the intangible paths of dream-land: she is back once more to her childhood's home: gaily small feet patter over the daisy sward: blithely flute-like voices float on the air, perfumed with odour from a thousand flowers: eagerly dimpled hands are outstretched to pluck the queenly rose or the blue-eyed violet, but as one by one their fingers grasp them, their glories wither, and dead leaves strew the bosom of earth.

Now, with the sudden, wild transition of dreams, she is once more among her schoolmates; long-forgotten faces start into mimic life; phantom voices, hushed years ago in the grave's unbroken silence, make melody again; forms, remotely fallen in life's fierce battle, come around with brows untouched by care, eyes undimmed by tears; earnestly and mysteriously they whisper together, as only school-girls can, busily planning a journey to some wondrous land—"learnt all about in the morning lesson"—where there are no shadows, and they fondly dream of some heart-equator in the geography of life; hopefully and gleefully away they start for the shadowless land! onward they press towards the sun-bright distance! Cherubs of hope, with rosy limbs and more than earth-born beauty, beckon them on, and

from the radiant group flashes out the fair face of the dead "beauty-bird," and the meek countenance of "May," in its setting of golden curls, as she uttered her sweet child-prayer. One after another, with outstretched arms and merry shouts, did those joyous school-girls strive to clasp the cherub forms! "Surely they come from the shadowless land with those shadowless brows, and are sent to woo them there!" Oh! how they press on, and struggle, and wrestle, and yet seem powerless—chained! How, one after another, they sink down, spent in the race! Yet onward they press with flashing eyes and glowing cheeks, and as they each gain the goal, the long-followed forms suddenly change into the brilliant butterflies, winging their way with saucy speed from the spots so lately redolent with child-life.

Still onward the sleeper presses! what, though the ranks be thinning! What, though the darlings that started in the race strew the green sward of the past! Onward! onward! other faces and forms, in wild succession, fill up the gap! Now, looking out on the gazer, is the loving eye of the long mouldered mother-face, beside the father's troubled and drooping brow; behind, the brother's, with specious look, telling not of the heart's hidden poison, while in the rear are lingering friends, beaming their cherished smiles of faithful love. Strangely memory's mysterious and crowded kaleidoscope rivets the yearning vision of the watcher down its peopled depth, until she mingles with the reviving and revolving throng, where tremblingly her hand clutches the aerial robe of her mother, but she turns shudderingly away as her palm chills with the touch of the Mower's scythe—palsied at finding herself alone, before the gaunt shadow of all-conquering Time!

Another turn, and the mimic life-scenes transform. She is buoyantly sailing over the sparkling waters, her hand passionately clasping that of her idol at her side, smiling in recovered beauty: gallant barks convoy them over the garrulous sea. The moon silvers their liquid track, while *their* star sheds thereon a tremulous glory. Through foam and spray, onward the voyagers speed! Joy! joy! But in a moment the pageant mutates—curdling the life-current at Mary's heart. She turns to shut out on her husband's breast the spectres haunting round: one after another, in ghostly array, they glide past, while the gay pinnaces dissolve into sable coffins, with shrouds for their flying sails! In these grim transports they course onward, leaving now a pursuing

shadow on the moon-lit waste ! around their terrible track the waters hiss and boil, and at the helm of each hideous vessel sits the rigid face and motionless form of Courtenaye !

With a cry of strange, deep agony, the sleeper turns, struggling convulsively : she opens her shrinking eye, then gently closes it again, as a voice sweeter far than an Æolian murmur floats on her ear, "*when thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee !*"

Like a wearied child, Mary sleeps again : the mould is shattered wherein the recent fearful imagery was cast ; the intricate web is unraveled, and spirit-fingers, catching the disentangled threads, busily weave them anew. Lulled by seraphic music, and wafted by the breath of flowers, the sleeper is floating in dreamy, unutterable ecstasy on the bosom of a summer cloud : now through illimitable space—anon careening upwards to pearly gates sparkling afar, brighter than countless brilliants in the flooding beams of summer's noon. Towards her rose and azure couch, snowy doves and birds of paradise are winging their way, the waving of whose silvery wings in the odorous air, stir cool breezes that fan her with delicious softness : mortality's mean robe seems to have fallen off, and she moves, arrayed with light. As nearer and more near fly the beatific visitants, each one assumes a radiant form, wearing the face of a loved and lost treasure—now bright and beautiful as the morning stars that anthemed creation's birth : yet nearer these glorious ones press, and passing the blushing couch of their earthly guest, each casts at her feet an immortal coronal, gathered from the gardens of the serpentless Eden : then wheeling round, they joyously precede her, while the infinite ether vibrates to the measured waving of their glorious and gladsome wings. Among that shining host sent to convoy her to her glory-home, there is one excelling his fellow peers of light in his majestic beauty : in his right hand he carries *their* star—dazzling bright—and with the other lifted, he points lovingly to the pearly gates, and in him Mary recognizes the glorified spirit of her husband. With a burst of rapturous joy, onward, toward those celestial portals, she floats ! gathering meanwhile the floral coronals ; but lo ! as one by one her fingers close over them, they change and hang in emblazoned characters, intenser than any created light !

On one she reads : "THESE ARE THEY WHICH CAME OUT OF GREAT TRIBULATION, AND HAVE WASHED THEIR ROBES, AND MADE THEM WHITE IN THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB."

On another: "BEHOLD THE TABERNACLE OF GOD IS WITH MEN, AND HE WILL DWELL AMONG THEM, AND THEY SHALL BE HIS PEOPLE, AND GOD HIMSELF SHALL BE WITH THEM, AND BE THEIR GOD."

On another: "AND THERE SHALL BE NO MORE DEATH, NEITHER SORROW, NOR CRYING, NEITHER SHALL THERE BE ANY MORE PAIN, FOR THE FORMER THINGS ARE PASSED AWAY."

On another: "AND THE CITY HAD NO NEED OF THE SUN, NEITHER OF THE MOON TO SHINE IN IT, FOR THE GLORY OF GOD DID LIGHTEN IT, AND THE LAMB IS THE LIGHT THEREOF; AND THE GATES OF IT SHALL NOT BE SHUT AT ALL BY DAY, FOR THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT THERE."

Strains of triumphant music, pealing out from those wondrous gates, now swept towards the enraptured dreamer; but as she drew thither, its melody was filling her soul with ecstasy akin to agony, and she made an effort to join in the glory-sounds, but "*none can learn that song, but they who are redeemed from the earth.*"

With a deep sigh, Mary once more woke, while softly around her floated the echo of that majestic chorus—still falling on her heart like a spirit anthem,—ALLELUIA! FOR THE LORD GOD OMNIPOTENT REIGNETH!"

"TRUE AND JUST ARE ALL THY WAYS, THOU KING OF SAINTS!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Another Life-Phase—Governess.

"The World, the Flesh, and the Devil are formidable personages, but Lucre is a match for them all; the fiend of Money has the best end of the staff."

WE need not follow Mary step by step, turning over every page in her after history; nor sketch her with one child on her lap and another standing at her side, looking—perhaps trying to look—steadily on her duty; nor depict her in contemplation of the future, all stretched before her untried and untrodden—the encouraging voice hushed in the grave's unbroken silence—the true breast on which she leant with such child-like confidence pulseless—the ministering spirit fled away from earth!

Does she ask who will now guide her barque over the stormfully surging life-sea? who will put forth the love-nerved hand, and take her spirit into some ark of rest, when its world-weary wings beat languidly? who will replace that withered gourd, when the blast of adversity smites on her unsheltered head?

No! she can follow, where she cannot trace; she has listened to the words of the faithful Promiser, "*I will never leave thee nor forsake thee,*" and bound them round the rents of her heart, making it wondrous strong. She knows the veil drawn over the future is drawn in love, and that every step is mapped out by Him who "seeth the end from the beginning," and who has "loved her with an everlasting love." The road, indeed, may be rough and thorny, and her feet may be torn: labour, and conflict, and poverty may bow her head and heart, but can

she not trace the crimson footprints of the Sinless One in the way, and leads it not to eternal rest with Him?

Can she not shelter under the overshadowing wing of love when she raises her eye to the thorn-crowned brow of the "*Man of Sorrows*?" and can she not lay her head on his pierced side, listening to the soul-strengthening promise, "*as thy day, thy strength shall be.*"

Can she not hear above the tempest, and the creaking of her barque, "*It is I, be not afraid!*"

"Among the elegant forms of insect life there is a little creature known to naturalists which can gather round it a sufficiency of atmospheric air, and so clothed, it descends into the bottom of the pool, and you may see the little creature moving about dry, and at its ease, protected by its crystal vesture, though the waters all around and above be stagnant and bitter." Just so, enveloped by the love of God, Mary descended into the life of change and trial that lay before her. The sudden and premature death of her husband having left her not only the sole guardian, but sole supporter of herself and children. Now the softly-reared favorite of prosperity becomes the strong-hearted, working woman—full of energy and thought—thought that cares for all, and for *self* last of all.

Like the mother of Cromwell, of whom Forster says, "she possessed the glorious faculty of self-help, when other help failed," our noble widow did not sit down with folded hands and in a cloud of sighs sink into lackadaisical uselessness; neither, under the impulse of excitement, did she make great resolves, vanishing into airy nothingness at the call of necessity—no! God has given her energy and talents, and now she will employ them in the maintenance of her precious ones.

In the most delicate manner did the congregation of their late beloved pastor express a desire that the education of his only boy should be confided to them; but though the springs of gratitude were profoundly opened by this generous offer, Mary assured them she could not accept it, resolving, that while health and power were her's, she would seek honorable employ, and not allow *his* children to be dependant on any one but herself.

Noble resolve! "Adversity is the crucible that brings out the fine gold"—the escharotic eating away the proud flesh!

True to her high-hearted resolve, Mary has recourse to that honorable and important resource of the widow "reduced in

circumstances," or the "distressed gentlewoman, taking pupils to educate with her own children." A friend in India entrusted three little girls to her care, with an allowance large and liberal, as it ever should be for the important charge; and in the instruction of these with her own three (for Donald was scarcely less dear than her own) she had no time to spare, save for her visits to the poor, and knew no wants beyond her means of supplying them, the conscientious discharge of her duties preventing too frequent dwelling on the bright but transient past; and oh! how valuable did she now find the lessons learnt from those death-sealed lips.

But like others, on whom the blight of adversity has fallen, the noble-hearted widow had to miss, if not to mourn, the April smile of sunshine friends. Eyes, that had flashed out a sparkling welcome and recognition, when the happy wife was leaning on the arm of her princely husband, grew wondrous near-sighted when she became "that unfortunate Mrs. Courtenaye!"

Friends, who had indulged in enthusiastic admiration at the beauty of her boy, when led by the hand of his popular father, passed its orphan face with first-class indifference and forgetfulness, though that beauty was all undimmed, and the child a child still, while little May had to take her first lessons in neglect from lips she loved.

Ah! if aught can add poignancy to the withering blast of undeserved neglect, 'tis when dealt by the hand which once caressed us, or freezes in the eye which once met ours with tenderness; and yet, how common the occurrence, even among "professing persons," as if painning others by cold, studied neglect, were some high and holy sentiment inculcated in the doctrine, and exhibited in the life of Him who "*never broke a bruised reed.*"

Poor May had, in her "palmy days," been the "special pet"—the "dear child"—the "sweet darling" of a friend of her mother's, who, having no daughter of her own, taught the child to call her "other mamma," often delightfully assuring her acquaintances that "she never saw such a heavenly-minded little creature!" that she "loved her as if she were her own," and "only wished she had such a darling!" but shortly after the reverse in Mary's circumstances began to be known, the "other mamma" lent at first an unwilling, then a greedy ear, to the whispers of her old enemy, the ubiquitous Miss Scandalson, who commenced her insidious attack by persuading "other mamma"

that all the little orphan's early developement of piety was "hypocrisy, put on at the instigation of her mother, to serve some artful design,* and that the mother had brought all her misfortunes on herself, first by her "headstrong folly in marrying that unprincipled fellow Courtenaye," and then, "by her abominable pride and extravagance!"

Yielding to the influence of this modern serpent, the "other mamma" imbibed some of its poison, and one day when full of child-affection and gushing trust, May plucked nearly all the flowers she loved so dearly from her little garden, and carefully arranging, carried them to her "other mamma," and was about to bound into her arms for the accustomed kiss, she was kept at arm's length by the weak woman, who, after coldly receiving the innocent's love-offering, told her she "could not come in just then, she had company," and froze her *ci-divant* "sweet darling" out of the hall, where she had stood talking to her! A few weeks subsequently she would pass the orphan with a side-long glance of suspicion, without even a word of recognition. So well had the serpent left its trail, that all "heavenly-mindedness" was gone from the "sweet darling" in the eyes of "other mamma!" All the love and trust she had won, and then so sinfully crushed, was reckoned "hypocrisy" and "*finesse*," and in the very house of God she would kneel beside poor May and "say" the touching prayer, "We beseech thee to have mercy upon fatherless children and widows, and all that are desolate and oppressed," then rise and ignore the supplication by trampling on the mournful trinity, in the person of poor little "fatherless" May!

This was a hard lesson for the child, and one never obliterated from her memory. Children are attentive observers of character, and usually penetrate, with marvellous clearness, the springs of action, reasoning and deducing therefrom with a perception rarely credited by elder folks; and even where they do not reason and deduce, they "*feel* morally."

"I respect the presence of a child," says the great Cecil.

"I cannot sin with my child's eye fixed on me," says another. Why?

"Mamma," inquired Mav, sitting thoughtfully and sadly for

* A fact.

some time after her return from her painful visit, "is my other mamma a good woman?"

"I hope so, my love; but why do you ask?" replied Mary.

The child made no answer—she looked puzzled, more thoughtful, and sighed: never, however, from that day did the name of "other mamma" pass her young lip, and her own mother did not repeat the question. She felt it all, and bowed her meek head; 'twas only another drop in her bitter cup. "Could they not spare her unoffending children?"

"Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones!"

"Whosoever shall give a cup of cold water to one of those little ones shall in no wise lose his reward."

How many act as if the Master's words were whosoever shall throw a cup of cold water over one of these little ones shall in no wise lose his reward!

There are some characters, of whom undoubtedly "other mamma" was a sample, who have no stand-point of their own; they are weak or strong, consistent or inconsistent, just as another influences them: like camelions, deriving colour from that on which they rest, or sea-shore sand receiving, but not retaining impressions. Speaking of such developements of education, a very clever girl and pupil of Mrs. Gregory's, who could almost "do Euclid" in her sleep, remarked to the writer, "such characters ought to have been taught mathematics to steady the moral building."

May it not be worthy of consideration, whether this idea would not bear enlargement and improvement, and the experiment tried in all our educational *depôts*, by introducing, and fostering a profound study of Dr. Chalmer's "Spiritual Mathematics;" his "Two Magnitudes, the Littleness of Time and the Greatness of Eternity?" May not this "steady the moral building?" and instead of our present "system of averages" develop a grander humanity than that evolved by the selfish, unelevating theology of Paley, or the metaphysical materialism of the grand thought-unshackler, Locke?

Another word, *en passant*, to the genius of Discord: spare childhood! 'Tis an existence in this fallen world nearest to angels and heaven: stain not its fair footmarks with thy serpent trail, and know that for all thy deeds "thou shall be called into judgment!"

But the cruel neglect shown towards her unoffending children was not all the widow had to experience ; many of those " clouds without water " darkening society—talking " great swelling words " about the " dignity of labour," and ready to subscribe, *con amore*, to the sentiment,—

" Exalted rank ! exalted rank !
 Away with such an empty bubble,
 Give him a spade to turn a bank,
 And just a shilling for his trouble,"—

who at any given moment could lash themselves into the fever-stage of admiration at the " great amount of actual hard work done by our thinking men," and were ever on tip-toe to impress on all who would listen to them " what an excellent, honorable thing self-dependence is ! how elevating ! " and so on, lifted their nostrils, and looked a whole North Pole of contempt at her because she was reduced to the necessity of *working* for the support of herself and fatherless children, and scorned to flinch from it. One of the " foolish " fraternity—five feet ten of self-sufficiency—as he industriously caressed a few stray hairs playing at " hide-and-seek " on his upper lip, enquired, " what could induce Lady Loveworth to call on that *pooah cwechaw* who keeps a school ? " * while a " sister of mercy," who had been one of the hospitable doctor's most indefatigable dinner appreciators, and a painfully enthusiastic admirer of his daughter, when she presided at his table, doing its honours with the grace of a natural-born queen, thought nothing of passing her as the greatest stranger, and speaking of her once " enchanting Miss Grenville " as " that unfortunate widow Courtenaye ! "

Poor Mary ! She might have been a robust pensioner on companies, or on governments, or eating the bread of sinful sloth, and no one would have dreamed of discountenancing her ; and yet, in her noble self-exertion, both then and in after years, when her delicate fingers were worn to the bone, there was an element in the drudgery elevating her immeasurably above those the world calls heroes, or deifies as conquerors.

After the death of her husband the " unfortunate widow " heard but once from her brother. With the cowardice of a mean soul, quailing before the indignant glance of his fellow, and shrinking from offering insult unless sheltered behind

* A fact.

the feebleness of his victim, he had spoken false, cruel words of Courtenaye, ere the grave had closed over his honored clay; hence she resolved never again to risk a repetition of his brutality. Perhaps, as much from inclination as from necessity, she had withdrawn from all society, save that of her poorer neighbours and friends, to whom the chastened widow of their well-remembered friend and brother was not less dear than the "beautiful Miss Grenville" had been—finding in the education of her darlings, and the superintendence of her household arrangements, ample and healthy employment. So well did she perform these duties, and so superior did she appear to those who looked for some outward evidence of her changed circumstances, that, wholly disregarding truth, they trumped up the tale "that her brother had at last awoke to a sense of right, and refunded part of the wealth he had robbed her of;" others roundly declared that they "knew for a *fact*" she had been greatly benefited by the death of her husband's father, which took place about eighteen months after that of his son, although there was scarce sufficient to pay his debts, after the sale of his "costly effects, carriages, and horses," as per catalogue!

Many in the town of D—— would gladly have come to the widow's help, had they for a moment fancied she needed it; but with the resolve of true nobility of heart, she never allowed her friends to do ought for her that she had power and strength to do for herself; neither, as they saw the elegant widow with a child on either side, and the others gamboling before her in summer glee in the fields or meadows of her youth's home, did any imagine how many personal deprivations she constantly and gallantly submitted to; how many hours of the still night, when the happy slumber in soft repose, she sat making and repairing her children's and her own garments, or doing the thousand and one things for which she had no time in the day—frequently four hours' rest being all she could allow herself. But none knew why the step of the "unfortunate Mrs. Courtenaye" became slower and her cheek whiter, nor judged of the silent struggles and many deprivations borne uncomplainingly by the once idolized, courted, followed child of wealth and luxury.

There was one, indeed, who suspected, but never breathed his thoughts, and that was Fred Leslie. Mary was the only woman who had ever woke a thrill of love in his noble heart, and though

from the moment of his passion's birth he felt its hopelessness, he never ceased to worship her till she became the wife of Courtenaye, whom, in his inmost soul, he acknowledged was more worthy of her; and he left D—— immediately after her marriage, only returning to it when his brother was mourning the loss of the sweet spirit so early transplanted to a brighter sphere. On his first visit to Mary, about two years after her widowhood, all his early, long-subdued love burst forth into an uncontrollable flame, brightened with hope; never had he thought her so entirely lovely; her beauty, spiritualized by sorrow and resignation, appeared meeter for heaven than earth; while the tears that suffused her eyes, the quivering of her lip, the sinking of her tone, told that Courtenaye spoke in them all, and there—

“ Was dearer dust in memory's land
Than in ore of rich Peru.”

Hence, he dared not speak of the love that swayed his soul to and fro in its recovered strength, like the willow waves in the summer wind, as her sweet voice swept over its depths, waking up the melody that never grows old; but he wrote and told her *all*; his early love, his unbreathed hopes, his daily-nurtured affection, his agony when hope for ever folded her wing on his heart. But though deeply grateful and touched by the delicate consideration he had shewn for her feelings, and full of sympathy towards him, Mary gently but firmly refused his offer; and, perhaps, no pang, since her husband's death, had rent her heart so deeply as the knowledge of this hopeless passion's existence in one for whom she felt the warmest esteem and sisterly affection. But, oh! in that enclosure within her heart's sacred recess *one* image alone could ever dwell: the very thought of dispossessing it seemed sin!

What could kindle a ray on that clay-cold altar, all bestrewed with the ashes of a fire that once burnt so bright! What hand could gather up the broken strings of that lone harp, and re-tune them into harmony!

No! the heart knows no second spring!

In reply to the decree which once again blighted his newly-sprung hope, Fred wrote, “I will not distress you by bewailing the resolve that will render life a dark dream; but promise me, if need be, you will make me useful, and ever regard me as the

tenderest brother. You cannot refuse me this tie, though I may never claim a dearer."

Often, in after life, when its conflicts sharpened, and its storms gathered, fain would Mary have turned for aid to this self-constituted brother, but by his declaration he had placed a bar between them she could never overstep.

About three years after the loss of his wife, Henry Leslie died on his voyage from Madeira, whither he had gone in quest of health, but no change of clime or scene could cure his heart's decline; he

"Dragged at each remove a lengthening chain,"

and breathed out his last sigh in the arms of his brother, who with wrung heart saw the manly form dropped into that vast ocean sepulchre of so many "high hearts and brave," like the teeming earth consecrated once and for ever by the footsteps of the Son of God.

The child-love of May and Donald "grew with their growth," and when, at ten years of age, he left the care of Mary, her little heart was almost broken; but when, at seventeen, he sailed for India as a cadet, many weeks passed ere a smile sat on her sad young face.

After the departure of her charges for their adopted country, Mary's circumstances straitened, and her health began to decline; she therefore resolved to remove to the neighbourhood of London, believing, as many have done, to their cost, that the great city offered a wider field for self-exertion, better chances of obtaining governess employ for Mary, and increased facilities for educating her boy. It was not without a struggle and yearning pang that she decided on leaving the spot endeared to her by so many bright and blessed memories; how they *would* come trooping and clustering round her heart, contrasting her present with her past! How they *would* well up, and overflow, softening her whole soul and threatening to render it all unmeet for the yet untrodden future!

The selfish neglect of summer friends had long ceased to chafe and grieve her chastened spirit; the "poor widow" had learnt salutary lessons of herself and the world since she became a "working woman;" and oh! better far, she had learnt lessons of trust in the Love that never wearies, and never chills, and never dies; and taking long draughts of this soul-strengthening element, she could go calmly into the thorny path, in, but not of, the world.

At the age of seventeen, May was a tall, elegant creature, with a pensive, almost sad expression of face. Whether as a child she had involuntarily "learnt the trick of sorrow" by her constant and loving companionship with one to whom it had become (almost unknown to herself) "second nature," or whether from the touch of melancholy inhering in all deep hearts, still no one—except a woman in search of a governess—could look on that expressive face and not feel an almost unconscious interest for her.

Arrived in the teeming city, the shrinking widow obtained small but respectable lodgings in the house of our old acquaintance of hyper-radical memory, Mrs. Carter, to whom she had been particularly recommended by a cousin of that good lady's, a tradesman in the town of D——, who had frequently done Mary kind service in business matters, when friends were "really very sorry they could not oblige her," or, "it was not at all in *their way*," or they were "not at home!"

Some time elapsed before May obtained an engagement, excellent as were her references, and moderate as was the sum she named equivalent to her services. Day after day the anxious widow and child bent over the columns of every leading journal, often turning away weary and sickened at the heartless, insulting "Wanted," addressed to "Gentlewomen," and whose editors would do infinite good if they exposed these stabbers-in-the-dark to public contempt.

Poor May! At one house where there was a superabundance of the "foolish" fraternity, she was "too young." At another, "never had been out before, which was decidedly against her." At a third, her terms—the modest sum of thirty pounds per annum, for instructing seven children under ten years of age, in music, drawing, German, French, etc., etc.,—was considered "really out of all reason," by a woman paying two hundred per annum at some modern Mrs. Gregory's for allowing her eldest daughter to be made simply ridiculous by way of "finishing her education." At a fourth, the party requiring the services of "nothing but a gentlewoman! never engaged a young person who had any relations in London, as they were apt to pay visits that unsettled their minds from their duties!!" A fifth ——— but further detail is too painful, and similar instances too numerous to recount. At length, after a load of anxiety and many weeks of "hope deferred," making even the young heart sick,

May obtained a situation where she was looked upon as a sort of zoophyte, partaking the nature of parlour and scullery; all her dear hopes of being able "to pay something" towards the cost of educating her brother, and "preventing darling mother from working so hard," vanished, for the very utmost that a lady—residing in a fashionable Square very near to Virtue Lane, and keeping five or six pampered, lazy, insolent lackeys—could be induced to "pay the young person" for the toil of educating six spoilt children, was *twelve pounds per annum*!! a sum either of her afore-named satellites would have scarce thought their deserts for a month's pay. But, trifling as was the sum unblushingly offered, and wholly inadequate as it was to the amount of labour wrung out of the poor girl, she might have borne it, for she had a brave heart, if only for the sake of wiping out the disgrace seeming to attach to "never having been out before," and to gain a title to something better; but no amount of energy, however, vitalized, or physique, however robust, could bear up against the incessant mental fret-work, and the wear and tear of bodily powers, in the laborious life out-hedging her from that beautiful trinity of words, sympathy, hope, encouragement, these being considered altogether out of place towards the "young person" to whom their fashionable mother entrusted the solemn office of moulding the characters of her children. Nor was this all. So far did this "mother" forget herself that she gave orders instructing the young person to leave her pupils at the principal entrance, and go in at the servant's door,* and one day, after ten hours' toil, when the lonely governess sat down to her solitary meal, so completely had the domestics caught and aped the tone of their employers, that the food supplying her table was frequently so bad she could not eat it, and she was obliged to content herself with dry bread, which being observed by one of her pupils, a high-spirited boy, who dashed into the room, he hastily asked,—

"Miss Courtenaye, why do you not eat some butter on your bread?" and on her declining to tell him "why," he gave a shrewd guess (probably the fact was nothing new), and catching up the highly odoriferous concrete which passed for butter, he darted down stairs into the drawing-room, exclaiming, in a tone

* A fact, communicated to the writer by a lady visiting at the family country seat, who was eye-witness of the indignity.

of generous indignation, that should have covered the face of his lady-mother with blushes,—

“Papa! only see what *stuff* they have sent Miss Courtenaye; she can’t eat it, and has had nothing but bread for her tea!”*

At the end of four months the brave-hearted May was taken from the bed on which overtaxed energies and want of proper nourishment had laid her, and, in one of the dirty cabs that disgrace the streets of London, despatched to her humble home† once more to lay on her mother’s loving breast; and oh! what a bitter aggravation of her own sorrows and sufferings it was to look on the wan face and attenuated form of her precious child, though not one word of all she had endured ever passed the lips of the long-suffering girl!

Yes, it was another bitter ingredient in her mournful cup. *His* child, whose early griefs had been so gently soothed—whose child-tears had been so lovingly wiped away—whose first coming had been greeted with so much rapture, to meet such wolfish treatment on her entrance into the mocking, lying world! and yet it is but a life-phase acting every day and hour in this *Christian* land, teeming with poor gentlewomen, and rich vulgar ladies.

“And if, as some believe, a tie
With those of mortal mould and birth
Connects in glorious sympathy
The spirits that have passed from earth,”

(but that they see what is hid from mortal vision—the bright and blessed end of the thorny road), oh! what a pitying gaze must the spirit of many a Courtenaye—many a sainted mother—cast on the objects of their fondest solicitude, meekly stemming a tide of cold, bitter, selfish inhumanity, wherein woman, “sent on an angel’s mission,” plays a part at which seraphs would weep “if tears were known in heaven.”

For a short time after poor May’s experience of the treatment

* A fact received from the lips of the gentlewoman who was subjected to the foul treatment.

† The culminating point of inhumanity towards this trampled-on class, had not been attained at the time of May’s governess experience; with all the barbarities practised towards them, no woman in Christian England had then labeled a DYING and speechless young creature, and packed her off to travel “by land and by water” alone to her foreign home!!!

Shame! shame to the mother who perpetrated this revolting act at the “advice of her family physician!” Shame! shame to the “family physician” who advised it!

awarded to their dependants by these "sisters of mercy," governess employers, she remained at home helping her mother embroider; but as their united exertions were insufficient to maintain them, as soon as the former grew stronger she determined on seeking another situation, and again entered the rough road. It would fill many pages to record the coarse treatment, from coarser domestics and coarsest mistresses, she received; her weary walks in sun and dust, cold and wet, ending in being kept two or three hours standing in a hall or passage; the Titan capabilities required, and the minnow remuneration offered! One woman, after informing the weary creature that the "rudiments of Greek were absolutely indispensable," upon May's pleading ignorance of the same, generously offered her seven pounds per annum for her services, in taking the entire charge of four young gentlemen under nine years of age!"

When "at school," in the smallest sense of the word, we remember learning that gold is capable of such extension that a sovereign would draw out into nine and a-half miles of wire. What an instructive and astonishing analysis it would present, if the generality of governess-seekers would submit that compressible, and marvellously elastic thing called conscience, to chemical experimentalizing!

When are the women of Christian England to wipe this stigma off their characters? When shall it be said of them that they have ceased to oppress the fatherless and those "*who have no helper*?" How long will they sigh and groan sentimentally over the neglected heathen, rushing in a state of rabid enthusiasm to every meeting, far and near, where their ears will be tickled or their presence noticed; and with the appearance in their conduct of that catholic, comprehensive charity which is "KIND, TENDER-HEARTED, LOVING ONE ANOTHER," treat the orphan and desolate in a way so inhuman that a Hindoo mother, however "benighted," would be ashamed of?

"These ought ye to do, and not to leave the other undone!"

But our May's governess experience was soon to cease, the increasing weakness of her idolized mother demanding her care; the struggling widow, whose energies had so long been strained and stretched to their utmost, and had kept their tension with extraordinary power, seemed at length to relax—the body could not keep pace with the wear and tear within—still the "*spirit was willing, though the flesh was weak.*" The young governess

therefore determined to make one more effort to remain at home, by obtaining work more quickly and easily done than the eye-trying embroidery, which, through the ever-ready kindness of Mrs. Carter, she had no difficulty in procuring; but after a month's hard toil this was abandoned, the united earnings of mother and child being inadequate to the supply of their necessities, though they were few, and scantily gratified.

Going one day with a sick and heavy heart towards a Square where a lady resided who had advertised for a "*gentlewoman* to assist her in educating her little girls," May met a young girl who, with herself, a few weeks previous, had been kept standing two hours in the hall of a person wanting a governess, and recognising each other, they entered into conversation, when the latter strongly urged her to abandon the "dreadful life of governess," and endeavour to procure a situation as saleswoman in the cloak or shawl department at a West End establishment.

"I have been filling one for the last four months," the girl added, "and while it is sometimes weary work enough, when ladies will have two or three dozen garments tried on and fitted that they don't want, and never buy, yet, as we close early, and Mr. Feeling is a kind-hearted man, and treats us with thought and consideration, I am a great deal happier and more comfortable than I ever was in any of my situations as governess; when our work is done, it *is done*, and we have no care upon our minds about our pupils not getting on, or anxiety lest we should not give satisfaction, and meet the hard faces of our employers, telling us our 'further services will be dispensed with, as we are not exactly the young persons we were taken for.' Now I always have two or three hours in the evening to myself; sometimes I walk out with my father, who is blind from a stroke of the sun, when he was at sea in the navy; sometimes I read to him, or help my dear mother work, or teach my two little sisters writing; and it is so pleasant for us to be *together* a little while in the day."

May listened, with a beating heart. At first she naturally shrunk from the idea of seeing so many strangers, and embarking in a life so new and different from what she had ever expected; yet as she listened to her friend's cheering descriptions of her "nice evenings," but above all, "their being *together*"—when she thought of the white, wasting face dearer to her than life itself—she at once resolved on that entire abnegation of self

and of all selfish considerations, existing only in lofty hearts, promising to reflect on the advice and consult her mother, while her new friend undertook to make enquiries, and let her know if anything offered likely to suit. When they parted May continued her way to the advertisement, where she learnt, to her astonishment, that "no salary would be given for the services required, as a comfortable home and pleasant society were considered amply equivalent!!"

On her return to her anxious mother, May at once, and in a cheerful tone, explained her resolve to seek employ, as suggested.

"You see, darling mother," said the brave girl, "I shall be able to spend my evenings with you and brother, and it will be much better than when I was at Lady Stone's or Mrs. Flint's. Then we only met in short, hurried visits; now I shall be with you every day for a few hours, and *all the Sabbath*," she added, in a softened voice, bending her graceful head down to her mother's pale face resting on a pillow, and covering it with kisses.

The mother made no reply; she flung her wasted arms around her high-souled child, and strained her passionately to her bosom; then escaped to her bedroom, where her tears could flow unrestrained by the appealing looks of her children. She drew from its resting-place, on her heart, the miniature of her husband, and printed sad kisses on the unconscious lips which the hand of Genius had strangely taught to smile. How often, in the spirit of the plaintive bard, had she sighed—

"Oh had those lips but language! time has past
But roughly with me since I heard them last."

How often had she replaced the treasure, and with meek eye, and on bended knee, sought the comfort and counsel not to be found in "*things made with hands*."

Ah! there are various kinds of idolatry in the world, beside that of wood and stone, with its debasing worship—that of gold, with hollow eye and skeleton visage—that of beauty, with thrilling pulse and raptured gaze—that of intellect, with spirit-piercing eye, and creative brow—there is the idolatry of memory, a memory that never grows old, and never dies. May be, even unknown to herself, that deeply-tried widow had fallen into this subtle sin. We are but feeble clay, at best! May be, as shadows gather over her path, she feels there is still a "need be" for the rod. We know not: but on the occasion just recorded, long and

solemnly was her head bowed, while her heart's utterance was,—

“We would see Jesus! for time's hand hath rested,
With its dark touch, upon both heart and brow,
And though our souls have many a billow breasted,
Others are rising in the distance now.”

She could not reconcile herself to her noble child's proposal; not because she cherished any false feelings or lingerings of pride—imagining the suggested employ lowering. She was far beyond such paltry notions, regarding all honorable employment as elevating the employed, and the latter dignifying the former. Had she felt strong enough, she would not for one moment have hesitated to engage in the proposed occupation, for the benefit of her children; but for May, so young, so captivating, so inexperienced in the world's guile! what if that pure mind should become contaminated by the many counter-influences and material objects that would necessarily engage her thoughts, and engross her time! What if the early lessons, learnt under the shadow of the Cross, should be forgotten—banished by the life-lessons appealing so intensely to the senses, and his child should not “*endure to the end!*”

The thought was torture! Perhaps there were moments when, suffering under depression, bodily weakness, and loneliness, the wing of Faith hovered too near the earth, unable to shake off its weight and soar into the cloudless regions beyond all its darkling shadows—and this might have been one of them; brief, however, was the presence of the cloud. She recollects the heart-quieting promise, “THEY SHALL NEVER PERISH, NOR SHALL ANY MAN PLUCK THEM OUT OF MY HAND,” and rejoices in the reflection that her May had long since, in its first freshness and bloom, given her young heart to God, and will He not “gather the lambs in his arms, and stay the rough wind?”

Long the care-worn widow mused—should she write to Fred Leslie, and interest him on her child's behalf, asking his advice? No! she shrunk from the thought: many years had rolled away, and she had never written—could she now?—the thought was abandoned, and for a moment the image of her brother rose up before her—should she address him? The summoned troops of memory shouted “Never, never!” Did she now doubt the wisdom of having withdrawn from former friends and relinquished society? Probably; yet had not many unfeeling

forsaken her? Had not her sensitive spirit often bled at the averted glance, the withering neglect shewn to her innocent children? Thus might she not have schooled her naturally clinging heart into a total retirement from friends who might and *would* have proved true, shrinking, lest she should have to say of them, "*will you also go away?*"

Poor, lonesome one! Prop after prop had been removed, and afresh she leans the full burden of her heart on that Strength which no weakness alloys, *that* Sympathy which no selfishness taints. Reft of all creature-stay, afresh she flies to the shelter of Redeeming Love, hiding herself "under the shadow of its wing, 'till earth's calamities are overpast." Shall she repine at her lonely road, when He trod the loneliest and the thorniest!

Shall she sigh for the voice of earthly friends when "*they all forsook Him and fled!*"

Nay! this last storm drives her closer to His wounded side. She perceives the discipline was needed, and calmly reposing on the assurance that "all shall work for good," as the sick babe lays its languid head on its mother's breast, and takes the draught, though bitter, to its taste, so she now trusts where she cannot trace, and the cry of her heart is, oh! thou loving, all-atoning Lamb!

"Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me, when night is nigh,
For without Thee, I dare not die."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Taste and Feeling.

"The writer, who is too studious of novelty, and abhors the drudgery of 'Line upon Line, Precept upon Precept,' will fail to make any lasting impression on the minds of his readers."—*The Times*.

MARY's last visit to the Rock of Strength, prepared her for May's "good news," as she playfully termed it; when about a week after the meeting with her young acquaintance, recorded in the last phase, she informed her mother she had called on Mr. Gains and met with great kindness; and that if her reference to the lady, whose children she had instructed, was satisfactory, an immediate engagement, at a salary much higher than any she had even heard of in her governess experience, would be the result.

"Won't it be pleasant, my own mother?" asked the exulting May, as her spirit once more rose on the eagle wing of hope.

What comforts would she now be able to procure for that dear, rapidly-weakening mother! How much work she would be able to do in the nice long evenings, and thereby save *her* failing strength! What a pretty little sum, out of her handsome salary, she should be able to reserve for her darling brother's schooling! What happy Sabbaths they should have *together*! Oh, the future! it was like "apples of gold in pictures of silver!"

Dream on, young trusting one! Dream of Joy unfurling her rainbow banner over your humble home; strength once more returning to the tottering mother-form; health again mantling on the thoughtful brother-brow. Dream on! thine are holy dreams; such as angels have, when flying earthward on their

mercy missions. True woman's dream, caring for *all*, and for self last and least.

The elegant figure and graceful manners of May at once interested, and decided, the principal of a large and respectable firm at the "West End," on an engagement; these requisites so rare, yet indispensable in the young women who minister in these temples of fashion, being a ready passport into them; as every lady customer, however angular her own proportions may be, or unlike the agile creature who, with easy grace and studied effect, throws the tempting attire over her well-falling shoulders, deludes herself into the belief that its folds will sweep as "classically," undulate as "gracefully," or fit as "scientifically" on her; hence many a costly article finds a ready transfer to the corner of some capacious carriage from the form of the elegant sales-woman, which had otherwise remained a "drug in the market;" the purchaser believing herself enamoured of the "style" of the garment, when *that* depended solely on the wearer.

Well satisfied with May's character, an agreement was duly signed by employer and employed; and the following day she was to commence her novitiate under an experienced "hand," whose task it was to initiate her into sundry lesser mysteries connected with these temples of fashion; and as her ministrations were to consist in the duty of sales-woman in the "cloak department," very little instruction was requisite. On her first day's experience, she found her work immeasurably light, with all its foot-weariness and patience-tryings, in comparison to her former drudgery in combating the various antagonistic characters of Lady Stone's unruly children; but her pain and surprise may be more easily understood than portrayed, when, tired and passionately yearning to fly to the side of the dear one whom she had left in the morning weaker than ever, she learnt that she was "not in an Early Closing establishment"—a circumstance she had never thought of ascertaining—concluding that because her new friend had the blessed privilege of spending *her* evening hours in ministering to the comforts of her blind father, she would have the same; and it was with a sinking heart and bitter pang she was obliged to send away her little protector-brother alone. Scarcely less acutely was the disappointment felt by the watching mother, though

she had learnt to kiss the rod long since, and there was a tempering of its sharpness to *her*, seldom experienced by the young spirit, eager in pursuit, joyous in anticipation. How tenderly did she sooth the disappointment, and wipe away the tears from her fair but troubled face, as May sobbed out :—

“ Oh, darling mother! I had pictured such nice times in the evenings with you and brother after my day’s work, and now it will be almost as bad as being away from you altogether!”

“ We shall have our Sabbaths together, my darling,” softly whispered Mary.

Ah! ye who are privileged to call that superlative gift, Time, your own, who are permitted to watch, in unbroken continuance, by the couch of the sick and sinking one thereon, whose love sheds the last lingering ray of sunshine on your earthly pilgrimage;—ye, who with eager hands and abounding luxuries can minister to the cravings of the dear fading form, whose setting sun will leave the world in darkness for you; ’tis not for ye to realize the agony of May, as morning after morning she tore herself from her dying mother’s side, or the hot pang that pierced her heart, when she thought of the scanty fare, and the untempting nourishment supplying that precious mother’s wants, amid the gradual failing of her strength. Oh, no! ye can know nothing of these heart-wringing, life-shortening trials; but alas! alas! myriads do, and they are gentle, loving, feeling as yourself. Will ye not sympathize with them, and help them?

Time rolled on, marked only by the increasing weakness and necessities of the gallant-hearted mother and the anxiety of May. Till within a day of her death, the former had cheerfully and incessantly plied her needle; the extreme fineness of her work ensuring employment at trifling—*very* trifling remuneration; but the cost to her strength was terrible! Day after day growing shadowy and more shadowy, pillowed up in her bed, her transparent fingers wrought, till at length they dropped powerless, and she felt that ere long she would rest in the narrow house where there is “*neither work nor device*.” Often did the clock strike ten before the waning watcher caught from the stair the mounting step, bringing or carrying with it, all the music left for her this side the grave, and her anxious eye rested on her ministering angel, May.

Oh! how the lagging moments lengthened, as she sat alone in her helplessness and suffering, with strained ear listening for her return! As the cords of life loosened, they seemed to twine and knit with increasing closeness round the objects of her love; and though since the hour that her heart's *one* love was buried in her husband's grave, every setting sun brought to its mournful depths the blessed thought, "one day nearer our eternal union," she still had links to earth that fain had kept her living, "brokenly on." "*Nevertheless, not my will, but Thine be done,*" prefaced every prayer from those meek and suffering lips.

Shall we wonder if, at times—bowed down under intense depression, bodily agony, and yearning watching, this deeply-chastened creature found it hard to keep Faith's wing poised in regions beyond the clouds and mists of earth? But long watching and pain will sometimes overbear the spirit that had met undauntedly the martyr's doom. The eagle eye unquailing, the lofty heart unshaken. 'Tis ever easier to do than to suffer.

At a large meeting, a few months since, the writer was struck at hearing one of those noble band of heroes who go forth with their lives in their hands to proclaim the "only name under heaven whereby man can be saved,"—thank God for having given him——what? a burning love for the salvation of souls? A frame indurated and braced up for the hardships and deprivations inseparable from his Master's work? No! for having given him a MISSIONARY WIFE! Not soon forgotten will be the memory of the burst of long-continued and deep-meaning applause following this novel thanksgiving.

"A fact is a possibility;" that which has been may be. What an illustrious band of lady missionaries among us may be organized by love, and trained by sympathy, if the will were as ready as the way is open! How many hours that now drag wearily or hang heavily on our hands, to "kill" which many rush into unhealthy pleasures, and

"Sicken by the very means of health,"

may be devoted to the GOD-work of wiping away all tears from all faces! How many corroding cares may be dissipated, burdens lightened, hopes quickened, weary hours shortened,

sympathies exchanged, last moments cheered among those who, in idiomatic phraseology, "have seen better days!" Better days of a mother's sweet solicitude, a father's ready smile; better days of a husband's watchful love, of children's bird-like voices clustering round that earth's one sanctuary, HOME; better days of bright-eyed plenty, and joy-eyed hope, and quiet-eyed peace, all, all gone! and bitter takes the place of better days.

Oh! that the children of prosperity would but think of these things, and be up and doing! Never did our country groan more terribly with those who have seen better days than now. The fierce speculation-mania that has deluged society—whole families suddenly brought to ruin, to-day in affluence, with legions of friends, to-morrow in poverty and deserted; the change falling most crushingly on those least equal to bear it, those least responsible and reprehensible, the wives and children of the ruined speculator or gamester, for the terms are synonymous, a conventional distinction without a difference.

What a noble band of lady missionaries, we repeat, may now be organised! what mountains of woe may be mitigated! what a bright record the pages of Eternity would unfold of souls saved through sorrowing hearts, if the women of England would but re-kindle its smouldering embers, and keep brightly burning on the altar of their hearts the vestal fire of Sympathy, which, *extinguished*, imperils the safety of the common-weal. But, alas! that any should be content to fritter away in soul-and-body-debasing pleasures those precious hours whereon hinges eternal joy or woe, while so much work for God is waiting to be done—hours that worlds piled upon worlds shall not redeem, when life's sands run low, its solemn work undone, Death's great account all unprepared.

Come, then, ye whose moments are so beclouded with *ennui*, that, as a relief, ye rush into the eddy of Fashion's vortex, cheered on by folly and frivolity;—ye, who for the sole purpose of "killing time," devastate at once an entire establishment, and the strength and patience of foot-weary men and women, for articles you never intend to purchase and do not require;—ye who roll languidly and listlessly round and round the parks in your luxurious equipages, existing only in anticipation of the dinner, the ball, or the opera;—ye who

yawn wearily over those passages of a book administering not to a false sentimentality, that keeps not up a feverish excitement, trembling at sympathy-pitch over fictitious woes, bethink ye, what rich repayment for those wasted sensibilities may be ensured in the gratitude lighting up the fast glazing eye, the fervent "God bless you!" of the sinking voice, if all these heaven-given sympathies were employed in their legitimate sphere!

But should the inquiry be needful, "what is that sphere? who is my neighbour?"

Let the daily police report answer; or the following facts may suggest a reply:—

"According to the statistical return made to Government, among the sempstresses and shopwomen in London alone, thirty thousand were living in starvation; many of these miserable outcasts are from the poor dressmakers and shirtmakers, the best hands among the latter earning sixpence a day, working from early morn to midnight; and others threepence and twopence."

"THIRTY THOUSAND dress and shirtmakers living in starvation in London alone!!!"

Think of this, dear reader! Women earning sixpence—threepence—and, twopence a day, working eighteen hours, and food at war and famine prices!*

"From authentic documents, there are computed to be in Christian England three hundred and sixty thousand women who live by sin, as a trade!"

THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY THOUSAND!!

Think of this, painfully-virtuous woman, who, with the simulation of a thrice-winnowed purity pass by the shrinking, ashamed, crushed victim of oppression and tyranny, and hold out the right-hand of welcome to the lordly and genteel destroyer glorying in his shame!

Bethink ye, ye who excuse "the stronger," while ye condemn and cast out the "weaker," what shall the end of these things be? Think ye the sin of BOTH will be ever thus unequally visited? Things cannot, they will not go on much longer in this way; the fearful, frightful, growing demoralisa-

* When this was written, in January, 1857, all kinds of food—bread especially—was at a fearfully high price.

tion of our own sex—the blame to be traced directly home to our doors, in this great and crying sin, call loudly and unmistakably upon us to be up and doing—up and doing NOW. “*For we know not what a day may bring forth;*” and if (as affirmed) the intellect of woman is inferior, and she never opens a vista in the regions of thought, let it be “seen and read of all” that she can follow those illustrious women of our times who have opened vistas in the empire of Sympathy, that will brighten and widen till they flood the earth with glory! glory!

Once more: and ye Christian women of England—baptized “children of God and heirs of the kingdom of heaven,” who rush to feast your sensibilities on professional death-scenes, caricaturing the closing strife with the grisly Foe, burlesquing that

SOLEMN ACT TO DIE;—

ye who, be-jewelled and be-crinolined, whirl away panting to gratify your tastes and feelings on artistic mockeries of

“The last sad weariness, the final strife,—”

why go to a theatre to learn from a copy the great lesson how to die, when the original is at your doors? True taste never prefers the former to the latter?

Ye who have never seen a *real* death-bed, seek out the closing scene of one from amid the THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY THOUSAND unfortunates;—may be in some lonely garret, on a whisp of straw, her sin-wasted frame quivers in mortal agony; may be, too, “more sinned against than sinning,” around her path, in youth,

“No mother’s prayer, no father’s smiles were shed,

Ah, gaze on! gaze on! This “final strife” will teach marvellously quicker and better than any simulation. Ay, and it will do more—it will bring home to conscience the truth that the theatre is no “training school for immortality.” Life’s one lesson—how to die—how to die peacefully, because pardoned—can never be learnt *there*. That lesson can only be studied at the foot of Calvary; and “*what concord has light with darkness?*”

TO DIE! Why not in the theatre? “Such things have been.” Playing at death has become death in reality. In the box the breath of the grim Tyrant has passed over the

heart's current, and it has frozen. Terrible warning! How has it been regarded?

"But it has been observed, that, 'Death cannot come untimely to those who are fit to die.'"

Fit to die?—but what if not fit—not washed in the "Fountain opened for sin and uncleanness!"

"In that dread moment, how the frantic soul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement!
Turns to each avenue and shrieks for help!
But shrieks in vain. How wistfully she looks
On all she's leaving, now no longer hers.
A little longer, yet a little longer,
O might she stay to wash away her crimes,
And fit her for her passage. Mournful sight!
Her very eye weeps blood, and every groan
She heaves is big with horror. But the Foe,
Like a staunch murderer, steady to his purpose,
Pursues her close through every lane of life,
Nor misses once the track, but presses on,
Till forced at last to the tremendous verge,
At once she sinks—sinks into the bottomless
And gloomy gulf of everlasting Death!"

Now that to the delight of a Christian audience, the sanctity of death has been invaded! now that "doing death" is found as profitable as doing robberies, doing imps, doing seduction and other devilries; as a sequence, the next speculation will be, doing THE JUDGMENT, and we shall have that

"Day for which all other days were made"

caricatured to the murmurs of voluptuous music, and exciting "bravo's!" We shall have eloquent descriptions of the artist's surpassing skill and taste in delineating the scenery, or getting up an "effect" when the sham "THUNDERINGS AND LIGHTNINGS, AND VOICES PROCEED OUT OF THE THRONE OF HIM FROM WHOSE FACE EARTH AND HEAVEN SHALL FLEE AWAY," burst on the entranced audience! We shall have a heart-melting account of the sighs and groans, "not a dry eye in the house"—or the uproarious applause that followed the "hit" of some successful actor, who can best torture or tutor his countenance into the expression imagined to gather on the face of the lost, at the withering sentence "DEPART FROM ME YE CURSED!"

We shall have a critical and elaborate analysis of the constituent elements of "acting" the wrath of the Lamb!

We shall have . . . but what shall we *not* have!

Wives, and mothers of *Christian* England who patronize such evils, ought these things so to be? Will you sit, in the stern council chamber of condemnation, with callous hearts denouncing the profligacy and immorality of the "lower orders," many of whom

"Have but stumbled in the path,
Thou hast (perchance) in weakness trod,"

when by that potent teacher, example, and by neglect and indifference to their wants and wrongs and sufferings, you have helped to make them what they are! *You*, with all your spiritual, moral, intellectual, and social advantages!

The Press generally, to its honour, has grappled with that growing evil, a corrupt stage, and endeavoured to stay its course; but **WHERE ARE OUR WATCHMEN?** Those whose sole vocation is, or ought to be, to teach men how to die; those whose key-note is, or ought to be, Salvation; those Heaven-delegated guardians of public morals. **WHERE ARE OUR WATCHMEN?** Will they stand by with folded arms and fashionable don't-careism, and in allowing their territory to be invaded, practically admit that the Gospel is too weak to teach men how to die, suffering them to rush by thousands to the stage to learn the lesson, without raising a warning note!

WHERE ARE OUR WATCHMEN? Is it enough to deal out occasionally a few truistic generalities about the immorality of the stage; a sprinkling of cut and dried abstractions concerning the "debasement tendency" of such and such representations? Will *they*, too, never learn the lesson thrust upon them by every 'leading article,' by every day-life experience, that there can be no little war against a great foe? Why have they not long since followed the example of the Press, and been up and doing; that this monster sin, **PLAYING AT DEATH**, might have been preached down?

An old Divine exquisitely says:—

"Death is as full of sorrow as of mystery: to minds of sensibility and thoughtfulness it must ever be so. Most demoralizing is the effect of a coarse, hard familiarity with death."

Is this the opinion of modern Divines? If so, why are they silent? *

On the return of the brave-hearted May at night, after her foot-sore employment, sometimes the bearer of a penny bun, a little fruit, or a few cheering flowers for the precious invalid, she would brace up all her mental and bodily strength to talk hopefully, and to look cheerful, frequently singing her favorite hymns, and never forgetting her mother's favorite—

“There is a land of pure delight,”

that hymn would take the sufferer back, in thought, to the sick bed of the crushed Daisy, where she first saw *him* whose love had left no room in her heart for aught beside—to the pleasant evenings at the Leslie's, with that loving-hearted group, all “scattered and peeled”—to the death-chamber, where Mercy's droppings first fell on her broken heart; but above all, it carried her forward into that Fatherland where the loved and lost shall unite again, and “*no more go out for ever.*”

“Blessed fold ! no foe can enter,
And no friend departeth thence;
Jesus is their sun, their centre,
And their shield Omnipotence.

Sometimes May had the delight of seeing the weary eye of the sufferer close, and a child-like sleep steal over her face as, she sung the olden melody; then, disregarding her own fatigue, take up the work “to be done immediately,” and ply the needle till two, three, and four in the morning. Alas, alas, for the poor girl! she could trace the progress of disease and weakness on that precious mother's frame by the amount of work done by her wasted fingers!

Linnæus made a dial of flowers: exquisite thought for the *happy*! but a dial of bony fingers and skeleton faces, would best suit the English needle woman.

How the heart twines itself round objects of its affection, when they become few whereon to lavish its incense! concentrated affection, how it blossoms and thrives! what rich clusters

* Since this was written, in 1857, a Gospel blast has swept over the stage; may its echo be caught up and reverberated till these abominations shall give place to “whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely.”

of fruit it bears when its birth place and cradle have been sorrow! Never were hearts strung together more closely than those of Mary and her fatherless children—as day by day her bodily strength grew feebler, her heart-strength grew deeper.

“Mother, darling,” said May, passing her hand lovingly over her wan cheek, and then clasping her arms around her neck, “promise me you will not do any more work ’till you are better; we shall be able to do very well without your exerting yourself! *promise* me, my own mother,” she repeated tearfully and coaxingly.

“My dear child,” replied her mother, with a look of grateful affection, “my work amuses me. I cannot always think, or read, or watch for your coming, you know, and then it is a change and a pleasure too; you would not deprive me of so innocent an amusement, my Mary, would you?” she asked, smiling sweetly but sadly, as she kissed the brow of the thoughtful pleader.

May made no reply; her heart was full; and she continued, on her return from her employment, working patiently till morning light at her self-imposed task, the remuneration for which she devoted to the supply of her dying mother’s wants, that no diminution of food may add to, and aggravate, her sufferings.

Oh, holy labour! Child of wealth and luxury, what thinkest thou of this? Look beyond the drudgery to the motive energising those weary fingers and propping up that sinking heart. ’Tis grander than aught of which thou dreamest, though thou mayest play with crowns and sceptres.

Ah, Christian England! Many such mothers, such daughters, such labourers, hast thou hidden in thy teeming breast! Many such high and holy sacrifices that will remain all unknown, perhaps unrewarded, till that Day when “all things shall be revealed” and appear in their true colours, naked to the glance of HIM WHO SITS UPON THE GREAT WHITE THRONE, BEFORE WHOM THE DEAD, SMALL AND GREAT, SHALL STAND.”

What a gathering! The iron-hearted man, who exacted a large amount of labour, and paid not for half its value, will be there!

The grinding competitor, who wrung out of the thews and sinews, bodies and souls of the orphan and the widow, eighteen, twenty, twenty-four hours’ daily toil, will be there!

The self-immolated victim of this blood-cemented system will be there !

The truckling, time-serving statesman, into whose ears the great cry of oppression and wrong rung in vain, will be there !

The legislator for great "hells" and little "hells," gin-palaces, and "fourpenny" shops, will be there !

The apathetic, selfish shepherd of the helpless flocks, "who saw the wolf coming and fled," will be there !

The honey-tongued profligate, with gall in his heart, will be there !

The callous, stony-hearted woman of fashion, "caring for none of these things," will be there !

Oh, what a gathering ! What a "multitude whom no man can number !"

"Rocks and mountains fall on us, and hide us !" will be the shriek of myriads who "cared for none of these things," as the threat rolls its awful fulfilment over their naked souls—

"Vengeance is mine, I will repay." "DEPART FROM ME, YE CURSED, INTO EVERLASTING FIRE."

CHAPTER XXXV.

Sunset.

" 'Tis only when it mourns and fears,
The loaded spirit feels forgiven,
And through the mist of falling tears
We catch the clearest glimpse of heaven."

LORD CARLISLE.

ON the morning recorded in the first chapter, May left her mother with a lighter step and more buoyant hope than she had for many weary weeks, deceived by the upflashing of life's lamp ere its final darkness; and she fondly cheated herself into the belief that now the warm Spring was come, with its glorious promises, her idolized mother would "get well again," and they "should all be happy once more:" thus she went through the day's duties with a more cheerful look, and with a more elastic step, energized by this cherished idea that shed its trembling ray upon her soul like some bright, lone star gemming the brow of Night.

Frequently, on account of her mother's illness, May had obtained permission from her employers to leave business an hour earlier, when there were "no ladies requiring her attendance," and she might, doubtless, have obtained similar grace on that evening had she solicited it; but like all refined minds, she shrunk from seeming to intrude on kindness; and moreover, the long fluctuations attending on slow decline, and the reiterated reply, "much the same," or "very poorly," to enquiries, so accustomed people to the idea, that not until life had actually fled the sufferer did any one think of her being seriously ill.

"It is only half-past six," fractionally observed Lord Sillydale, drawing forth a baby watch, and dangling between his well-gloved finger and thumb a bunch of locketts, amulets, and other trumpery, beside several little medals from the Society for Promoting Foolishness; "what shall we do to while away the next two howas? I pwotest I am tiawd of the Pawk!" and the incipient legislator looked with almost infantine helplessness into the face of his portly mother as, assisted by her pet footman, bristling with gold lace and self importance, she stepped into her carriage in Hyde Park, after having considerably walked about two dozen paces for the benefit of a waddling, bursting Skye, which she pathetically declared, "required exercise, the dear, darling thing!"

"Really, I don't know," replied the lady-mother, with a perplexed look, "is it no later than half-past six? What a very long morning it has been! I am almost tired to death!" and she sunk into her cushions, with an air of languid prostration pitiable enough.

"Shall we dwive up Wegent Stweet, and look in at the Pwodigality?" (one of the latter-day vanity fairs) suggested Sillydale. "Like yourself, I am tiawd of the pawks. Are you not wanting a——?"

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed the noble mother, thoroughly roused, interrupting her gallant son's suggestion as to her wants. "How glad I am you reminded me of it! I am sadly in want of another shawl, all those I had last month are getting quite *passé*; but I do not patronize the Prodigality, because they never 'book,' and I have an account at Fanciful's;" then nodding condescendingly to the pet footman, who stood, door in hand, waiting the result of the important consultation, as she pronounced "to Fanciful's," away they rolled, and the coachman drew up in front of a principal West End Emporium, whither her Ladyship's high-mettled horses could probably have found their way blindfolded, herself to "kill time," though ostensibly to select a shawl, and her gallant son to amuse himself by eliciting the admiration or quizzing of the "gawls," and flirting, where he could do so, with the presiding priestesses of this temple of fashion; to ensure which dignified employment he had filially punished himself, and delighted his lady-mother, by offering to escort her in her morning drive, which being concluded, he adroitly managed to hit upon the supposed want which brought them both to the

ultimatum of their wishes—one, to be admired by the “gawls,” and the other, as before stated, to revel in the charms of shawls from Cachmire, silks from the looms of Persia, laces rivalling the spider’s web, bonnets, (oh! what bonnets!)—in short, all that could tempt the taste of Fashion, and gratify the genius of Extravagance.

“Do you think this cloak is quite long enough?” asked the noble lady of May, who was requested for the seventh time to put it over her own graceful shoulders, for the better display of its “hang,” to the ecstatic delight of the embryo legislator, who had never seen her before, and was struck with the easy self-possession and unaffected grace of the poor girl, whose whole soul was yearning to be away from all the frippery and gaud before her, to the sick bed of her dying mother; but cloak after cloak, shawl after shawl was drawn forth, discussed and discarded, till at last the time-killing Peeress, worn out herself, looked at her jewelled Geneva, and exclaimed, in accents of affected surprise, that she had “no idea it was so late! It only wanted three-quarters of an hour to dinner!” then adding, “I have not time to decide this morning,” she departed. Thus all the toil her visit entailed—not merely of “trying on” and exhibiting, discussing and discarding, fetching and carrying garments she neither required nor intended to purchase, but also in carefully folding and re-stowing after her departure—defrauded a precious hour, that poor May might have spent so differently! All the toil, we say, ended in “killing time for herself and son”—another of those specimens whose “instructors are to be envied for having at vast expence made him so foolish.”

“ENDED——!” but did this sinful time-killing end there? When the sands run low in the glass of life, and the dawning light of Eternity shall open vistas of interminable joy or anguish to the glazing eye, how shall the ghost of these murdered hours haunt the soul?*

Had Christian England her “band” of missionary mothers, should we not, as effect follows cause, have an imperial legion of sons worthy their mothers? Invincible Train-bands, defending our country’s altars—the most sacred of all causes—from pollution

* “A million of money for a moment of time!” shrieked the expiring Queen.

“Ten thousand pounds for ten, only ten minutes!” groaned the dying infidel.

and disgrace! Why should such vast amounts of influence, and probably talent, be suffocated under a lackadaisical foppery and idleness bedizened with gew-gaws and jewelry? Why should not a humanity never destined to sink into a "system of averages," much less to lie prostrate in the deadly gulf of genteel vices and fashionable sins, be elevated into a useful, healthful atmosphere? Suppose ———.

"What, more Utopian schemes?" interrupts another fair reader, with an elegant, refined, half-stifed yawn; "and really, for a woman, the author allows liberty of speech to overstep the line of modesty! But of course I can skip the next few pages; one gets weary of such out-of-the-way ideas and flights of imagination."

We will not deploy the thoughts that, born of your remarks, come trooping through our mind, courteous reader, but candidly confess that we have trespassed too long on your patience, and will considerably curtail our "out-of-the way ideas," which, as to "skipping" we earnestly hope you will do otherwise.

"Utopias may be but truths in advance of the age," says a distinguished female writer, but as we have no talent for being "in advance of the age," we beg to deprecate the accusation of egotism, that may be preparing to launch against us, as we continue. Suppose, then, all this "foolishness" were abandoned, and our young men of the higher ranks, taking for their model "earth's one Gentleman, the carpenter of Nazareth," "*went about doing good*;" or, adopting the noble sentiment of the pagan Terence, went forth conquering and to conquer—not the soft hearts of oppressed, unprotected milliners and over-worked shop-women,—not sneering at virtue and usefulness,—not wrecking soul and body on the rocks of society-privileged profligacy—but to vanquish those dragon evils underlying the whole social fabric, upheaving and convulsing it to the centre. Suppose each one determined to seek out some object worthy of his own immortal nature, whereon to spend his gifts and graces, and after cleansing his hands from guile, clasped that of his brother and fellow sinner—made of the same "red clay" as his own, and though "horny," perhaps vastly more useful than the bejewelled palm—breathing into the sin-saturated spirit words of warning, entreaty, encouragement, sympathy, "my brother, live!" Suppose they threw themselves into the weak, yet noble ranks of the crusaders, now gallantly battling with oppression, drunkenness, crime, in

fact, with the dominion of the "Prince of Darkness" FROM WHAT MAY OUR ALTARS BE SAVED?"

"The fate of a nation depends at all times on its young men," said the thinking German, and history endorses the belief; but on what depends the fate of the young men? If it is a fact that first impressions are the most indelible, and that even in the dying hour the mother-taught lessons of childhood have shed a radiance on "the dark valley;" if "the child is father to the man," and the man a continuation of the boy, how are our first seed-sowers dealing with these truths and disciplining these arbitrators of nations?

"The training that can make a handful of useful men does more for the world than many kings," was the opinion of a master-mind centuries since; but a thoughtful contemplation of the present state around us, would surely induce the belief that the term "useless" had been substituted for "useful," and thus damaged, the noble aphorism had reached our times.

Thank God! England has yet many faithful sons, around whose crested heads rests the deathless halo of "*pure and undefiled religion.*"

Why have we not more of them? Whose fault is it (for fault there is somewhere) that the streets of our great cities swarm with silly, conceited, over-dressed offshoots of the "peerage and landed gentry," who seem intent on making themselves earnest simpletons, suggesting to the beholder certain wicked thoughts of a certain philosopher's metempsychosis doctrine. Whose fault is it that profligacy, selfishness, and indolence are rampant among those to whom the "lower orders" look for example, and whose vices they *will* imitate? Is it the fault of education? of the false standard by which society weighs? of their *mothers*?

"One would really imagine that the writer imputes all the sin and follies in the world to the faults of mothers and ministers!" is probably the mental exclamation of the impatient reader.

Not quite all, lady, though no doubt our social polity would be better were these highly attractive and influential bodies less apt to fly off into space, but receiving and giving illumination in their own orbits. At any rate, there is wrong somewhere, when our fresh manhood is striving to be useless and ridiculous.

Far, far differently did those frittered hours pass to one

not many paces from all the frivolity and "time-killing" that occupied the noble woman and her son; for around those hours gathered the mists and shadows of that twilight which preludes no earthly morning.

Touched by the anxiety depicted on the countenance of the rapidly-sinking mother of May, and the yearning restlessness of her fading eye fixed on the door, the good-natured Mrs. Carter volunteered to "sit a little while" with her, hoping to lure away the lagging moments, 'till that agony of watchfulness should be ended by the arrival of her child. At length, the clock struck eight, and the dying widow turned her eye searchingly to that of the sympathizing woman.

"Miss Courtenaye will soon be here now, my dear lady!" she replied, interpreting the pleading look, and trying to speak cheerfully; yet still the restlessness continued ! Half-past eight came

"You had better go for your sister, Master Courtenaye," exclaimed Mrs. Carter, changing color and speaking thickly, for she saw that fearful restlessness was fast merging into the death-strife, almost too dreadful even for *her* to look on, and her heart bled for the poor distracted boy, who stood powerless to soothe the sufferings that blanched his young cheek as he gazed.

Quick as love and fear could wing him, the terrified brother of May sped to the scene where she was dissipating those precious moments for the amusement of immortal souls, whose craving "want of a want" would have contrasted strangely with the *one* want of that dying saint, wrestling in unspoken agony, for the sight of her child once more, ere she closed her eyes on all earth's sorrows; but though the anxious boy sent thrice to his sister, entreating her to "make haste," no one delivered his message, and there he stood, watching at the shop-door, heart-sick with terror and disappointment.

The next half-hour lengthened into ages to the dying mother. Nature's fearful restlessness grew more fearful! She tossed from side to side on her bed of agony, and her eyes seemed starting from their sockets! She was dying, but could not die till she had once more looked on the precious link that held her still below! Stretched out were the spirit wings, but they fluttered this side Eternity's portal ! hovering over the loved. Oh, God! how fearful was the strife! how stern was the conflict between Nature and Death!

"Sister spirit! come away!" softly whispered the conveying angels.

"My child! my child!" agonized the sinking flesh, and the conflict deepened, till the "final weariness" came rapidly on, and the sands run low in the dying mother's glass.

Once more fixing her fast glazing eye on Mrs. Carter, she beckoned her close, and said, in a faint voice, "They come!" then she turned eagerly to the door, and her last earthly affections centered and grew into that intense gaze !

Another moment, and rapid steps were heard mounting the stairs.

"My child! my child!" cried a voice from the far end of the Dark Valley, and with supernatural energy throwing her wasted arms towards May as she entered, the dying mother gave one last love-look, gently whispering, "Now, Lamb of God, I come!" and all was still!

We forbear parting the veil that shrouded the darkness of the poor orphans' woe, as, with nothing to hope for, nothing to labour for, nothing to live for, they stand locked in each other's arms, alone in the hard world, beside that beloved corpse, from whose face the furrows of sorrow and suffering had departed, leaving it in its deep repose, wearing once more the former happy look. Oh! how strangely that angel countenance contrasted with the face of May! upon every line of which was written,—

"Oh! that we two were sleeping
Beneath the churchyard sod,
With our heads at rest, on the quiet earth's breast,
And our souls at home with God!"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Come, for all Things are Ready.

"BUT THINK OF ME, WHEN IT SHALL BE WELL WITH THEE, AND SHEW KINDNESS UNTO ME, I PRAY THEE, AND MAKE MENTION OF ME, AND BRING ME OUT OF THIS HOUSE."—Gen. xl. 14.

How carefully we examine the records of memory, lest the lightest wish of the loved and lost should remain unfulfilled! What an amazing melter of the selfish heart is Death! What a relentless searcher of the conscience! What a stern humbler of our pride! Oh, how generous it makes us! How willing and anxious to atone for old unkindnesses and past neglect!—

"How many a bitter pang 'twould hush,
What burning tear-drops save,
If life more sacred held the ties
That consecrate the grave."

The day after May's orphanage she recollects the last morning's request of her sainted mother, "when I am gone, write to your uncle; he may be kind then," and she sorrowfully sat down to fulfil the wish.

"No, my dear May!" said her sobbing brother, throwing his arms round her neck. "I will go and see him, and spare you the pain of writing: our blessed mother told me how to find him, and gave me instructions what to do; so don't worry about it to-day. Let me do all I can to save you. I must be your protector now, and take care of you. I seem to have grown a great deal older since—since our——"

Yes, thine is the language of all who know their own heart's bitterness. They "seem to grow old in a day," poor boy!

That morning brought May a quarter's salary, in advance, from her kind-hearted employer, and she received it with grateful tears, as the first instalment of the promise, "*leave thy fatherless to Me.*" This timely aid enabled the orphans to pay the final duties respectfully to her, whose entrance into the world's fitful flicker of light and shade, had been so differently ushered; and as her father printed the first kiss on her unconscious brow, could he for one moment have lifted Time's veil, and looked down the vista on the mournful array of desertion, neglect, labour, sickness, poverty, and death through which the baby-pilgrim had to pass, and much of these sufferings entailed by his own folly and bigotry, would he not have exclaimed, with the heathen of old, "Crush the flower in the bud, 'tis easy then!" But though he knew it not, that thorny road was the path which brought the heart of his child to the only quiet Resting-place.—"*Not my will but thine be done.*"

True to his word, as soon as the mother-dust was laid in the grave, the young Courtenaye proposed to visit his uncle. The patient, self-denying boy-nurse had (to use his own words) suddenly grown old in a day. Accustomed ever to be at the side of his gentle mother, administering with devoted care and tenderness to her wants, he had, during the closing years of her lingering decay, almost wholly spent his time with her and his beloved books; for while every available article of her *own* had been gradually parted with to supply Nature's oft-returning wants, her idolized husband's library had been sacred, and ensured a never-failing spring whereat the boy could slake his passionate thirst for knowledge; his studies had been pursued under a master 'till the departure of his young companion, Donald Leslie, and from that period with his mother—the virgin wish of his young life being to become a messenger of the Gospel, like his father, whose memory had grown into his heart, a holy, separate thing, nourished and strengthened by *her* whose greatest pleasure was to pour into his willing ear the history of that father's virtues, and of his young and bright career. Deep, deep within his boy-soul had this desire taken root and spread, fed by some intangible, but rainbow hope (which gilds only the dreams of youth), that some day he too may be destined to become a soldier in the ranks of the world's great Captain.

"Never forget the advice of his dying mother, which made your father the burning, shining light he was, my own dear boy," Mary would say—when listening with melancholy pleasure to her son's aspirations,—and marking the kindling of his dark eye, in which the fire of genius dwelt, he would exclaim—"Oh, if I could bring but *one* soul into the fold I should be happy as a prince!" and when, perchance, *I* may not be near to counsel you, let it have a threefold voice, "*in all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He will direct thy paths.*"

"I will, mother! I will!" promised the young aspirant, and the words prefaced every prayer.

"To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die,"

and who shall reckon the harvest of blessings sprung from thy last words, and reaped for the garner of Eternity, oh, departed grandmother!

Like the dumb son of Cræsus, the orphan boy seemed not only suddenly to have recovered the power of speech, but of action; and May was surprised to see her hitherto quiet brother—who had seemed but to live and move as his mother willed him—becoming a sage and judicious counsellor. With a calm strength of mind and clearness of judgment, showing a capability and energy beyond his years, he voluntarily took upon him all the solemn and sad entailments of the funeral of her they both so tenderly loved. Now that his constant watchfulness by the side of suffering sorrow was no longer needed, the release of *that* seemed also the release of his powers of mind and body.

"May," said he, on the day those dear remains had been decently laid in their lonely resting-place, "I will go at once to our uncle, and if he does not advise me, I will try and get into some office or shop. Would it not be nice if I could get employment in the same house with you," and he put his arm round her neck, kissing away the fast falling tears. "I won't mind what I do to be near you, and take care of you, and if we put our trust in the God of our dear father and mother, *He will never leave nor forsake us.*"

Ah! that is the right kind of faith, if but a child's faith, and passes as current in the treasury of the Great King, as did that of the smitten Patriarch, when he exclaimed, "*though He slay me, yet will I trust Him.*"

"Is Mr. Grenville at home?" in a somewhat unsteady voice, asked the orphan boy of a parchment-faced clerk, who plainly wore upon his sickly lineaments, "not a half-holiday office within."

"He is sir," replied the said non-half-holiday, in a respectful tone, touched by the mourning attire and sad face of the handsome boy. "What name shall I send in?"

"Edward Courtenaye," was the answer, and there was a dash of pride, as the father's name was pronounced.

The non half-holiday wrote the name on a slip of paper, and passed it on to a brother clerk, who gave it to a third, in the shape of a stunted, white-faced boy-fag, who disappeared with it into the *sanctum* occupied by the secluded member of the legal profession; and, in another moment, the uncle and nephew were face to face.

Time had not improved the physiognomy of John Grenville, and in his corporeal proportions he had become bloated, very like his former friend John Josiah Redman; while the look of low cunning that had succeeded his once reckless air, inspired no very flattering estimation of the heart beating beneath his huge, cavernous chest.

"So your name is Courtenaye, is it?" asked the legal man, looking up from forbidding specimens of caligraphy, whose stiff characters, and alienated lines symbolized the interrogator's lack of affinity to his kind, and running his eye over the boy, with stony indifference.

"My name is Courtenaye, uncle," answered the boy, with a softening voice, for the epithet "uncle" brought vividly before him the meek face of his mother.

No doubt, from the garb and sad aspect of his nephew, the "uncle," seemed fully to comprehend, at a glance, the position of affairs, and he growled out,—

"Well—sit down! How many more of ye, are there?"

"Only one—my dear sister May," was the response, eliciting the semi-philosopher's exclamation:—

"That's a good job! or God knows what would become of you, for I don't!"

This flinty enigma, however, so unfeelingly uttered by the learned man, was meekly explained by the boy's answering,—

"God would take care of us, uncle, as He will of May and me!"

"How do you know *that*?" was the instant and coarse reply. "Did he take care of your mother, after the hard bed of her own making she was obliged to lie on?"

The wounded orphan thus silenced the cruel irony, and vindicated his maligned mother—"My blessed mother's bed was hard, uncle, but she never made it so, and God *did* take care of her, for she has exchanged that bed for a throne and a crown of glory."

This mild, yet touching rebuke, and high example of filial devotion, produced a lengthened pause, and the uncle, confounded, now sought to conciliate, by asking,—

"Well! and what can you do?"

With a quickness indicating an aptitude for business, but becomingly toned by an air of modesty, the hopeful aspirant enquired,—

"What would be required of me? I can write a plain hand, understand a little arithmetic, beside having studied Latin, Greek, and French."

This ingenuousness, which in lofty minds would have commanded unconscious admiration, only produced a chilling scorn in the mean wretch to whom it was addressed, and with a sneer, he exclaimed :—

"Your mother's Greek and Latin, I suppose!"

Like a poisoned arrow glancing from a shielded breast, waking a clang that warns the assailed of danger and the assailant of defeat, so fell the contemptible insinuation on the invincible boy; the brave grew braver, and triumphed, for Truth ever aiding those who serve her, helped her young worshipper, thus prompting his reply :—

"No! uncle, I learnt of the tutor who taught Donald Leslie, 'till he went away, and then I studied by myself, and dear mother sometimes helped me."

There are gross natures too stubborn to yield to moral force, and too stupid to discern the difference between a wise submission to superior power, and a wanton self-sacrifice. Such was John Grenville, alike stolid to the supremacy of the heart or religion, and, boastful of his bulk, yet sneaking behind the rampart of social position, he more cowardly annoyed the stripling it was his duty to serve.

"I hope you didn't learn any of his *cant* at the same time, from your father's books!"

The blood crimsoned to the very hair-roots of the insulted boy! his idol-father to be thus spoken of! and fixing his eyes, strongly reminding the cowardly lawyer of the profaned dead, he enquired,—

“What do you mean by the term *cant*, sir, as applied to the conduct of my beloved father?”

The brutish Grenville turned many shades redder; for one moment his craven eye fell beneath the lightning glance of the orphan; but quickly regaining his low self-possession, he answered,—

“Why, turning everybody’s heads upside down with his religion and humbug, your mother’s among the rest, who made a precious mess of it when she listened to his oily tongue!”

“Sir,” said the young sorrower, firmly, but with a blanched lip, “I came here to inquire if you could recommend me to any honorable employment as the means of self-support, not to hear the memory of my dead father and mother insulted! I pray God I may never disgrace the memory of either more than I have in listening to your remarks. It shall be the *one* desire of my life not to do so!” and bowing, he left the office, abandoning his “uncle” to the chastisement of his scarce unexpired conscience.

With a rapid step the disappointed boy gained his home, where now, alas! there was no loving eye, no welcome voice, no smile of encouragement, as of yore; and sinking on his knees, he poured forth his swelling sorrow into the “Ear that is never heavy,” and pleaded, with unabated fervour, the mother-taught faith-prayer; then he rose refreshed, leaning on the Arm that knows no weariness.

John Grenville had no sooner seen the door close on his high-hearted nephew, than he regretted having allowed his tyrannical temper to overshoot the mark. Like his friend John Josiah Redman, he never did anything without an eye to “what could be got by it,” or how it would “tell,” and it so happened he was just then in want of a boy for his office, and he had no sooner cast his eye on the sable attire, and recognized the handsome features of the young Courtenaye, than the truth and the opportunity flashed at once into his mind, and he decided on making a mighty telling affair of “just what I wanted, by Jove! How lucky!”

But like numbers even of his profound fraternity, he "reckoned without his host," and instead of securing the boy's services at a trifling remuneration, and ensuring an affecting history of "his generosity and kindness in having adopted the orphan son of his sister, who made a most unfortunate match," he stood abashed all iron-hearted, and, villain as he was, both by nature and practice; there was that in the boy's bearing, and the out-flashing of his young spirit in defence of the dead, that made his coward heart quail, just as guilt ever feels, ay, and ever will feel in the presence of virtue; but not daring to call him back, he consoled himself with the sour-grape-developement, like the fox, of whom he was a first-rate representative.

"Good job! a blessed riddance! No doubt the insolent young jackanapes would have bored me to death with his cant and humbug!"

"Who was that distinguished-looking lad I just passed as I entered?" enquired a thoughtful, middle-aged man of John Grenville, who rose with wonderfully Protean visage to receive his visitor.

"I really don't know," answered the villain, "he came to offer himself, hearing that I wanted an office-boy, but I never ask any questions, if I see (which I do at a glance) that they won't suit. Why do you ask me?"

"Because he strongly reminded me of a friend I once had," replied the stranger, with a slight curl of his lip.

Not for a world would the wounded boy have told May what passed between his uncle and himself; he merely said, in answer to her many enquiries, he found him "very different from their dear mother," and he did not hold out any hopes of helping him in procuring employment.

"So you see, darling May," he added cheerfully, "I shall have to carve my own fortunes, and like our favorite traveller, Mungo Park, when I am naughty and cast down, I will think of God's care for the little piece of moss, and take courage."

Another week, and all his efforts were unsuccessful; still his faith and trust flagged not. "I shall get something better by and by for having waited so long," said the gallant orphan, as he tenderly wiped away the tears of disappointment and hope

deferred that gathered in May's meek eyes ; "don't you recollect how often dear mother used to tell us that

"They serve who wait ?"

Noble boy ! 'tis a hard, but a most salutary lesson, though, for the eagle spirit, to whom action ! action ! is as food and vitality, to learn and practise.

It is an evening in "leafy June." On the blue hills the warm sun-rays linger, flooding around a tender brilliancy that brings, we know not why, from memory's mysterious cells, forms and voices of other years. Uprising on the balmy air, from thousands of feathered life, floats the evening hymn of praise to Him whose unfailing care "*feeds the young ravens when they cry !*" The wind sighs through the dark leaves as, in low music, they whisper some tale of other years, or some fair promise for the future. Earth's perfumed stars have scarce begun to fold their silken leaves, lingering, as loth to leave the glad scene. Mingling with the ever-preaching voices of Nature, for—

"Nature is but a name for an effect,
Whose cause is God,"

comes the lightsome laugh of joyous childhood, and the busy hum of human voices. Here groups of men and women—early emancipated from drudgery and toil,—are drinking in draughts of genial air, and gaining fresh energy for the morrow's recurring labour ; while, from the eloquent teaching around them, learning lessons of gratitude to Him who clothes the world in its wondrous beauty ; thus elevating and purifying the thoughts escaped for a while from the whirl and eddy of business. There a cluster of those whose life-lot is cast 'mid sunshine and song, who pine for no ungratified desire, and know no anxious "taking thought for the morrow." 'Tis a cheering picture—a domestic Oasis in life's wilderness.

But there are other and far different scenes. There is the shadow of life's twilight gathering round the lonely bed of sorrow and suffering. There is the terrible hunger-cry from white-lipped childhood, and the anguish-tear of the widow who cannot stop that cry. There is the ribald jest, and the red-hot blasphemy in the loathsome cesspools of crime and gin. There is the fierce scowl of the hardened felon, on whom the next

morning's sun shall look down as he comes forth to the scaffold, charging home to his country's laws,* his ruin, and his blood. There is the weary, hopeless, white slave, sickening and straining every pained nerve over the task that brings the scanty meal, longing for that rest "*where there is neither work nor device, and where the voice of the oppressor† is not heard.*" There is the gloomy anticipation of a night of utter darkness tracking and scathing the path of unpardoned sin,—

"*Seest thou that woman?*"

The clock strikes nine !

Enter yon gaudy temple of the Moloch of business. Behind its grated desks, perched on platforms, what a cartoon of sickly, weary, young faces peer ! Weeks, months, years have passed, marked only by the twelve hours' daily toil, and those immortal creatures have been patiently manipulating the scattered fragments of Britain's idol, the "almighty guinea ;" while round

* "There is scarcely a crime brought before me that is not directly or indirectly caused by strong drink," is the testimony of six of our judges ; and while Acts of Parliament can neither make men religious nor sober, they can and ought to remove those ruin-lures greeting the eye at every hundred yards in Christian Britain ; and not till her exchequer shall cease to be replenished by revenues coined from the souls and bodies of her unfortunate children, will she attain unto the lofty position sought for her by patriots and philanthropists.

† "I could tell you what I have seen in the East of London. I have seen women at work—the widows of our soldiers and sailors, many of them—engage in hard work to earn for themselves and their children a scanty pittance to eke out the workhouse allowance. I could tell you of the rate of wages for shirts, for instance. On some they earn nine farthings, paying for their needle and thread ; and threepence halfpenny for some requiring double the amount of labour, still paying for their needle and thread. By working twelve or fourteen hours they may make three cheap shirts, and earn sixpence ; and they can, by working fourteen hours, make a pair of heavy moleskin trousers (the best paid kind of work) and earn, after deducting the cost of needles, thread, and twist, ninepence as the result of their labour. It is in the sight of such a thing as this that I claim to stand here to advocate the cause of those who are employed in exclusively West-end establishments, because I do believe these things are evils of the same character. They are foul birds of the same foul nest, and the dam that bred them is Selfishness ; and I hail with satisfaction any movement—no matter at which end of the social scale it begins—to check the growth of the evil, and to protest against it in the face of the nation at large."—THE REV. WILLIAM M'CALL

them, with lagging and foot-weary pace, chained to the car of that tyrannous Moloch, move hundreds of slaves of both sexes, spirit-crushed, body enfeebled and destroyed, mental powers benumbed and stultified, the moral faculties deteriorated and perverted,—

“Man’s inhumanity to man,
Makes countless thousands mourn.”

Among those white faces peering listlessly through the gratings may be recognized the brow of thought and the genius-lighted eye of the orphan Courtenaye. Yes—he has a home at last! His ardent spirit has for a moment quailed before the insolent extraneous enquiry, the course rebuff, the heartless “not fit,” or the chilling “won’t do,” in his search for honorable employment, but he has bravely battled on, and has a home at last where he can earn his bread; and though thus to earn it is at great cost to the aspiring boy, whose young dreams have been gilded by the hope of carrying the “*Name above every name*” to the heathen, yet he never loses his hold on the “Faithful Promiser.” May he not be a missionary even in that sink where all the instincts that elevate man above the brute creation are stifled and crushed out of being by the deadening, debasing materialism round and about? May he not sow the name of the Friend of the “*weary and heavy laden*” THERE?

Noble boy! hope on! work on! onward and upward, gallant orphan! Thine after-day may yet be bright! thy young life, nursed ’mid grief and deprivation, may yet be solaced, and thy dreams of usefulness realized. Hope on! there’s a good time coming:—

“They serve who wait.”

And now—ye to whom this tale is dedicated—the gallant-hearted orphans are still among us; every oppressed milliner, dressmaker, and shopwoman, a May; every weary, jaded shopman a Courtenaye—and shall we not use them well? Shall we not begin by enfranchising their minds and bodies from their crushing slavery, and begin at once by stereotyping a household command, “**NEVER SHOP AFTER SEVEN.**”

Mothers! will not *you* use them well, and let them see the Angel of Mercy still dwells in your bosoms, though she be banished all the world beside? Oh, for the sake of the departed mother,

use them well! By the unknown future for your own precious ones—by all that is sacred and right—*use them well!*

“He who upholds oppression, shares the crime.”

Will you share the crime that, in London alone, annually crushes out of life, from over-toil and misery,* one thousand of your sisters? Will you, *can* you, live one day longer with the blood-drops of these victims of cupidity and fashion on your souls? Away with the thought! The English missionary “field is white to harvest,” and woman will—she must—come into it! Not by tens—one ministering angel here “making crooked things straight,” and another ministering angel there binding up the broken-hearted with “patterns of heavenly things,” still this side of Death’s stream—but by thousands! All women for these stirring times! they will not, they cannot, be regenerated without her. As she was in the world’s Creation, Fall, and Redemption, so she must be in its Regeneration—apparently the appointed link between fallen humanity and unsinning intelligences.

Not meaningless was one of the peers of heaven sent to first breathe over earth’s guilt and ruin the name of its Creator, Redeemer, Saviour into *woman’s* ear, as she drank in the glory-words, “*thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save his people from their sins.*”

Not meaningless were the first words of Death’s risen Conqueror addressed to the faithful Magdalene, “*go tell my brethren, and Peter, I am risen.*”

Not meaningless was woman “last at the Cross and first at the Tomb.”

Come, then, let each in her sphere fulfil her lotty mission. “The Spirit and the Bride say Come!” The voices all around say “COME!” The open graves say “COME!” Time’s lengthening shadows say “COME!” Eternity’s echoes say “COME!” And as “*there are so many kinds of voices in the world, and none of them is without signification,*” shall we any longer turn the adder-ear? Nay, rather, as fellow-workers with our Lord, will we not enter into the open path, and *now*—“NOW, WHILE IT IS CALLED TO-DAY,” pre-date and pre-enjoy that blessed moment, when the voice, sweeter far than a mother’s lullaby, shall fall on the raptured soul,—

* Testimony of Dr. Lankester.

"Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you; for"—— Oh, mark that monosyllable "for," it seems a hinge of salvation!——"I was hungry and ye gave me meat, thirsty and ye gave me drink, sick, and in prison, and ye visited me."

"COME, YE BLESSED!"

THE END.



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